

PHOTOPLAY^{N.S.E.}

APRIL
5 CENTS

Cents in Canada



OK

NORMA
SHEARER

IS THE
GARBO RAGE OVER?

GIRL DISAPPEARS IN THIN AIR



ILLUSION:

The Oriental girl reclines on a sheet of plate glass supported by two slaves. The magician waves a white sheet...pronounces a few magic words...Presto! She has *disappeared* in thin air.

EXPLANATION:

One of the "slaves" is a *hollow dummy*. When the magician holds up the sheet the lithe little lady disappears completely—into his empty figure.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Here's a trick used in cigarette advertising. It is called "Coolness." **EXPLANATION:** Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. *Fresh* cigarettes, retaining their full moisture, burn more slowly...smoke cooler. *Dried-out* cigarettes taste *hot*.

Camels are cooler because they come in the famous air-tight *welded* Humidor Pack...and because they contain *better tobaccos*.

A cigarette blended from choice, ripe tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. For coolness, choose a *fresh* cigarette, made from *costlier* tobaccos.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Smoke Camels...give your taste a chance to sense the difference.



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

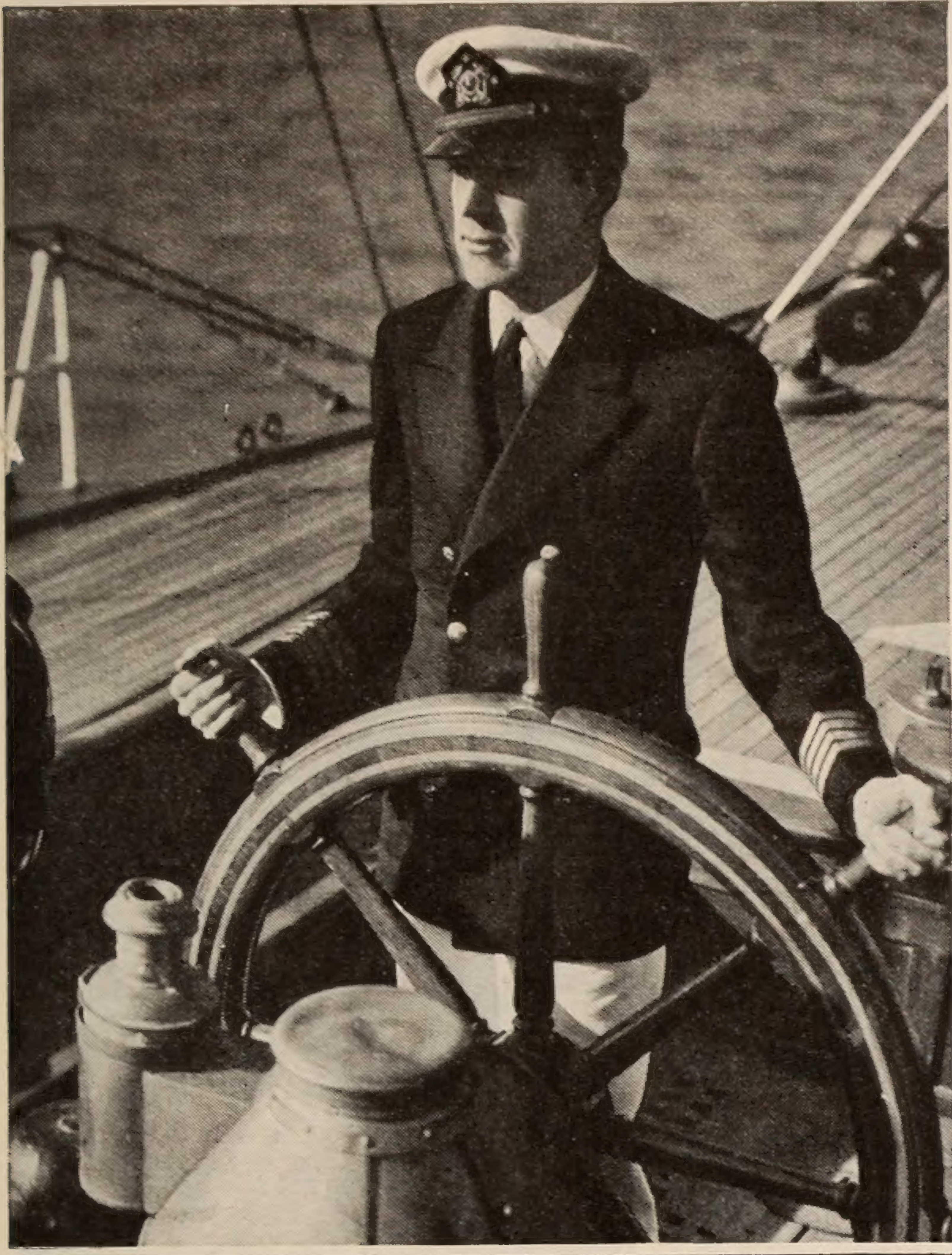
Your CAMELS are always kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.



No Tricks—just Costlier Tobaccos
IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

He—OWNS A YACHT

Money will buy a lot! But it won't buy healthy gums. Because modern foods are soft and creamy, only care will prevent "pink tooth brush"!



She—PUSHES A BABY CARRIAGE

Exercise—whether you get it at sea or in the park—is splendid! But gums need exercise, too. They need daily care with Ipana and massage.



Neither Wealth nor Health keeps "Pink Tooth Brush" away!

MILLIONAIRES have "pink tooth brush" and stevedores have it. The debutante is no more immune to its threat than the shop girl—the wealthy dowager no more than the scrubwoman. For "pink tooth brush" is a condition of the gums brought about by the soft foods of our 20th century menus.

Like every other living tissue, your gums need exercise. The vigorous chewing of hard foods once supplied the stimulation they need so vitally. But the soft foods of our modern menus—entrées, puddings,

creamy sauces, give them no stimulation—leave them dormant, soft and flabby.

Naturally, they become sensitive and tender—develop a tendency to bleed. Naturally, some morning that "tinge of pink" shows up on your tooth brush.

And "pink tooth brush" is serious. Ignored, it may lead to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, or to the much more dreaded but fortunately rarer pyorrhea. It's serious because it may even endanger sound teeth.

Do something about "pink tooth brush."

Today—get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. (Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste that really *cleans* the teeth, yet can't possibly harm the delicate enamel.)

Now—each time you clean your teeth—rub a little extra Ipana into your gums.

Ipana contains an effective toning agent known as ziratol. This, with the daily massage, will bring your gums back to a healthy condition. Slack circulation is speeded up—the gum walls recover the firmness they had when you were a child—and you forget about "pink tooth brush"!

Ipana

TOOTH PASTE

*A Good Tooth Paste, like a
Good Dentist, is never a luxury*



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-43
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

"CAVALCADE", "STATE FAIR" and NOW—

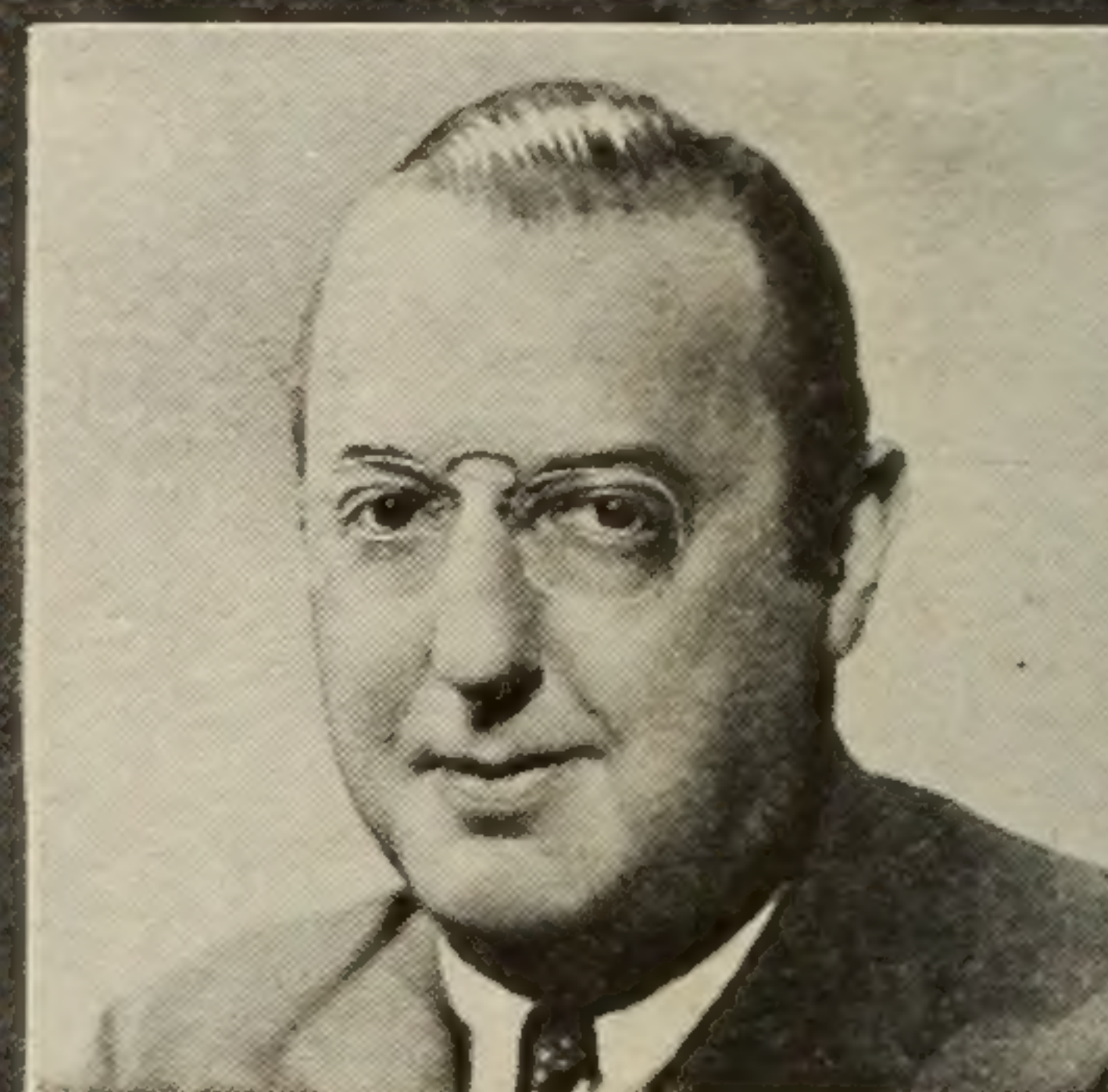
FOX FILM presents

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Where youth finds love
amid the strangest of
settings . . .

Where, before the eyes
of the curious, is enacted
a primitive romance so
thrilling, so tender so
strange...that by the very
power and uniqueness of
its story and the produc-
tion genius of Jesse L.
Lasky, ZOO in BUDAPEST
definitely becomes one
of the leaders in the Fox
Cavalcade of Hits.

ZOO IN BUDAPEST



JESSE L. LASKY

The genius who made movies
the great American entertain-
ment, crowns his career with the
year's most thrilling picture.



with

LORETTA YOUNG
GENE RAYMOND

O. P. HEGGIE

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIII No. 5

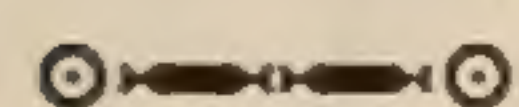
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

April, 1933



Winners of Photoplay
Magazine Gold Medal for
the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"



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On the cover—Norma Shearer—Painted by Earl Christy

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Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

★ **AIRMAIL**—Universal.—Thriller of Uncle Sam's extra-fare mail with a virile, romantic background. Ralph Bellamy as the airport superintendent and Pat O'Brien as the daredevil stunter shine. Gloria Stuart and Lilian Bond are the girls. (Dec.)

★ **ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Universal.—A picture for the whole family, gridiron-wise or not. Dick Arlen and June Clyde sparkle romantically. Jimmy Gleason and Andy Devine pass loads of laughs. And thirty-five pigskin stars play a thriller. (Dec.)

★ **ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Howard and Ann Harding perfectly cast—the story subtle, human, with perfect dialogue. Ann as mistress wins out over the "nasty-nice" wife played by Myrna Loy. Be sure to see this. (Feb.)

BACHELOR MOTHER—Goldsmith Prod.—Evalyn Knapp, James Murray and Margaret Seddon in a dull piece about a dear old soul who plays mother to placate a speed court. (March)

BALL, THE (Le Bal)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Amusing, though weak French film of middle-class family who goes "society" with sudden wealth. Knowledge of French not necessary. (Dec.)

BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER—Capital Film.—Well presented German picture, with Lil Dagover glamorous as a fiery opera ballerina. (Jan.)

★ **BIG BROADCAST, THE**—Paramount.—Here's novelty—romance and swell fun in a radio locale. Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams—and Bing Crosby with a galaxy of radio stars doing their best stuff. Weak story, grand music. (Dec.)

BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL, THE—Paramount.—An ex-rough (Robert Armstrong), exposes and tells all in a "Teapot Dome" melodrama. Not for children. (March)

★ **BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE**—Columbia.—The *General* (Nils Asther) tries to convert a Christian (Barbara Stanwyck), losing his life. Shanghai battle background; slow but absorbing. Nils steals the show from Barbara. (Feb.)

BLAME THE WOMAN—Principal.—Adolphe Menjou suave as a gentleman jewel thief—woman-proof till double-crossed by a girl crook. British-made. (Jan.)

★ **CALL HER SAVAGE**—Fox.—Clara Bow comes back with the best performance of her career. You'll want to see this old-new Clara. Monroe Owsley, Thelma Todd and Anthony Jowitt give excellent support. (Jan.)

★ **CAVALCADE**—Fox.—"Battling through" from the Boer War to the present, with two contrasting British families. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard and others superb. Simply must be seen. (March)

CENTRAL PARK—First National.—Good entertainment. Thrills galore keep you excited throughout. Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford. (Jan.)

CHILD OF MANHATTAN—Columbia.—Nancy Carroll and John Boles turn in a brightly done tale of a dance-hall Cinderella who marries the prince. (March)

COMRADESHIP—Nero Prod.—Realistic and impressive German film of men trapped in a blazing coal mine, revealing the brotherliness and self-sacrifice inspired by tragedy. (Jan.)

★ **CONQUERORS, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Splendid! Linking three generations with tomorrow—practically the story of America's progress since 1870. Ann Harding and Richard Dix are superb as husband and wife. (Jan.)

COWBOY COUNSELLOR, THE—First Division-Allied.—The days of sheriffs with huge "soup strainers." Hoot Gibson becomes a bogus lawyer to defend "the girl." Sheila Mannors' work deserves promotion. (Dec.)

CRASHIN' BROADWAY—Monogram.—Rex Bell starts as a stage cowboy, and while on tour becomes a real one. Doris Hill, Charles King, also help. (March)

CRUSADER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—Law and press war on crime and enmesh the reformer's family in scandal. H. B. Warner, Evelyn Brent, Ned Sparks and Lew Cody head the cast. (Dec.)

★ **CYNARA**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Drama of a happy husband suddenly enmeshed in an "affair." Ronald Colman the husband; Kay Francis the wife; Phyllis Barry the other woman. (Jan.)

DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER (ENCHANTED ESCAPE)—UFA.—A bright little German comedy about a girl (Kaethe von Nagy) who fees her own wedding, only to strike plenty of comic trouble. (Feb.)

Your chance to express your choice of the Best Picture of 1932.

Turn to page 68 for the Gold Medal Ballot

DAVID GOLDER—Vandal-Delac Prod.—French with English subtitles. Golder, after amassing wealth, finds his wife faithless, his daughter scheming and his partners false. Sad but well done. (Jan.)

DEATH KISS, THE—World Wide.—A studio murder mystery, solved by a scenario writer (David Manners). Knockout cast, but Adrienne Ames has little to do. (Feb.)

DECEPTION—Columbia.—Slicker Leo Carrillo ropes Nat Pendleton into the fake wrestling game and Nat outslicks the slickers. Wooden tale, but has good action shots. (March)

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE—Paramount.—Edmund Lowe, James Gleason and Dickie Moore in a not-so-good gangster-garage thriller. (Feb.)

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE—First National.—Warren William superb as the heartless department store manager who poisons life for his employees, Wally Ford and Loretta Young. Good entertainment. (Feb.)

EVENINGS FOR SALE—Paramount.—Sparkle, artistry and romance stud this story of post-war Viennese society. There are Mary Boland, the sentimental American millionairess, Herbert Marshall, the pauperized nobleman, charming Sari Maritza, and a very sober Charlie Ruggles. (Jan.)

EXPOSED—Eagle Prod.—The honest hero turns "stool" to trap a gang. Follow the moss-grown lovers' misunderstandings. Too much for Barbara Kent and William Collier, Jr. (Dec.)

FACE IN THE SKY, THE—Fox.—A good cast with Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon can't make this a good picture. (March)

FAITHLESS—M-G-M.—Tallulah Bankhead rates cheers as an heiress in love with struggling Robert Montgomery. Crash! "Primroses" for Tallulah, skids for Bob. The depths reunite them. Sincere acting overcomes triteness. (Dec.)

FALSE FACES—World Wide.—Startling, with a brand-new idea—an exposé of malpractice in "face lifting." Lowell Sherman is the suave, unethical doctor, and directed excellently. Peggy Shannon and Lila Lee please. (Dec.)

★ **FAREWELL TO ARMS, A**—Paramount.—Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Director Frank Borzage turn the Hemingway novel of the poignantly beautiful love affair between the lieutenant and the nurse into a triumph of screen artistry. Don't miss it. (Feb.)

FAST LIFE—M-G-M.—The younger generation does some speed-boating, with Madge Evans as love interest and Conrad Nagel attempting villainy. (Feb.)

FIGHTING GENTLEMAN, THE—Freuler Film.—Fast moving but trite. Good prize ring scenes with ex-champ Jim Jeffries as referee. William Collier, Jr., and Josephine Dunn enliven an antique plot. (Dec.)

FLAMING GUNS—Universal.—Tom Mix subdues those cattle rustlers again—and wins Ruth Hall. (Feb.)

★ **FLESH**—M-G-M.—Wally Beery tries wrestling this time and almost achieves another "Champ." Poor dumb Wally, as a beer-garden waiter-grappler, is crossed by his wife (Karen Morley) and her lover (Ricardo Cortez). Splendidly done. (Feb.)

FORTY-NINERS, THE—Freuler Film.—Looks like reassembled stock film shot when "The Covered Wagon" was screened. Bustling, but not thrilling. (Feb.)

42ND STREET—Warners.—Almost an out-and-out musical, in which Ruby Keeler jumps from chorus to fame in a big way—in the story and as an actress. (March)

FOURTH HORSEMAN, THE—Universal.—Take the children to Tom Mix's best in an age. Little dialogue but packed with thrilling action. (Dec.)

FRISCO JENNY—First National.—Ruth Chatterton great in a variation of "Madame X." (Feb.)

GAMBLING SEX—Freuler Film.—Ruth Hall, an heiress who shoots the wad, and Grant Withers, in a drearily done race-track tale. (March)

GOLDEN WEST, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey Western with a Kentucky feud and a wholesale Indian massacre. George O'Brien is dressed almost as Adam. (Dec.)

★ **GRAND SLAM**—Warners.—You needn't know bridge to enjoy this rollicking satire on bridge experts, done by a Russian waiter (Paul Lukas) and a hat-check girl (Loretta Young). (March)

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—Monogram.—Melodrama that becomes comedy unintentionally. The trials of a girl convicted of murder, imprisoned and freed only to get in gangsters' clutches. Betty Compson, Claudia Dell and Tom Douglas. (Jan.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Inaugurating a NEW DEAL in ENTERTAINMENT!

WARNER BROS. set the pace with the ENTERTAINMENT MIRACLE of 1933—"42nd Street"... Super-drama—super-spectacle! Two mighty shows in one!... Gripping story of playgirls and payboys... Packed with love-thrills and wonderful music... Gorgeous pageant of beauty pulsating with passionate rhythm... Filled with surprises!... The Greatest Show of 1933!



14 STARS

WARNER BAXTER
BEBE DANIELS
GEORGE BRENT
RUBY KEELER
UNA MERKEL
DICK POWELL
GINGER ROGERS
GUY KIBBEE
NED SPARKS
GEORGE E. STONE
EDDIE NUGENT
ALLEN JENKINS
ROBERT McWADE
H. B. WALTHALL

and

200 GIRLS

Directed by LLOYD BACON

WARNER BROS! Sensational Musical Hit!

Coming to your theatre soon... Don't miss it—it's going to be the most talked-about picture of the year

The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



It does seem only fair, seeing how Nils Asther has set folks raving by his performance in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," that we remind you what this son of the Vikings looks like when he comes out of disguise. So here he is, as he is when enjoying himself in true Norseman style

\$25 LETTER

I cannot understand the aversion displayed by so many stars for being "typed." Aren't we all—types? Butcher, baker, banker, broker; milliner, manicurist, modiste, mother—don't we, each of us, play the same old rôle over and over, day after day?

We don't expect our banker to turn suddenly into the iceman or our postman into the minister. Is it any wonder we experience a feeling of disappointment, amounting almost to outrage, when, after looking forward for days to the appearance of a favorite in a new picture, we arrive at the theater all set to share for an hour or two the joys and sorrows of a "screen pal," and discover that the object of our devotion has undergone a complete change—sometimes even to an acquired accent?

MABEL ARGO, New Albany, Ind.

\$10 LETTER

Living in faraway China, the only glimpse I get of my homeland is through the movies. I know I will never see America with my own eyes again. I have an invalid husband who cannot move from his bed, and I look after him and earn money to send my little girl to school.

THERE can be no question—Nils Asther did himself and his future plenty of good with his performance in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." After weighing him against Gable, Cooper, Raft, March and others, many a reader casts his (or her) vote for Nils.

Fredric March attracted a lot of attention during the past month, while Muni's "Fugitive" is still drawing widespread praise, and Lee Tracy is coming stronger and stronger.

Norma Shearer continues to receive compliments for her work in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through"—but Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper's "A Farewell to Arms" have now pulled neck to neck for first honors. Clara Bow and Katharine Hepburn perhaps come next in volume of comment while Helen Vinson's "Lawyer Man" drew increasing notice.

Signs point likewise to paeans of praise for Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard as "Cavalcade" gets more about the country, and the Barrymore opus about *Rasputin* is seen.

People up here argue and try to put me off the idea of sending my little girl to America. Depression, they say. No jobs, no food, no clothes, no money. America is doomed.

But I know America will win through. Whenever I go to the movies, I marvel at the courage that enables the American people to go on fighting, producing good entertainment, changing tears to smiles. Helping people like myself to retain hope for better things.

That is why I am going to send my daughter to America. I have faith in America. The movies have helped me see it!

ALINE S. ALLEN, Shanghai, China

\$5 LETTER

I suppose I have only myself to blame because my eighteen year old daughter is so shy and ill at ease in the presence of boys. In my anxiety to prevent her from becoming too bold, I took the utmost caution in raising her. Among other things I saw to it that she attended the movies very seldom (supposing that they might have a bad influence on her).

In several recent pictures I had occasion to admire the beautiful naturalness with which the young girls talked and laughed with the men . . . and I had an inspiration. I encouraged my daughter to attend the movies and with great care and subtlety, called her attention to the natural actions of the boys and girls together. I am delighted these days when I hear my daughter say words like "thank you, flatterer," instead of blushing miserably.

MRS. E. MILLER, St. Louis, Mo.

WELL! NILS SEEMS HOT!

I admire the smooth, subtle acting of Leslie Howard, the animal appeal of Clark Gable and the sophistication of Herbert Marshall. But there is some indefinable quality lacking in each one of these romantic men. I had despaired of ever finding my perfect specimen of screen man-hood—until I saw "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" and Nils Asther!

LUCILLE S. ADAMS, Birmingham, Ala.

How can women rave about Clark Gable and George Raft when Nils Asther has returned to the screen?

Asther was superb as *General Yen*, dominating even as competent an actress as Barbara Stanwyck. He is easily, in my opinion, the handsomest man who has ever appeared in pictures. His physique compares favorably even with Weissmuller's. He dwarfs Raft to such insignificance that I shan't stop to contrast them.

As for the Gable "menace"—Asther has it in a more subtle way. He is cruel where Gable is merely brutal, with crude masculine virility.

ALICE SIMPSON, Seattle, Wash.

MARLENE! WHAT YOU STARTED!

I wish to laud Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn and Greta Garbo for their courage in not carrying their screen appearances into private life.

The trousers worn outside of work by Dietrich and Hepburn are as comfortable, not to say as charming and logical, as the drapes with which they are gowned for the public eye. If young girls and women who follow the styles (figuratively, but sadly) of the best dressed actresses, will observe the simple, sensible togs these three personalities wear, they will be saved many a pang of hopeless envy.

EVE FINE, Los Angeles, Calif.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Lee Tracy

in *Private* Jones

...WITH GLORIA STUART★
DONALD COOK • EMMA DUNN
FRANK McHUGH • RUSSELL GLEASON

PRIVATE Jones was a lovable fool and he couldn't escape the draft. He snarled at patriotism, hated his officers and the men around him. He despised the army and refused to bow to discipline. He was cocky and quick-tempered. He wanted to fight everybody but the enemy. But there came a day when he was forced to the firing-line and in that swirling sea of fire, "PRIVATE JONES"—but see the picture in which LEE TRACY makes the hit of his career.

Presented By
CARL LAEMMLE

Story by Richard Schayer.
Directed by **RUSSELL MACK** Produced by **CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.**

IT'S A UNIVERSAL

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]



Ah, how they're blushing—and chuckling—as this gay siren does her stuff! From all signs, Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong" is going to launch many an argument—virtue vs. fun—during the season. For example, what's your idea of the work she's putting on Cary Grant?

It seems that the public is falling for this Dietrich male attire fad. Most of the smart women's shops here are featuring suits with trousers as well as skirts. But need it be that men's garters and suspenders sing the accompaniment?

It must be remembered that Marlene Dietrich is an actress—always dramatizing herself, striving for something new and outstanding. The average woman has no excuse for this.

JACK HENRY, Hollywood, Calif.

Marlene should be sued for disrupting home life, parading in masculine attire! Will Pop foam at the mouth when he tries to get into a strange pair of pants in his closet?

I won't be able to tell the boy friend from my old maid aunt, who insists upon "Marlegging" in her latest "Dashabout, Dandy," which comes, mind you, with an extra pair of trousers!

BERNICE C. BOWNE, San Francisco, Calif.

You may think I'm mad—but I'd love to see Marlene Dietrich with Chevalier! And would that be a big box-office draw!

JERRY STEELE, London, England

ENTER "ANIMAL KINGDOM"!

Will you please page the High Potentate of RKO-Radio and extend to him my vote of thanks for at last giving one of the screen's most talented actresses, a long deserved break?

I refer to Ann Harding and her superb per-



No wonder our readers are still voicing appreciation of Wallace Beery's work in "Flesh"—when you sense the gripping spirit of the piece, as shown here. Isn't Wallace just the trusting palooka *Poli-kai* was—and Karen Morley haunted, exactly as she should be?

formance in that splendid picture, "The Animal Kingdom."

A finer team of artists isn't to be found in all Hollywood than Ann Harding and Leslie Howard. Artists of the same calibre, their combined efforts produce pictures that will long be remembered.

HAZEL D. BEHR, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Leslie Howard amazes us more in every movie he is in! No two movies could be more unlike than "Smilin' Through" and "The Animal Kingdom," yet Mr. Howard turns in A-1 performances in both. Who says he isn't the most versatile on the screen?

Myrna Loy should certainly come in for a large part of the honors, for in spite of the fact that it is Leslie Howard's and Ann Harding's picture, she made her part stand out.

BOEMONT MOSS, Newport, R. I.

I have just seen Ann Harding in "The Animal Kingdom" and feel she is the real aristocrat of stage and screen.

DOROTHY ALBER, Indianapolis, Ind.

WHY, GRANDPA!

Am I laughing and am I cheering! I've just seen Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong." She's something rare, so heaven preserve her—rarities are so few nowadays in the movies.

While I was gazing upon Mae's buxom curves, some woman sitting in back of me said to her neighbor, "Why that's positively indecent!" I turned around and gave her the meanest look I could muster. My granddaddy said that scenes like those in Mae's picture were absolutely true to life, and I guess he should know.

After watching our Garbo-Dietrich-Bankhead menaces slither through this and that, Mae is positively, naughtily refreshing.

ANITA CAHOON, Huntington Park, Calif.

"FAREWELL TO ARMS"

When I went to see Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in "A Farewell to Arms," I was prepared to behold something fine.

But I didn't see a motion picture, for I really met two people—a young army officer and a war nurse, who loved each other madly.

And my cheeks were wet with tears when I beheld the soldier, pitifully, numbly, in his tragic sorrow, hold the nurse closely in his arms, while she slipped away to "peace."

Yes, I must have really met these people, and I saw the woman die, after I, too, had learned to love her.

Such realism is art! Can't we meet more real people in the movies?

MOTES DILLE, Kansas City, Mo.

I would like to tell you what that beautiful picture, "A Farewell to Arms" did for me. My husband and I have been married for nearly two years, but lately we have come to quarrel. Finally last Sunday we went to see "Farewell to Arms."

Before the picture was half over it had brought back to me the vivid memory of our own whirlwind courtship and the great love we had known. Towards the end of the picture, when my undemonstrative husband's hand crept over to hold mine, I knew that he was as ashamed as I of what we had been doing to our love. That heartrending death scene made us both realize what a dreadful thing the other's death would be.

I wish I could personally thank all those who made "A Farewell to Arms" for their

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

RED, ROUGH HANDS . . .

*made smooth,
white, lovely—*

IN ONLY 3 DAYS!

HER new friends were wild with envy! Her gorgeous frock...her beautifully coiffured hair...she outshone them all!

Then they saw her hands—coarse, red, rough . . . They breathed easily again. No danger of anyone falling for a girl with *those* hands!

Are *you* killing the charm of *your* lovely frocks, the allure of *your* beauty, with rough, red, ugly hands?

Would you continue to, if you knew that only 3 days of Hinds care would make your hands tenderly soft, white, lovely? The kind of hands men adore . . .

How this famous cream works

Hot water . . . harsh cleansers . . . housework . . . all take away the natural oils that keep hands soft. Hinds Cream *puts back* these precious oils. And thus restores youthful softness and smoothness.

The moment you rub this dainty, gossamer-fine cream into your hands you feel the skin become soft and supple again.

Unlike ordinary hand lotions

Observe how different Hinds is from other hand lotions. It is not weak and thinned out, nor is it one of these thick, gummy jellies that just stay on the top of the skin. Hinds is so chiffon-fine, so penetrating, that it goes deep down *through* the skin layers where the *real* healing work must be done.

Use Hinds *always* after hands have been in water, after exposure, and *before going to bed at night*.

This famous lotion leaves an invisible "*second skin*", too, that protects hands from chapping and drying, keeps them lovely in all kinds of weather. This "*second skin*" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated deeply through the rough skin. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting*.



FREE A 7-Day Trial Bottle (Also trial sizes of new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by fast return mail. See how deeply Hinds penetrates, healing those rough cracks, that sore, dried-out skin. How soft, white, lovely, it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW.



TODAY • TOMORROW • NEXT DAY

New beauty discovery!

It's a remarkable new liquefying cleansing cream that melts the moment it touches skin. Fine, light, penetrating—it floats the dirt and grease out of pores! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream. 40¢, 65¢.



Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept. HM4, Bloomfield, New Jersey

(This offer not good in Canada)

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

HINDS *honey and almond* **CREAM**

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

★ **HALF-NAKED TRUTH, THE** — RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy sells Lupe Velez to New York as an Indian princess dancer. A laugh every minute. (Feb.)

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM — United Artists.—A novel arrangement of words and song with Al Jolson entertaining. (March)

HANDLE WITH CARE—Fox.—Introducing Boots Mallory, abetted by Jimmie Dunn. Two "Peck's bad boys," Buster Phelps and George Ernest, steal what show there is. (March)

★ **HARD TO HANDLE**—Warners.—Not hard, however, to take. Jimmy Cagney rises, via jail, from a marathon dance manager to a big business man in real estate. (March)

HAUNTED GOLD—Warners.—A Western with a spooky background—a deserted mine in a ghost town. John Wayne, Sheila Terry and Duke, the horse. (Jan.)

HEART PUNCH — Mayfair Pictures. — Wheeler Oakman and Gordon De Main do well in a prize-fight story without much fight or other merit. (Feb.)

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—Paramount.—Stuart Erwin, a wealthy bookworm, engages two women as secretaries. He wins the love of the gold-digging husband-hunter (Susan Fleming) and charms the blackmailer (Alison Skipworth). Very funny. (Jan.)

HELLO, EVERYBODY!—Paramount.—Strictly for Kate Smith fans. They'll vote it great. Kate's dancing is a riot. (March)

HER MAD NIGHT—Mayfair Pictures.—A mother (Irene Rich) shielding her daughter from a murder charge. Conway Tearle splendid as family friend and "foe." (Dec.)

HIDDEN GOLD—Universal.—Western with forest fire high spot. Tom Mix, little Judith Barrie and Tony, of course. (Dec.)

HOT PEPPER—Fox.—If rough humor suits you, here are *Sergeant Quirt* and *Captain Flagg* (Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen) tangling about Lupe Velez in a night club. (March)

HOT SATURDAY—Paramount.—Merely amusing, gets nowhere. Cary Grant's part (city slicker) is lifeless. Nancy Carroll is the village belle, Randolph Scott her childhood sweetheart. (Dec.)

HYPNOTIZED — World Wide. — Moran and Mack, Wally Ford, Maria Alba, Ernest Torrence do well in a yarn about a man hypnotized on his wedding eve; many spots rather thin. (Feb.)

★ **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG**—Warners.—Powerful, timely, brutally real, it castigates the chain gang system. Paul Muni is compelling as the soldier, irked with routine, who goes criminal. He and Director Mervyn LeRoy have made a fine but depressing picture. (Dec.)

★ **IF I HAD A MILLION**—Paramount.—A wealthy eccentric (Richard Bennett) gives a million to each of eight persons selected at random. The picture reveals the recipients' lives before and after the gift. Jack Oakie, Frances Dee and Gary Cooper. A new and different type of film fare. (Jan.)

IRONMASTER, THE—Allied.—A "millhand to millionaire" story that might have been powerful but lacks polish. Reginald Denny and Lila Lee fail to make their parts realistic. (Jan.)

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS — Paramount. — Charles Laughton as a mad scientist who turns animals into humans makes your hair stand on end. Kathleen Burke and Richard Arlen are subjects of gruesome tests. (Feb.)

★ **KID FROM SPAIN, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Lavish, hilarious. Eddie Cantor, introduced as the famous matador *Don Sebastian the Second*, is forced to fight the bull and make good his title. Lyda Roberti is a señorita. Excellent supporting cast. (Jan.)

KING MURDER, THE—Chesterfield.—A "Broadway butterfly" murder mystery that really mystifies. Natalie Moorhead, Conway Tearle and Don Alvarado are excellent as suspects. (Dec.)

KONGO—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney did it better silently. The jungle in all its horror. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce are wasted. Spare the children. (Dec.)

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, doing a prison stretch, reveals her inmost thoughts; then goes gunning for an ex-sweetheart turned reformer. Not for children. (March)

LAUGHTER IN HELL—Universal.—A Jim Tully yarn on the chain-gang theme with horror piled on in great gobs. Pat O'Brien is interesting. (March)

LAWYER MAN—Warners.—Bill Powell as an East Side lawyer tangles with crooked politicians. Joan Blondell, David Landau and Helen Vinson splendid co-workers. Shaky law, but good cinema. (Feb.)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—RKO-Radio.—Mitzi Green is reason enough for seeing this picture. Little Buster Phelps runs a close second and May Robson is a magnificent grandma. (Dec.)

LUCKY DEVILS—RKO-Radio.—Bill Boyd and brother stuntmen who put thrills in the movies in a fast moving tale with a punch. (March)

LUXURY LINER—Paramount.—About a doctor pursuing an erring wife onto an ocean liner. Good cast baffled by a weak story. (March)

MADAME BUTTERFLY—Paramount.—Sylvia Sidney's artistry and excellent settings breathe charm into this operatic favorite. (Feb.)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Paramount.—The lowdown on the American sports industry showing all the products. Film notables and ex-champs. Jack Oakie is an aspiring palooka, Marian Nixon the slight romantic interest. (Dec.)

MAGIC NIGHT—United Artists.—English-made musical with Jack Buchanan (so fine in "Monte Carlo" with Jeanette MacDonald) miscast in an artificial, slow story. (Jan.)

MALAY NIGHTS—Mayfair Pictures.—Hopelessly dull yarn of the Malay pearl beds with Johnny Mack Brown, Dorothy Burgess and others. (March)

MAN AGAINST WOMAN—Columbia.—Jack Holt plays a hard-boiled detective who wins the night-club singer (Lillian Miles) in spite of the gangsters. (Feb.)

MAN FROM ARIZONA, THE—Monogram.—Incongruous and improbable, the climax spoiled by poor dialogue. With Neoma Judge, Nat Carr and James Marcus. (Jan.)

MAN WITHOUT A NAME, THE—UFA.—A soldier, after seventeen years, regains his memory lost in the war. Interesting but lagging German-dialogue film, with Werner Krauss. (Jan.)

MASK OF FU MANCHU, THE—M-G-M.—Boris Karloff in the title rôle. Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Myrna Loy and Jean Hersholt are also in this struggle between British scientists and the dreaded *Fu Manchu*. (Jan.)

MATCH KING, THE—First National.—Based on Ivar Kreuger's life and distinguished by Warren William's portrayal of the title rôle, it dramatizes the magnate's rise from racketeer to match industry czar, ending in suicide. (Jan.)

ME AND MY GAL—Fox.—A mixture of slapstick and melodrama, well played. Joan Bennett as a tough girl and Spencer Tracy as a cop are good. George Walsh comes back as a villain. (Jan.)

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS — RKO-Radio. — Badly handled story but fine acting by Leo Carrillo, Vivienne Osborne and Una Merkel. Suffering lifts a musician to genius. (Dec.)

MEN OF AMERICA—RKO-Radio.—Mild entertainment contrasting "covered wagon" Indian fights with today's gangster warfare. Bill Boyd is hero, Dorothy Wilson the girl and Ralph Ince a grand bad man. Chic Sale adds color. (Jan.)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE — RKO-Radio. — Capable British actors and good direction don't liven this dull yarn of a tragedy-bringing monkey's paw. (Dec.)

MUMMY, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff, as a revived mummy, finds his love reincarnated in an American girl, done by Zita Johann. (Feb.)

MYSTERIOUS RIDER, THE—Paramount.—Kent Taylor, Irving Pichel, Lona Andre and Warren Hymer achieve a well-done Western. (March)

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE—Warners.—A Technicolor shocker about a half-crazed wax museum proprietor (Lionel Atwill) who uses weird (and deadly) methods on Fay Wray to get exhibits. Don't take the kiddies. (March)

NAGANA—Universal.—Scientist Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell seek to conquer sleeping sickness, but nearly succumb to African savages and crocodiles. Good atmosphere and animals, however. (March)

★ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**—Paramount.—Fast story—it never slackens—artfully blending Broadway and Park Avenue. AND a new hero, George Raft, as a culture-crazy "speak" owner. Constance Cummings is elegant, Alison Skipworth perfect and Mae West a riot. (Dec.)

NO LIVING WITNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A dull offering, with Barbara Kent accused of murdering the villain, Noah Beery. (Feb.)

★ **NO MAN OF HER OWN**—Paramount.—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at their best in a near-naughty, thin but delectable story of a gentleman-crook reformed by love. (March)

NO MORE ORCHIDS—Columbia.—Fresh and smart treatment of an heiress chasing a poor lad. Carole Lombard, Lyle Talbot and Louise Closser Hale outstanding in a good cast. (Jan.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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"34 Days without a Run"*



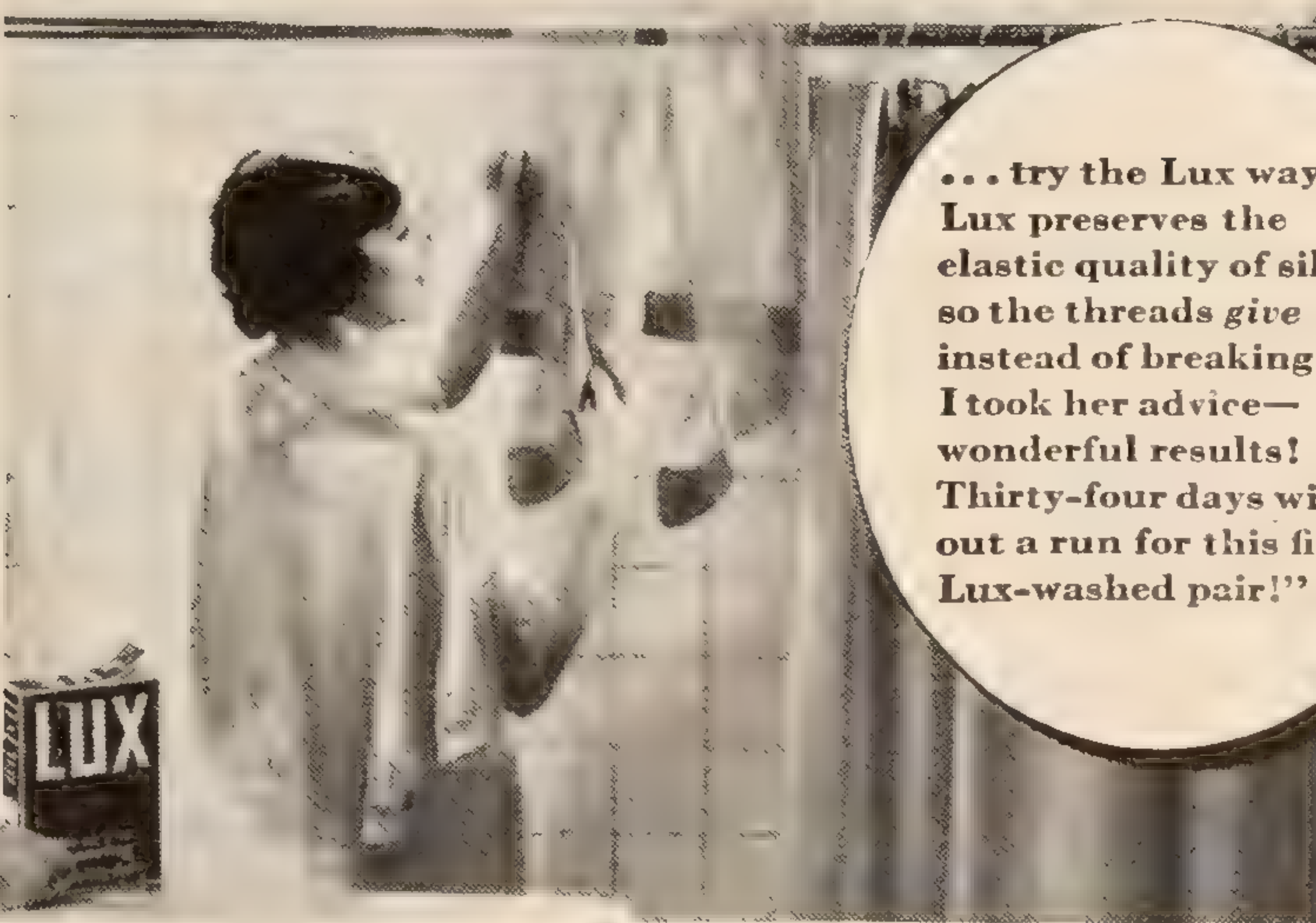
"This pair of stockings was worn 34 days without a run! They still look like new! That's a record—especially for me, because I'm terribly hard on stockings. This is how I learned the secret of preventing constant runs..."



"I used to get runs all the time. Just when I wanted to look especially nice, a thread would pop and there was an embarrassing ladder right down my leg! My stocking bills were ruinous. One day..."



... a friend said: 'Madeleine, most of those runs are your own fault! I've noticed you rub your stockings with cake soap. You destroy the elasticity of the silk, so the threads break easily. Why don't you...'



... try the Lux way? Lux preserves the elastic quality of silk so the threads give instead of breaking.' I took her advice—wonderful results! Thirty-four days without a run for this first Lux-washed pair!"

* Madeleine Ingalls, above, tells the story of her discovery about stocking wear.

IT TAKES ONLY 2 MINUTES to Lux your stockings each night! You'll find that it more than *doubles* their wear. Keeps them so elastic they fit better, too. And Lux protects the color as well. Many girls say it's the best stocking economy known!



"All these 445 items washed with one box of Lux," says Mrs. Robert Hughes:

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 36 pairs silk stockings | 173 children's undies |
| 38 pairs children's socks | 60 towels and washcloths |
| 38 pieces silk lingerie | 20 children's sheets |
| 49 children's dresses | 40 diapers |

LUX saves stocking elasticity



Keep going with PEP!

...enjoy the finer flavor and crispness of Kellogg's PEP

YOUNG PEOPLE KNOW. They dash from one busy hour to the next. They play hard. And work hard. They need spirit and energy. You find they agree on Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes.

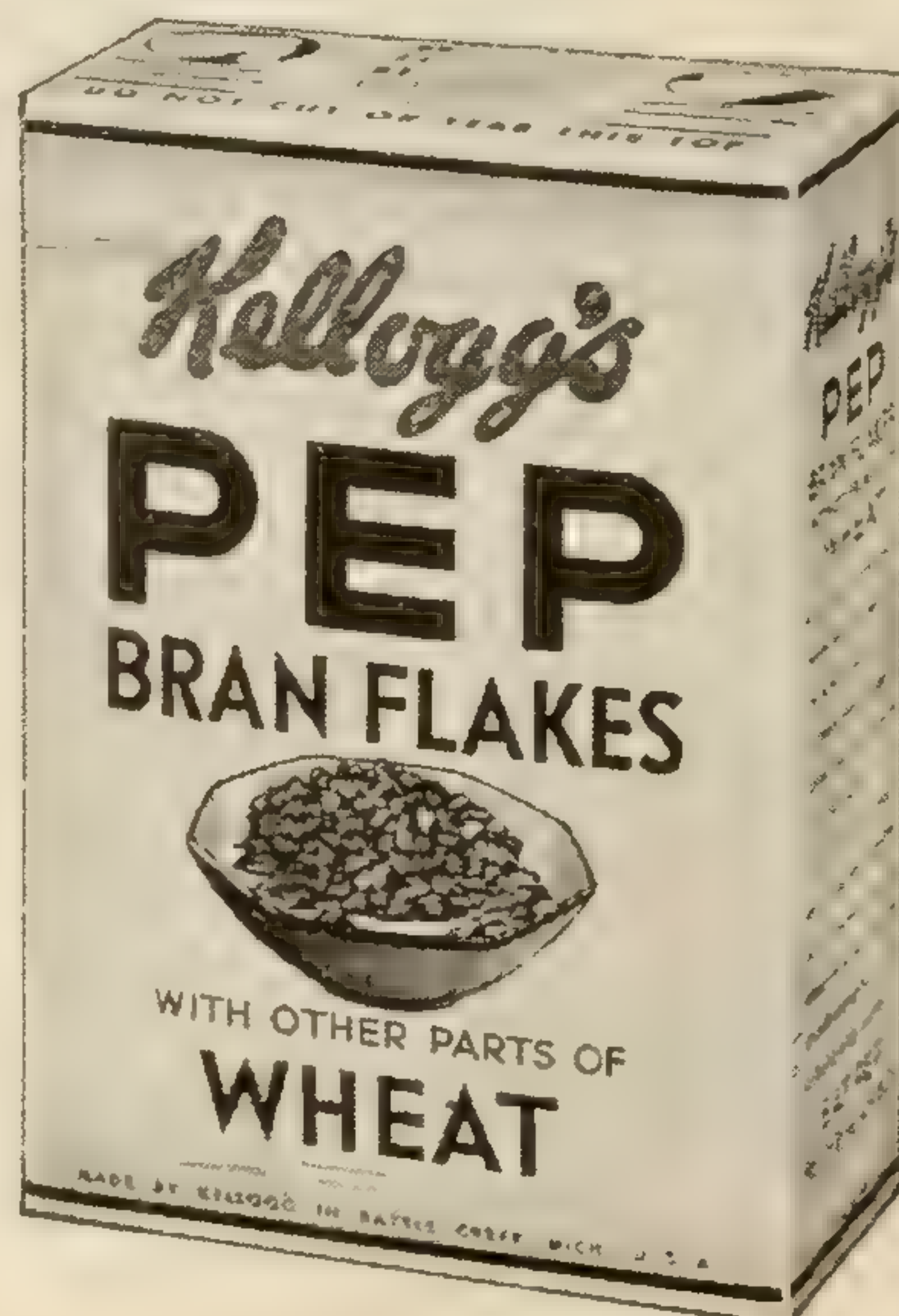
Taste PEP. Then you'll know why it is so popular! The famous Kellogg flavor is there. Full. Rich. Tempting. *Plus* enough bran to be mildly laxative.

Every flake is crisp and crackly. Delicious with whole milk or cream. Add tasty variety with sliced fruit or honey.

PEP gives all the goodness of health-giving grain. Wheat is nature's storehouse of energy

and nourishment. Vitamin B. Proteins. Healthful minerals.

Buy these *better bran flakes* from your grocer. Enjoy a bowlful of PEP every day—at breakfast. And at lunch or supper. Always fresh in the patented WAXTITE bag. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

NO OTHER WOMAN—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne splendid as the abused wife of a newly-rich steel-worker (Charles Bickford) who falls for a blonde (Gwili Andre). Eric Linden good. Not for children. (Feb.)

OFFICER 13—Allied.—What happens to a motorcycle cop (Monte Blue) in a politics-ridden force, when he tries to avenge a fellow officer killed by a politically powerful driver. Half hits the mark. (March)

PARACHUTE JUMPER—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh in crazy but enjoyable attempts at aero-rumrunning and tangles with gangsters (Leo Carrillo). (March)

PAST OF MARY HOLMES, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen MacKellar re-does Louise Dresser's "The Goose Woman," about a half-mad, gin-soaked ex-opera star involved in a murder mystery. An involved plot, nicely acted. (March)

PAYMENT DEFERRED—M-G-M.—A grim problem of Nemesis, murder and suicide. Charles Laughton repeats his stage triumph. (Dec.)

PENGUIN POOL MURDER, THE—RKO-Radio.—For the laugh-hungry. Murder in an aquarium, solved by an elderly school teacher (Edna May Oliver). She's a scream. Jimmy Gleason, Mae Clarke, Don Cook and Bob Armstrong score, too. (Jan.)

PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Diverting but not as "creepy" as the action intended. Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez head excellent cast. (Dec.)

PRIDE OF THE LEGION, THE—Mascot Pictures.—Too much dialogue and too little action. Victor Jory scores and there's Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. (Dec.)

PROSPERITY—M-G-M.—Amusing but not enough so for the Dressler-Moran team. Again the stars are mothers-in-law. Norman Foster and Anita Page play their children. (Jan.)

RACING STRAIN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—Wally Reid, Jr., makes an excellent screen debut in a fast-action story youngsters will love. (Feb.)

RACKETY RAX—Fox.—Victor McLaglen scoring in a howling burlesque on the college football racket. (Dec.)

★ **RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS**—M-G-M.—All three Barrymores in one film, plus Ralph Morgan and Diana Wynyard, provide a display of personal art rarely exceeded in pictures. Don't miss it. (March)

★ **RED DUST**—M-G-M.—Squaring a triangle in the jungle, Clark Gable is grand as a he-man, but Jean Harlow almost outshines him. The climax is gripping and true, the dialogue perfect. (Dec.)

RED-HAIRED ALIBI—Tower Prod.—About a girl (Merna Kennedy) innocently involved in beer running and murder and the target of blackmail. Theodore Von Eltz fine as the racketeer. (Jan.)

RENEGADES OF THE WEST—RKO-Radio.—A Tom Keene Western with a twist. Rosco Ates does the clowning. (Dec.)

ROBBERS' ROOST—Fox.—A grand Western! George O'Brien and Maureen O'Sullivan in top form. (Feb.)

ROCKABYE—RKO-Pathe.—Constance Bennett in a mother love story that misses the mark but provides background for the star's charm. Joel McCrea plays opposite her, and Jobyna Howland is a riot as an inebriated mother. (Jan.)

SAILOR BE GOOD—RKO-Radio.—Barrelhouse humor features this appearance of Jack Oakie, as a bibulous gob. (March)

SCARLET DAWN—Warners.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as refugee Russian noble, Nancy Carroll playing his forgiving peasant wife and Lilyan Tashman portraying the other woman can't make this move. (Dec.)

SCARLET RIVER—RKO-Radio.—A so-so "low-down" on filming Westerns with Tom Keene, Dorothy Wilson, Creighton Chaney, Rosco Ates and Ed Kennedy. (March)

SECOND HAND WIFE—Fox.—A slow tempoeed Kathleen Norris tale; Helen Vinson the mercenary wife who tosses hubby Ralph Bellamy to the high-minded secretary, Sally Eilers. (March)

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Salads for Spring Days



Left to right—Mrs. C. Bohny, Patsy Ruth Miller, Billie Dove, Gwili Andre

Luncheon at the Assistance League, Hollywood charitable organization

AT this famous rendezvous of all the stars—where the girls take turns at being waitress, hostess, and guest of honor, is served the most delicious food in town. All the profits of the Assistance League restaurant are donated to charity.

Above we see Patsy Ruth Miller serving Gwili Andre, Billie Dove and her sister-in-law Mrs. Charles Bohny. A happy luncheon party, indeed. And they might well be pleased, for the salad before them certainly looks inviting. It is one of the specialties here.

TOMATO ASPIC WITH DEVEILED EGGS AND ANCHOVY

Method: Boil together one can of tomato juice, two stalks of celery, one small onion and a bay leaf. Strain, and add one package of lemon Jello. Fill ring molds and place in refrigerator to chill. Hard boil six eggs. Remove yolks and mash with silver fork. Season with chopped ripe olives, pimentoes, mayonnaise, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, and a pinch of mustard. Place aspic rings on lettuce leaves. Chop egg whites and add to the yolks. Fill the aspic rings with the mixture. Garnish with anchovies. This is a delightful addition to any luncheon menu—decorative as well as delicious.

Another salad concoction, ideal for early spring days is:

CHICKEN SALAD CABARET

- 1 pint chopped chicken
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon onion juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 2 heads of lettuce
- 12 almonds
- 1 saltspoon paprika
- 6 tablespoons mayonnaise
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint thick cream
- 1 stalk celery

Chop the chicken very fine. Put in bowl, rub with back of spoon, and add the blanched almonds which have been chopped fine. Then add

salt, pepper, onion juice, lemon juice and mayonnaise. Place two tablespoons granulated gelatin in measuring cup and add two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Stir it and allow to stand for five minutes.

Now add half a cup of hot water and a quarter teaspoonful of beef extract. Stir and strain into chicken mixture. When this is cool, stir in the cream that has been whipped to a froth. Put this in a large border mold and stand in refrigerator for about two hours. When ready to serve, cover a flat dish with crisp lettuce leaves. Dip mold quickly into pan of hot water; loosen salad from edge and turn out on lettuce leaves. Have the celery cut and fringed. Mix it with a half pint of mayonnaise dressing and heap in center of the mold.

To make your luncheon complete in every detail, serve one of these hotbreads with the salad:

CANADIAN OATMEAL STICKS

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 3 cups flour | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter |
| 1 tablespoon sugar | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups scalded milk |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oatmeal |

Sift together sugar, flour, baking powder and one-half teaspoon salt. Work in butter. Scald milk and pour over oatmeal. Allow to cool. Add to other mixture, work with hands until smooth, roll into sticks size of a lead pencil. Bake ten minutes in fairly hot oven.

ONE EGG MUFFINS

- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder

Cream together butter and flour, add egg, well beaten. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and alternately add milk and flour, pour into greased muffin tins and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

We print this ad
for **MEN**
at the request of
1,100 WOMEN



• The burden of their complaint is: "We're sick and tired of seeing nothing but women in your ads about bad breath. It isn't fair, because men are really the worst offenders. Why don't you quit picking on the women and write a few ads that will urge men to be more fastidious about their breath?"

When these requests, coming from dancing teachers, cashiers, club women and housewives, began to get over the thousand mark, we thought it about time to do something about it. This advertisement is the result.

How's your breath today?

Whether it is because men are too busy to take proper care of their mouth and teeth, or because they smoke more than women, or eat and

drink unwisely, the fact remains that men are the worst offenders when it comes to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Your common sense tells you that halitosis is the unforgivable fault in the business or social world. It is unforgivable because it is *inexcusable*.

The one way to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach is to gargle with Listerine every morning and

night, and between times before meeting others. Don't waste your time and effort on questionable mouth washes with little or no deodorant effect. Tests show that Listerine instantly conquers mouth odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours. It attacks the source of odors (fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth) and destroys the odors themselves. *Lambert Pharmacal Company.*



Ray Jones

WHAT a "Pleasure Cruise" it will be with this saucy young Tobin person leading the merry romp! If you were fortunate enough to have seen Genevieve in that grand stage play, "Fifty Million Frenchmen"—or as the baby-faced siren who upset Maurice Chevalier's morals and equilibrium in "One Hour With You," you'll understand us



FROM the almond-blossomed, Japanesey, sweetly sentimental atmosphere of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" to Vina Delmar's "Pick Up" is a jump that requires seven league racing boots. But alluring, ivory-skinned Sylvia Sidney, with a talent rare even among rare talents, makes the change quite as easily as another actress changes her costume



Irving Lippman

INSPIRATION" or "Aspiration" is what we'd title this contemplative mood of Fredric March. The former describes his prize-winning performance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The latter symbolizes his work, his character, and his latest scheduled picture with Gary Cooper, "The Eagle and the Hawk," two birds that flew high

never appeared in a talking picture, but that he once was a talking picture himself.

"About 1907," Kruger says, "I organized nine companies of actors. We used to stand behind the screen in the crude motion picture theaters of those days and speak lines while the film was being shown. It was a sensation for a short time—the first talking pictures in history."

IN a white frame house in Hollywood the Assistance League has its headquarters. This is the pet charity organization of the town, where Los Angeles society and the moving picture colony work together for the assistance of women who have to support themselves.

From four to five hundred families a month are provided with rent, gas, food, and medical care by the organization, which derives its income from various activities.

There is a tea room where the services of the waitresses are donated. There you may be handed your sandwich and soup by a famous picture star or a Los Angeles debutante.

NOTED names from the picture colony bring crowds to the tea room on special days. To date Walt Disney, Ina Claire, Mary Pickford and Norma Shearer have drawn the biggest houses.

Walt Disney, autographing pictures of Mickey Mouse, brought in not only the public but film executives themselves who wanted these souvenirs of Hollywood's most famous picture actor. Ina Claire had people lined up on the sidewalk for places in the tea room the day she appeared.

THE League's home is situated near the studio of one of the picture companies and it is no uncommon thing to see actors and actresses in make-up and costume in the shop or tea room.

Ralph Morgan of "Strange Interlude" fame wrote in the League's guest book the day he was invited to lunch, "This is the greatest honor I have had since coming to Hollywood."

Lucile Gleason, the pleasantly plump wife of Jimmy and mother of Russell, testified to the cook's genius when she wrote in the same book on a like occasion, "To H— with the diet."

A YOUNG man stood in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater, during the intermission, whom even Jack Warner would have sworn was his own reformed bad boy, Jimmy Cagney—in the flesh.

To make it better, Mrs. Jimmy Cagney was with him. He stood in a conspicuous spot—which was unlike Jimmy—wearing an impish grin, and cheerfully signing all the autograph books presented.

Jimmy, out at Warners, was asked how he liked the picture.

"My brother saw it last night—he says it's swell. I was home tearing off yards and yards of first-class shut-eye."

It certainly is a good trick, if you can do it. All that's necessary is a brother who is a ringer for you.

THE other day, a cameraman at Universal studios stood behind Slim Summerville at the cashier's desk in the dining room.

"Want to pay my bill," Slim said. "How much is it?"

"One hundred dollars, Mr. Summerville," she replied.

Slim paid without a word.

"Say," the cameraman said in surprise, "How long do you let your bills run?"

"Oh, about a week," Slim replied.

"And you eat a hundred dollars worth of lunches in a week?" the astounded cameraman exclaimed.

"Well, I'm a big fellow, you know," Slim grinned and went out.

BUT the cameraman wasn't going to be put off that easily. He set out to watch. And what he discovered was that every shabby extra, who looked as though he were half-starved, was met with a "Hello, buddy, come over and join us. I need company," from Slim, until ten or fifteen would be gathered about his table. And made to feel at ease, too, as though they were doing Slim a big favor.

And that is why those weekly lunch bills of Slim Summerville's run up to one hundred dollars.

COMMENT on the feminine vogue of "masculine attire" is stepping off on the wrong foot, it seems to me. Really, pantaloons and tailored coats don't necessarily detract from femininity. It's the way they're worn that matters.

The Orient, famous through the ages for masculine "superiority" and feminine "inferiority," garbed men in gowns and women in pajamas. The conventional conception of an Oriental harem is an assemblage of ladies wearing trousers; with blouse and pajamas for the Chinese beauties.

Vice versa, the he-men of Scotland's mountains wore kilts (skirts), and some still do, for that matter.

THE girl or woman with a discriminating eye to her own figure can make of the latest mode a thing to increase or at least to give an unexpected piquancy to her accustomed charm.

But masculine attire, *per se*, is not intriguing in a woman. The masculine touch should enhance, not diminish, the feminine line.

At any rate, that seems to be the consensus of opinion of male experts in such matters.

Dressing is really a fine art that women have learned to perfect over many centuries. Nuances in taste should not be recklessly abandoned for what may prove to be only a passing fad. Adapt what is best of the new mode for one's best appearance is, apparently, the safest rule.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY.

You against the Rest of Womankind

your Beauty •• your Charm •• your Skin!



Alone, your looks may not seem so important to you. But when you must hold your own, in competition with other women, you realize that life is a Beauty Contest. Someone's eyes are forever searching your face, comparing you with other women, judging the beauty of your skin.



• To have a skin of clear, natural loveliness, apply a lather of Camay and warm water to your face twice a day. Rinse thoroughly with cold water.



• Pure, creamy-white Camay is the safe beauty soap for the feminine skin. You'll find Camay's rich, luxuriant lather delightful in your bath, as well!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see... to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it's the girl with flawless skin who wins.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Your complexion at its radiant best is a glorious weapon that can help you conquer. And Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women,

is your skin's best friend. Camay is mild, pure, safe. Made of delicate oils for delicate skins. And what a rich, copious lather it gives, even in hard water!

THE PRICE IS DOWN

Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

And Now,
You Are Asking,

What *is this*



TOURISTS stand transfixed before the baffling portrait of da Vinci's Mona Lisa in the Paris Louvre. "What is it," they ask themselves, "that this woman has?"

The Mona Lisa smiles back, pulling them toward her with those enigmatic eyes, exerting that compelling fascination. And the question remains unanswered. A mystery woman, enthralling the world by the curious bow of her lips, the cryptic knowledge in her eyes!

There have always been mystery women in the world—from the Queen of Sheba to the present day. Women who have fascinated by some elusive, irresistible charm.

Six years ago Elinor Glyn started IT, and passed that tag on to Clara Bow. Clara was the envy of every girl who secretly longed for that same magic gift. IT, as everyone recalls, was feminine allure combined with radiating energy—"pep."

You couldn't open your morning newspaper without having IT pop out at you in a flurry of plump limbs and disappearing skirts; crowns of frizzy hair, and a galaxy of baby faces and "come-hither" eyes.

Then of a sudden, people began saying "scram" to pep-out-of-season; to jazz babies and boop-a-doop girls. IT had had its day. Instinctively the world sought a new type of feminine sorcery. Something less primitive. Something less obvious, less hilarious. Something to steady the emotions, not to jangle them. Yet, withal, something to fire the imagination.

LONG before the petering out of IT girls, and all they stood for, Hollywood producers saw the handwriting on the wall. There began that eternal hunt for a woman who would be "different" from all other women.

American bathing beauties and exotic European "finds" filtered into Hollywood. Bandwagons gay with colors and high with extravagant hopes bearing Cinderellas who were soon to find that Hollywood can be "The City of Shattered Dreams" as well as "The Land of Heart's Desire."

Then, in 1926, from a heap of trials and errors, rose Garbo



Women of the ages—whose charms knew neither time nor race—Cleopatra, Lady Hamilton, Lillian Russell, Bernhardt, Pavlova

Thing Called

By Hilary
Lynn



Photomontage by Cushing-Klepser

Here we present the four irresistible women of today—Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford. Each has that elusive, mysterious power, "X"

These have charm and glamour, but not "X"



Clara
Bow



Jean
Harlow



Ann
Harding



Barbara
Stanwyck



Mary
Pickford



Helen
Hayes



Diana
Wynyard



Norma
Shearer



Lupe
Velez



Constance
Bennett



Janet
Gaynor



Ruth
Chatterton

the Magnificent. In a rather flamboyantly unreal picture, "Flesh and the Devil," she gave back to the world its lost dreams. Poetry, music, chivalry and high-flung romance, were all called to life by her astonishing personality.

In other words—another type of seductive womanhood was granted to us poor humdrum sinners.

Today, the world asks the same question about Greta Garbo that it does about the Mona Lisa.

"What has this Garbo got?" inquires a breathless, adoring multitude. But Garbo has always answered them merely by raising her hand with an infinitely slow movement, like the unfolding of a flower.

An unforgettable gesture!

Garbo was never seriously mentioned as having IT. The word did not seem to become the mysterious goddess. Her power was too subtle, too elusive to connote the mere obviousness of physical charm.

No, Garbo was something different—as different from other women as da Vinci's painting of the Mona Lisa is different from other portraits.

Today, however, we may give the inimitable Swede a classification. Let us say that she represents "X."

Garbo is the living symbol of the X-woman. What every other woman longs to be. What every man longs to possess. The X-woman who imprisons a man by the movement of her hands instead of by the dimples in her knees.

X—the quality which illumines a woman until she appears to both sexes a goddess to be worshipped. Heart's desire. Woman of the heights.

X—the new personality factor. The fourth dimension of feminine allure.

X—the stuff of which dreams and dream-women are made.

X—which men through the ages have been willing to die for.

X—a million charm-and-glamour miles removed from IT.

THOSE flip little "pep" girls, always rarin' to go—that jazzy, shrieky, let's-climb-a-flagpole-at-midnight variety of feminine attraction—is as passé today as whoopee for breakfast or cold potatoes for tea.

But don't for a moment delude yourself into believing that the X-woman is a new discovery, or merely the invention of a PHOTOPLAY writer. She's as old as Eve who had her X-way with poor, defenseless Adam in the Garden of Eden. And she's

been glimpsed at every turn down the long corridor of the ages. Inspiring men to starry deeds of glory for the favor of her potent smile.

Cleopatra, Madame du Barry, Lady Hamilton, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse, Isadora Duncan, Lillian Russell—these women all bore the fourth dimensional mark of this great enchantment.

X is a quality that irresistibly draws nearly all other human beings towards its possessor. In essence it is sex. Yet it is above sex. Or perhaps it is sex sublimated. Men will do and die for an X-woman without expectation or hope of reward. The X-quality stirs uneasily, yet calms and soothes, like the sea in the moonlight, or mountains in the twilight. X seems to be the indefinable thing we seek and long for in other mortals. It is the unnamed desire of the human soul.

FEW film stars today are stamped with this nearly divine quality.

If we were choosing current film stars who, in our opinion, possess X, we could think of only four. In varying degrees, it is true but, unmistakably, all, we think, possess "X."

These four are Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford.

Now X, strangely enough, is not necessarily something with which a woman must be born. Possibly it is only a matter of slow growth.

Yet it seems to be acquirable.

Take X's greatest exponent—Garbo.

Certainly no young actress seemed to have less X than Greta when she first made pictures in Sweden. She seemed just a nice wholesome, buxom country lass. Yes, we said *buxom*. Milk-maid variety. Charming, but without that potent lure.

Joan Crawford a few years ago, before she tried her wings with dramatic rôles, was nothing more than a glorified IT girl, who took prizes at dance halls! She had what it takes—and how. But where was that fatal fascination which inflames the imagination as well as the senses?

Some say Joan's X-quality is synthetic. Not the genuine article. But we're for her whole-heartedly. For X—though a rare quality, and difficult to acquire, as are all rare things—can, nevertheless, be developed by women of understanding who have the natural endowments which must enter the blending.

For instance, to our way of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]

A FAREWELL to CHARMS

How Jimmy left the
film city amidst (his
own) tears and was
greeted in New York

*As Told By Schnozzle
Durante to
Sara Hamilton*

AM I boined? Am I boined up? Has the final straw been added to my humidity? An artist like me, Jimmy Durante, with my artistic temperament and everyting, have I suffered the futility of the whole thing? Am I boined or am I steamin'? Haaaaaaah.

Here I am, all ready for New York. After nineteen months in Hollywood, I'm going back to New York, see, for ten long weeks to play in a New York show, and who knows it? Who cares if I, with my poison-ality, goes or stays. It's the jealousy of the thing, that's what. Jealousy of a man with my ability and facial atonements. Haaah, the tought of it is gall bladder and wormwood to my soul. That's what it is.

You see, the time gets nearer and closer to me goin', and everybody didn't say nothin' and I hung around and waited and, finally, I says to myself, "Jimmy, maybe with you being a great star and everyting, they're kinda waitin' for you to take the initiation. Maybe they feel it's up to you to kinda say somepin, see."

So I meets Gary Cooper on the lot and walkin' up to him kinda ingraciously, so as to make him feel the magnitude of it, I says, "Gary, what do you say you give a little farewell party for me, seein' I'm off to New York soon?" And he looks positively deaf and dumb struck. Overcome by the magnanimity, see. He starts sayin' somepin' about bein' busy and I hush him right up. Won't let him talk.

"Of course I'm busy," I tells him, "but what is life without makin' a few sacrifices for friends? Don't let the tought of me stop you. I'll leave the details to you, Gary, and any vintages you prefer." Was that tellin' him? And, "Oh yes, Gary," I tells him, "it's okay to have a couple of countesses and tings. There's notin' big feelin' about me, when it comes to my choice of guests."

The next day I meets Marie Dressler in the dinin' room and I suggests just a small party in my honor, seein' I'm goin' away and everting. "Listen, Jimmy," she says, "I can't give you a party, but, if you'll promise me that you'll really go, and go



"They sent a great basket of flowers to my dressing-room—I nearly shed tears when I saw the bill.—Yes, it said C. O. D."

soon and quietly, I'll poisonally give you a large check. What do you say?"

What do I say? Me, Jimmy Durante, a star of the greatest magnitude. Oh, the bitter irony of it. The mortifyin' seclusion of the whole episode. The heart rendin' futility of it all. What did I say? What did I say? I said "Yes" and grabbed the check before she could change her mind. After all, Marie's a good frien' and I ain't out to hurt anyone's feelins.

"Lissen," I said to Norma Shearer, "a few of the big shots around here is plannin' farewell parties for me, seein' I'm going to New York for ten weeks, and I always liked you, Miss Shearer, always said you were a nice girl. And, just because you married a motion picture executive, don't tink I hold it against you. We all do funny tings and don't tink it makes any difference to me."

"Well, Jimmy," she said, "that's nice of you and we might have a few in at my bungalow one day."

"Oh," I argued, "the bungalow's too palateral. With them beautiful rugs and things, we're liable to ruin it. Just have it at the house and it will be okay with me, see."

And even my pal, Jackie Cooper. Like brothers, we'd been. And here I found him on the back lot cryin' fit to break your heart. Gee, it nearly busted me wide open. "What you cryin' for, Jackie?" I asks. "Cause you're going away," he says. I feel prostitoot. Someone was overcome with emulsion at my goin'. I was completely prostitooted. "I'll come back, Jackie," I said, me Adam's apple [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

What Power Can Save Them?



Introducing you to just one of Fay Wray's bad moments in that new hair-raiser, "King Kong"

Yes, this is just one sample of what happens to Fay and Bruce Cabot, in RKO-Radio's new nightmare about dinosaurs and the monster ape that suddenly start ripping New York City apart. And what will happen a moment from now, when *King Kong* has drawn them relentlessly back from their desperate attempt to escape? Well, we can't say—but we do think this shows you some of the weird thrills you can expect from this new super-shocker

*By Reginald
Taviner*



Now Joan! Now Doug!

SO Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks Jr. are going to get that divorce any time now. You don't say—well! It seems that we've heard that one before.

We've been hearing it, in fact, ever since they were married—long before they were married, even. You remember that Hollywood had them secretly married in Mexico months before they actually did slip away and get spliced in New York; but that was on the level then, too.

Hollywood knew it—and shouted it abroad in whispers. So Hollywood would naturally know all about the impending divorce. That is, it is impending if it hasn't happened already. Anyway, the whispers are unrestrained.

That recurrent divorce rumor about Joan and young Doug crops up just about as often as the gas bill. It gathers momentum every time somebody's washlady meets somebody else's parlormaid over the back fence. Recently it got so authentic that a famous columnist sprang it over the air, even though he hadn't been listening at the keyhole with his own ear. It was a world "scoop" and he not only modestly admitted it but bragged about it. Seems the gateman at the studio had it from the newsboy on the corner, and he got it straight from the lady who dresses Mickey Mouse's hair. Mickey got it in confidence from a waitress at the Pink Elephant, and she in her turn got it direct from the

iceman when he was delivering the coal. And that, my boy, was *news!*

But—

It wasn't long before the aforesaid again appeared on the air and this time it was handsprings he sprang, not Crawford-Fairbanks rumors. He swallowed once, gulped twice, and finally said that his previous announcement wasn't so. Perhaps Joan and Doug had decided not to get the divorce just then on purpose to spite him, he excused. Anyway, he had been misinformed; the milkman had left cottage cheese instead of ground glass that day, and that was where the mistake had come in.

Somebody had crossed up the signals, it seemed, and the ball carrier scored a touchdown over his own goal. Anyhow, the columnist got a nice wire of thanks from Doug Jr.

However, where there's so much smoke there must be fire. That's an old proverb, in case you don't happen to know, and even Joan and Doug haven't any right to make a fool out of a proverb. So they may get that divorce after all, even though

at present the fire is probably all in the prop department. But it is a fire, just the same, like Russian rubles are money. No question about it—this time it's straight. Infallible Hollywood says so.

Unless they live together for the rest of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95.]

**All these years you've
been disappointing the
gossips. Shame on you!**

Hollywood goes British

And tries to look and act like another outpost of John Bull's vast Empire



"How high is up?" cries June Clyde, who takes to badminton like a bird to air. This ancient English game is Hollywood's latest fancy, and a rival of tennis

By Hilary
Lynn



The "Christopher Strong" company knocks off work for afternoon tea—English, you know. Katharine Hepburn sits smiling up at directress Dorothy Arzner. Extreme left is Sir Gerald Grove, technical advisor. On the steps are Helen Chandler, Jack La Rue, Laura Harding and Colin Clive

CAN you picture Hollywood—grand, mad, garish, bright and shiny Hollywood—going British? Junking its lavender-and-silver, tea-roomy limousines? Tossing aside its over-elaborate costumes? Scrapping its stagey interiors? With a slight sniff of polite disdain? Nonchalantly adopting a "publicity-bores-us" attitude, and going strong for cricket and the country squire manner?

Well, make up your mind to accept the facts. Because that's exactly what's happening today. *Anglomania* in a big way! The Hollywood way!

In other words, came the English to Hollywood! Doesn't everybody?

IT all began with business. Sound business.

There was a day, not so far back, that American motion picture producers and American movie house audiences were well enough satisfied with a luscious face, an expressive pair of legs and, oh well . . . why mention that?

Progress was made, of course, but even up to the advent of the talkies, actions spoke louder than subtitles.

But when, for the first time, that blessed stillness was broken by the human voice—it was suddenly realized that the day of pantomime was over; and that all was not well with the voices or the pronunciation of some of the stars.

"Oh, woe, woe," lamented [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

Janet Chooses Her Man

When *La* Gaynor first saw Henry Garat in a film she knew what she wanted



Janet also felt Garat's personality radiate from the screen. She believes he can best complement her new film rôles



Janet Gaynor is a star that Henry Garat intensely admires, though, except in pictures, he had never seen her. Then came his amazing summons to Hollywood. What a break!

IT will be interesting to see what happens to our wistful little Janet Gaynor in the coming year.

For Janet is now to have a new leading man; a man of her own choosing, a man so different from Charlie Farrell and so directly opposite in temperament to Janet's husband, Lydell Peck, from whom she recently separated, that one can scarcely accept the credibility of the new Gaynor-Garat romantic screen team.

The strange part of it all is that Janet has never met her new choice of screen lover. Nor has the dapper Frenchman, Henry Garat, newly imported by Fox, ever laid eyes on Janet. Yet they both wanted each other as co-

workers after each had seen the other's photograph. He is scheduled to play opposite Janet in "Adorable."

It was really almost a mail-order "romance" from the start. Janet looked—and looked again at Garat's stills when he played in an English film. And then one day she walked into the front office of the Fox Studio and told them *that* was the man she wanted for "Adorable."

In the meantime, Henry Garat, suave, handsome and the tenderest type of lover, saw only one picture of Janet. He, too, was entranced by her wistfulness. It was the only film Garat had ever seen in which Janet Gaynor played, and it was, according to critics, not one of her best. The picture was "Tess of the Storm Country." He saw it in Paris—an American talkie with French titles—and succumbed to the charm of her voice.

So Garat was amazed and not a little thrilled when Fox contacted him to offer him a rôle opposite little Gaynor. He accepted immediately and set sail for these shores without delay.

When Henry Garat arrived in New York on the first lap of his journey to Hollywood, someone began warning Madame Garat of the dangers of Hollywood.

Madame Garat, a cultured English woman and really quite as pretty as many a movie star, smiled indulgently and said:

"I'm not afraid of losing Henry in Hollywood. You see, I've been trained to be a star's wife in Paris. There, the girls simply ignore the wife and follow the husband from the theater to the home. They camp on his doorstep. Once, I remember, I couldn't get one of them to move from the stairs so I could go up to my own apartment. No, they were waiting for Henry and they were not at all embarrassed by my presence. I didn't matter at all. I was only his wife."

What is this Henry Garat like? What has he got that makes him so attractive? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

By Virginia Maxwell

Is The

Can the popularity that the world is eagerly curious about be on the wane?

By *Amelia Cummings*



The tender submissive, entirely feminine, entirely yielding Garbo of her first great hit in the United States—"Flesh and the Devil," with John Gilbert

PART of the answer to that question is expressed in the title of a picture Garbo made before "Grand Hotel," her latest. The name of that picture is "As You Desire Me." And one answer to the "Garbo myth," and one reason for that weird and powerful hold on the public imagination which Garbo has maintained for these many years, is also to be found in that title.

For the great Garbo has been, and, we believe, always will be *as you desire her!* Therein lies her greatness and her power. Therein lies a definite intimation of her immortality as a screen personality.

In a curious and inexplicable way, Greta Garbo has given her audiences what they demanded. Whatever she acts in a picture she becomes, so to speak, "all things to all men"—and to all women also.

She transports them to heights of imaginative thinking in a way that no other screen actress has ever been able to approximate—no, not even Dietrich.

If Garbo had substantiated the rumors that spread through the country at the time of her departure for Sweden—if Garbo had retired from the screen then—Garbo would easily have become one of the immortals. Her name would have been mentioned in the same breath as that of Bernhardt and Duse. And the Garbo myth would have been perpetuated forever and aye.

For that incomparable shadow woman of the shadow stage is far more a real personality to her adoring public than the strangely silent "woman whom nobody knows." It is that phantom Garbo of a million and one moods who has held a vast multitude in the palm of her hand. It is the memory of that shadow which will survive.

But Garbo has signed a new contract. There are rumors that the United States is putting difficulties in the way of her return



The Garbo whose attitude toward her men is one of amused tolerance. This scene in "Mata Hari" with Ramon Novarro admirably illustrates this phase

GARBO Rage Over?

to America. For Greta Garbo is an alien. The word comes to us now, that should she not be permitted to return, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are planning to send equipment and personnel to Sweden to make her already announced pictures there. Apparently, there's no doubt in the mind of Metro executives that the "one and only Garbo" can still eclipse all rivals.

Of late, though, annoying little rumors have reached our ears as to Garbo's ability to maintain her supremacy. Say some doubters, "Is the Garbo rage on the wane?" "Can either Metro or Garbo herself hold a public which is slipping away from her?" Others look solemn and mumble something about the fickleness of the public and "out of sight, out of mind."

At this writing, it's true that Garbo has been away from this country for eight



But note how she here returns to much of the sweet wistfulness shown in her earlier rôles, in such scenes as this with Melvyn Douglas in "As You Desire Me"



The slightly weary, completely superior Garbo, who understands the worship that men give her, as in this scene with Von Stroheim in "As You Desire Me"

months. It is also true that among the high school and freshmen college sets, Garbo is perhaps not as great a favorite today as, say, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Fredric March. That in the rural districts, they would rather see a picture any day which featured Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele or Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr.

Of course they would! But what of it?

Are the preferences of certain small isolated groups—groups which have been *so* conditioned because of their age or environment—are these to be regarded as indicative of the end of Garbo's reign?

It would be as illogical to say that Hoover lost in the last presidential campaign because three college faculties and four farming districts solidly voted against him. But we know that these minor returns had no effect in swinging the vote. America is a vast country. And don't forget, the rest of the world is vaster still.

Doesn't it seem reasonable to believe, then, that the Garbo rage, although at the moment slumbering, because of the absence of the one human being who can fan it into flame again—will be rekindled *when, as, and if Garbo so desires?*

We might even be tempted to assail those critics who use as their main defense that old saying "Out of sight, out of mind," with a completely contradictory but just as logical proverb, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Just to prove that Garbo is still *as you desire her*, let us glance back at some of her earlier pictures.

In her first really important film, "Flesh and the Devil," in which she conquered the heart of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

IF you've wondered about

DIANA—



She's twenty-six,
not married, and
is as intriguing off
the screen as on

By Doris Craig

moment that, in all our lives, I'm sure, none of us shall ever forget. She was speaking. Quietly at first, but every word coming straight from the anguished heart of a mother. Pleading against the war that again seemed inevitable.

"You tear our sons from our arms," she said, "and when they are gone, you pin a medal on our breasts. To take the place of the boy we have lost. Gold star mothers. After the last war that was to end all wars, you herded them all together, these gold star mothers, on a ship. You dumped them down on a cold, barren field of France, covered with crosses, and said, 'Woman, behold thy son.'"

I WAS vaguely conscious as she spoke, that the workmen near me, had crept out from behind their lights. That they, as I, were no longer on a sound stage on a motion picture lot in Hollywood. We were standing on a barren field in Flanders, strewn with tiny white crosses.

In our hearts tore the pain of those anguished mothers. In our breasts beat their aching hearts. She went on to the end. And finished in silence. It seemed that we could never speak again. Or find anything to say. She seemed to sense it as she stood there in the silence and smiled brightly at us. Uttering some bit of nonsense that brought us all back again to Hollywood and the making of movies.

"How do you fancy the styles of 1940?" she

asked, after we shook hands in greeting.

"I can't bear them," I said, "don't tell me split skirts and those awful hats are ahead of us."

"Adrian, our designer, seems to think so," turning about for us to examine the atrocious looking outfit. "He figures that this will be the only style which hasn't come in for a revival by that time, so we'll just naturally be in for it."

All the time she was speaking, the question, "How old is this woman?" kept turning about in my mind. Knowing her to be a young woman, in her twenties, still we ask it.

Daisy, the maid, was flying about, fussing with this and that. "Daisy is so happy I'm having a bit of attention from the press," she twinkled. "Naturally, not being very well known yet, I haven't had many interviews and very little publicity from the studio, and it makes Daisy furious."

"Strange, isn't it," she said, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

The first thing most people wonder on meeting Diana Wynyard is, how old is she? Vividly attractive, she has both youth and maturity with a warmth of manner utterly unimpaired by British reserve

YES, merely by pushing open the rough, heavy door of a huge sound stage on the M-G-M lot, I found her. She was the only player present. The others, it seemed, had finished with the picture, "Men Must Fight," and only her scenes remained. I remembered that the picture was laid in the year 1940.

She stood alone, a tall, slender young woman in a gray wig and strange dress, in the center of the stage with the bright Klieg lights blazing down upon her. Awaiting the signal from the director. Behind the cameras were the shadowy figures of a dozen or so workmen. She was the only woman on the set, except Daisy, her maid. Quietly I crept off to the side, and waited. Then came a faint whirr from the sound box.

"They're turning over," a voice called from somewhere. We all waited in utter silence. She, standing there, calm and serene, under the lights. Now, the signal! And then began a



Clarence Sinclair Bull

MEET the new runner-up for film honors—Mr. Franchot Tone, recently of Broadway and "Success Story." Franchot was elected to be Joan Crawford's brother in her latest starring vehicle, "Today We Live." Are we wrong in predicting that this impish smile gives promise of working untold havoc and rousing storms in the hearts of the ladies



Filming Helen Hayes' most solemn scene

HERE we glimpse some of the tender care and unflagging attention to detail which went into portraying Helen Hayes ready to take her vow as a nun, for the talking picture version of the well-known novel, "The White Sister," written by F. Marion Crawford. It was the silent version with Lillian Gish, you

may remember, that many think really made Ronald Colman on the screen, away back in 1923, and also wrote a chapter in the history of outstanding screen successes by playing to crowds when reshowed several years after its première.

Judging from this picture, we may expect an

equally notable rendition in this version, now being done by M-G-M. Note that instead of merely filling the area visible to the camera, the producers have provided a full company, with complete detail and action to the most remote corner on either side of the camera. Note too the perfection of feeling shown by May Robson



Photo by Stagg

in a new version of "The White Sister"

and Sarah Padden, playing the two nuns accompanying Helen. And while Director Victor Fleming—visible just over the watching officer's head—scans each principal, his assistant, Cullen "Hezzy" Tate, is keeping a vigilant eye upon every member of the supporting company, from a post just beneath the

camera, while the producing staff is grouped about, alert to catch every command and the full values of the portrayal.

Now just a word about that officer, visible in the foreground. He is watching from off set, and is not playing in this scene. He is *Giovanni*, Helen's youthful sweetheart. But

beneath that make-up you may or may not recognize him as—Clark Gable.

Throughout this and other scenes embodying church ritual and ceremony, everything was done under the guidance of two priests, who traveled extensively in Italy before undertaking the task.



William A. Fraker

SHE'S what photographers call a "perfect" subject. And lovely titian-haired Wampas Lilian Bond admirably sets off her exotic costume. But how can Jack Holt play opposite her in the Javanese jungle drama called "Fever" without feeling a little bit that way, too? Anyhow, Lilian makes this the last word in lounging pajamas, as you'll admit

200 lbs. of Irishman

Andy Devine plays everything from serio-comic lover to football hero rôles

By Ruth Rankin

HE'S two hundred pounds of Irishman, bulging with sentiment—but if you call Andy Devine “sentimental” to his face, you'd better smile when you say it.

Andy was just a big kid around town for six years before he got his break. He started doing extra work in the “Collegian” series, and pretty soon everybody knew Andy. Everybody, that is, except the people who hand out the jobs.

In those days he had time to be palsy-walsy with all the boys—in fact, there were intervals when all Andy had was time.

Then came “The Spirit of Notre Dame”—and they've kept him busy ever since.

He gets terribly blue now because lots of the old pals don't understand. They resent it. But—

“When I'm busy on a picture, I have to concentrate,” says Andy. “When I see some of the old guard now, I can't stop and kid around for an hour or two, like we used to.

“I hope they don't think old Andy's gone high-hat on 'em—but I hear things. Gosh, if I'm high-hat, so's a cow!”

Andy looked wistful, and when he looks that way, try and keep your heart from aching for him. It was a genuine problem, and Andy was genuinely troubled.

He tried out a lot of things in his extreme youth, just like any other lad endeavoring to find himself. At fifteen and sixteen he was in a monastery, wondering whether he would be a priest. Then he floundered through attacks of being a life-guard, a surveyor's assistant, a professional football player, an electrical signal operator for the Santa Fe—and once he was in the U. S. Lighthouse Service, on a boat that carried supplies to remote lighthouses up in Bering Sea.

When he came back to the States, he played professional football for a time—he had been one of the best all-around athletes at the University of Santa Clara.

ABOUT that time, Andy's dad took him off in a corner and gave him some advice. “I don't care what you do, when you finally light—but whatever it is, be good at it. If you're going to be a burglar, be the best burglar in town. But make up your mind, son, and *stick to it*.”

So Andy came to Hollywood and made up his mind to be a movie actor.

“I was nuts about pictures from the first day's work,” he says, his nice honest eyes full of enthusiasm, and that perpetual lock of curly hair in his right eye. “It's good I was. You'd have to be nuts to stick around six years with no more encouragement than I got. I did extra work so long, I had my own personal tights and spear!

“But the industry struggled along without me, except as a chunk of background—until “The Spirit of Notre Dame.”



Yes, sir, it's easy to believe that this happy-go-lucky Andy Devine is going to go places and do things, now that he's struck his stride. Remember this heart-touching scene with dainty June Clyde in “Radio Patrol”?

When Andy heard they were preparing that picture, he didn't wait around for fate or chance any longer. He shook the hair out of his eyes, delivered his big loose-jointed hulk into Carl Laemmle Jr.'s office, and reminded Mr. Laemmle that football was one of Devine's major talents.

“It was something I really knew a lot about, so that gave me confidence. But gosh, was I scared when I actually realized I had been in to see the boss! Too scared to put on an act.”

Apparently though, the boss, too, realized things. Andy is a “natural” and it got across. He was given a real part. Before the picture was half finished, he had distinguished himself to the point of being presented with a dotted line to sign on. And it's happened since, as regularly as “new Greta Garbos” are announced.

ANDY has two nephews and four nieces, several of them children of a sister who died. He is putting one niece through college and getting a tremendous kick out of it.

“I was the blunderbuss of the family for so many years—always getting my arms and legs busted and having to be bailed out of hospitals. So it gives me a big thrill to be able to do anything at all for the family, now I'm grown up.”

Another glimpse of Andy's two-hundred-pound ways: When he has a load on his chest and needs a friendly ear, he and Truck get in the car and drive down along the ocean front. Truck is Andy's dog, named for *Truck McCall*, the character Andy played in “The Spirit of Notre Dame” . . . and Truck is the rest of Andy's family. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



Cal York

Announcing-



The great comedian who was wont to move us to tears as well as laughter, brings a touch of his pathos to the grave of Jack Pickford in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, Calif. Charlie Chaplin suggests the sadder moments of the inimitable screen character he has so often portrayed

WHAT a contract that was Buddy Rogers signed at Fox! He is to make four pictures a year for two years—and between times he is permitted to make other films, off the Fox lot, and collect for them in addition to his very nice Fox salary.

Besides that, Buddy is permitted to make radio dates and keep his band. Oh, it's quite the nicest contract which has been given any player in Hollywood for a long time.

THEY were having a miserable time of it on the Joan Crawford set. It seems, every time Gary Cooper, Joan's six foot leading man, entered a scene, he bumped into the microphone, nearly splitting his head and sending strange and peculiar sounds through the instrument. If they raised the mike, it was too far away to catch the voices of other actors. But at last, the bright young camera-



"Oo whatlip, Monsieur!" Baby LeRoy, eight-months-old Paramount, was selected from hundreds of babies to play in Chevalier's "A Bedtime Story," and to earn a \$2,000 educational endowment

No, she's no woodland nymph, nor is he a satyr. Fay Wray, heroine, and Merian Cooper, producer of that most exciting picture, "King Kong," are measuring the hand print this monster ape leaves about to frighten us poor mortals. "Five feet!" cries Fay. Feature his size! It gives us the shivers!

man solved it. He merely placed a rubber cap on the end of the mike and when Gary knocked against it, it bounced gently off his head with no damage done. Clever people, these camera-men.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S measurements, according to the dressmaker, were: waist, thirty inches, and hips, forty-one inches. But the tailor says now they are: waist, twenty-six inches; hips, thirty-eight inches. So what? What do you say, Sylvia?

WELL, girls, here's one way to get in the movies. The tailored girl on the back of many magazines, sponsoring a cigarette advertisement, attracted many eyes in Hollywood with her beauty and smartness. At last, one movie producer was so intrigued with the miss, he set about to find out who she was.

He discovered she was Margaret McConnell

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Berlin received Clara Bow warmly. Here you see her as the guest of honor at a dinner given in her honor. Seated at extreme right is Willy Fritsch, German movie star; behind him Rex Bell, Clara's husband. Clara, reluctant to leave America, enjoyed her European tour. Rex looks happy, too

of Chicago, and that she was just as beautiful as her picture! In no time at all, Miss McConnell was on her way to Hollywood with an M-G-M contract in her pocket.

MERVYN LEROY tells a good story about Roxy and his new Radio City theater. During the first show, it seems, Roxy climbed to the topmost seat in the balcony and looked down over the vast auditorium. Just then, several elephants paraded across the stage.

Roxy looked and stared. "What?" he shrieked. "Mice in my theater already?"

"**T**HE American Theater" published at Yale University, lists Aline MacMahon, George Arliss and the Barrymores, as the only stage stars who have made good, accord-



Jobyna Howland, who used to cavort with Robert Woolsey in more or less tender love scenes, has her dander up here. She's seeking the scalp of schoolmaster John Barrymore in "Topaze."



Is this the expression for a just-divorced husband to wear? At any rate, here's Lew Ayres as he looks a-mornings on his way to a hard day's grind at the studio. Wife Lola Lane got a \$35,000 settlement, you'll recall, when they came to the parting of the ways. And Lew seems to just grin and bear it

ing to Yale's standards, on the screen. What —no Helen Hayes?

A CERTAIN movie actor who had paid his account at a Hollywood "gym" with a check, was sent for by the manager a few days later.

"What's the matter?" the actor said, "did my check bounce?"

"Did it bounce?" the manager said in disgust. "Why, the boys are playing handball with it downstairs."

WHAT certain would-be suitors of Gwili Andre don't seem to know is that the lovely Gwili is already married to a very dignified New England gentleman who is older than his young wife and who looks on any attempt at undue attention to her as something to do things about. Wowie, wait till the boys find that out!



Wide World

A German making an English-speaking talkie in Paris. There's internationalism for you! And here are *Herr* and *Frau* Jannings, and *Fraulein* Jannings, taking their morning stroll toward the Bois de Boulogne. Emil hopes to return to America soon. He's signed by agent Mrs. B. P. Schulberg

"What's an autograph more or less?" says Jackie Cooper, as he gallantly puts his mind to the task of thinking up the right sentiment for the particular occasion. Jackie hasn't kept track of the number of times he has put his name on the dotted line. "Must be thousands," he admits most modestly

Marriages—

Josephine Dunn, blonde movie actress now playing on Broadway in "Take a Chance" revealed that she has been married to Eugene J. Lewis, Philadelphia attorney since January 6th. This is her third venture.

Helen Kane and Max Hoffman were married by Judge Robert Mattingly in Washington, D. C. Max admitted it was his third marriage and Helen her second.

Lillian Roth says that her marriage to Municipal Court Justice Benjamin Shalleck, will not interfere with her career. She intends to return to the stage.

Bela Lugosi, star of "Dracula," "The White Zombie" and other horror pictures eloped with Lillian Arch to Nevada.

Rumors still persist that Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie were married in December. But denials come from both parties.

Divorces—

Patricia "Boots" Mallory, Baby Wampas Star of 1933 has sued husband Charles Bennett, New York agent and actor for divorce. The old story of incompatibility of temperaments and professions.

Marian Nixon's three and a half year mar-

riage to Edward Hillman, Jr., wealthy Chicagoan, has terminated in the divorce courts.

Lola Lane and Lew Ayres have been granted a divorce, and with it Lola received a settlement of \$35,000. She charged Lew with being quarrelsome and calling her a "dumb cluck." Although Lola had been more or less in retirement since her marriage, she now hopes to climb back to stardom via the musical comedy stage.

Births—

A son was born to Arline Judge, wife of Wesley Ruggles, on February 4th. He weighed six pounds, seven ounces.

THERE'S really to be a new John Gilbert their sometime about July. Virginia Bruce says she's terribly happy about it and has gone so domestic she spends a lot of time in the kitchen learning baby diets.



If Alexander Kirkland and Boots Mallory weren't merely guilty of learning their lines, we might suspect them of living up to their new picture, "I Am Guilty of Love." But suspicion is the prerogative of Hollywood writers and looking romantic is certainly the prerogative of film stars



Gadzooks! If it isn't pool and Peggy Hopkins Joyce! Lew Cody and Chico Marx are keenly interested in Peggy's facility in catching on to the fine points of the game—she's just learning, you know. The beauteous Peggy came out to Hollywood to look into picture possibilities for herself



Now, now, Mr. Robinson, tossing silver dollars into your best felt hat! Is this another of those strange sports which have captured the fancy of so many Hollywoodites? Or is it merely a hangover from your picture, "Silver Dollar"? Mary Astor seems to be having a whale of a time making the mark



Grace Allen, right, and George Burns are in Hollywood not only to make a film. Gracie's searching the film colony for her brother who disappeared. And like Little Bo Peep, she doesn't know where to find him. Claudette Colbert's looking radiant after that New York operation

THE current rage of the M-G-M lot is not Jean Harlow or Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer, as you might expect, but none other than Benita Hume, the English actress who came over for "Clear All Wires." All the men think highly of her, including Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, Jack Gilbert, Ramon Novarro and all the matinee idols who bring admiring tears to the lady moviegoers' eyes.

P. S. It's quite all right, though, for Miss Hume is very seriously engaged to a nice English lad over in dear ole Lunnnon.

TEMPERATURE reports . . . Dick Powell, the Pittsburgh cyclone, is taking Jayne Shaddock, Warners stock player, around places. . . .

Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins are these, those and them. . . .

JEAN HARLOW is getting back into the swing of things nicely. Recently, at Agua Caliente, she was selected to put the wreath around the winner of the sweepstakes. She looked very racey herself in a tight fitting sweater, beret and slick brown slacks.

THAT was a neat description that Una Merkel got off.

She was on "The Secret of Madame Blanche" set and she saw Martha Sleeper dressed in a chorus girl's costume from the dim and distant past. You know, billows of skirts and things. "Why, Martha," ejaculated Una on the spur of the moment, "you look like a head of lettuce without any dressing."

"TENNIS!" is Eleanor Holm's terse explanation of how she is reducing her weight.

The Olympic swimming champion has taken up the racquet since winter put an end to water sports and she plays the game as strenuously as she swims. She finds exercise a much better way of losing a few pounds than dieting.

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By Arthur
Page

He Wields the Scissors

You'll never find Charlie
Ruggles' face lying on
the cutting-room floor

OLIVER MOROSCO had him under contract. Selwyn wanted to buy him. "What do you want to use him for?" Morosco asked.

"I want him for a comedy part," Selwyn answered.

"Why, he's a bum comedian," Morosco said, "but he's a swell dramatic actor."

"Well, I think he's a bum dramatic actor but a swell comedian." Selwyn replied, and got him.

They were talking about Charlie Ruggles.

"I thought the same as Selwyn," Charlie said. "If this guy's willing to risk money on my being a comedian, why he must know what he's talking about, so I'll be funny." And that's how matter of fact Charlie's career has been from the beginning.

But that doesn't account for the intense interest he takes in it, does it? Or, maybe it does at that.

In twelve months he's made fourteen movies. And has one great problem. Keeping in the picture. It's a battle he fights every time he makes a picture. You see, it's easier to cut a bit of Charlie out of the story than it is the hero. Or heroine. "They have an idea," Charlie explains, "that unless the villain or hero is in the scene, the picture lags. So, snip with the scissors, and out comes me."

SO what does Charlie do? Let them snip and get away with it? No, listen. He is given, by Charlie's request, every script of his picture to read. Okay. Then he's allowed, also by his own request, to monkey around a bit with his scenes. Okay some more. Then, what does he do?

Well, he fixes those scenes of his so that if they cut out Charlie, it leaves the hero hanging from an upstairs window with scarcely anybody around to catch him. In other words, Charlie, the rascal, fixes it so that if they decide that here goes good old Charlie out—why the hero or heroine will have to go too, or it makes no sense.

Oh, you'd like Charlie Ruggles. He's a smart little whipper-snapper all right, all right.

If he isn't playing a straight comedy part on the screen, why then, Charlie is stewed (on the screen, of course) to the ears. And what a stew Charlie can be! You remember him, of course, as the constantly inebriated reporter of "70,000 Witnesses." But the funny thing is, in every day life Charlie is never stewed, and can have more fun with one glass of beer (near or real) and a silly pretzel, than any ten guys can have with six quarts of what-have-you, apiece.

Over the New Year at Caliente, here was so-and-so completely pie-eyed, and here was Charlie, having a far better time on one stein of beer and a table for two.

Charlie—so non-chalant, you know. But what a neat one he put over, to make sure his pictures treat him right!

Over at the Caliente race track, a fellow popped over to Charlie and said, "Say, Ruggles, how does that horse look [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



The Gamest Girl In Hollywood

Yes, Mae Clarke earns the title by her great comeback after taking a staggering knockout



Mae looks the grand trouper she is. Do you see what sorrow has done to the Mae of "Waterloo Bridge"?

SHE had won—or rather thought she had—everything in life that an ambitious girl could desire. A prominent position in the films, the love of a man high up in studio circles. And she was young. Life spread not merely pleasantly, but thoroughly exciting before her.

Thus did fortune smile upon Mae Clarke. Then suddenly she lost everything—her picture contract, her means of livelihood, her health—and love.

But defeated? No, never!

After months in a hospital with a nervous breakdown, Mae went right at it again.

"During those months I made myself over," she said, "mentally and spiritually. I lay there and thought, and the thoughts gave me the strength to come back and to start all over again."

Now it looks as though Mae has won for the second time. Things again are breaking her way. She isn't the same girl she used to be, of course; no longer the same Mae who wrapped herself around your heart in "Waterloo Bridge."

But the very scars which she got in the battle have made her more beautiful, her hurts have made her soul that much bigger. She can feel, now, as she never felt before. It takes suffering to do that, and Mae has suffered. Also, she has a new courage, and it's that new courage, the courage born of her very heart-aches, which makes Mae Clarke the gamest girl in Hollywood.

Mae's early training particularly

fitted her for the bruising Fate had in store. The Clarkes were not rich folks. The father was a violinist in a movie theater, and besides Mae, there were her brother and sister to clothe and feed.

Mae learned very early to fight her battles for herself. Among other things, as a kid of fifteen, she sold hot dogs and salt water taffy on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City. Doing that, a girl learns how to fight her battles for herself.

BETWEEN times she went to dancing school, and this led to a chorus job in a musical show. Then she went to New York, where she became a nightclub dancer. That's another grand way to learn to fight your own battles, being a nightclub dancer.

While in the Everglades Club in New York, Mae met Barbara Stanwyck, who also was a chorine there. The two girls became inseparable, and that friendship still endures. Barbara got a break in a play called "The Noose," and then came "Burlesque," which led directly to her present Hollywood fame. Mae had a small part in "The Noose."

"It was years later when I hit Hollywood," Mae reminisced, "after I had trouped for two seasons in vaudeville. But while we were in New York, Barbara and I would sit at the breakfast table and, even then, we both dreamed of Hollywood."

But while Barbara actually did go to Holly- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

By Reginald Tavin

How SYLVIA Changed



YOU know that for years Sylvia, America's most famous physical culturist and masseuse, has been Hollywood's court of last resort for problems of beauty and figure. This month she gives another revelation in her fascinating series about how she helped noted stars through crises that threatened their careers.

Also, Sylvia has agreed to do something she has hitherto declared impossible. That is, to answer personally your letters. On page 80 she answers many questions, and tells how easily you too may obtain her help. Look now to learn how America's most expert help on beauty and health problems is yours for the asking!

"She's size sixteen now, but I'll make her a twelve in four weeks!" That was Sylvia's promise to the studio—and on her making good, depended Carole's screen future! No wonder Carole grinned and bore it, regardless of how much Sylvia might whack, twist and knead her

THE first time I saw her, I was standing behind her and she was walking across the studio lot. She was a big, husky girl in a short white silk sports dress, flat white tennis shoes, rolled down socks and a beret in her hand. And she was calling to the boys she knew as they passed. "Hello, Bob! Hello, Bill!" Hearty and hale like, just as her figure looked. The studio executive who was showing me around—it was my first day at that studio—looked at the girl, then turned to me. "There," he said, "that girl is under contract. We're supposed to give her parts. But look at that figure! Think you can do anything?"

"She'll be my first patient," I said.

I set up shop in Gloria Swanson's old dressing-room bungalow and about five minutes later in came the exec with the same buxom girl I had seen from the rear. I'll admit I was startled. Honestly, she had one of the most attractive and beautiful faces I've ever seen. And a nice expression, too.



Meet "Carol of the Curves," as they called her before Sylvia stepped in! As a plump, jolly girl, she had done well in Mack Sennett comedies and other light pieces. Note her appearance in "Show People," at the left. But as an actress in dramatic rôles—well, that would turn upon what Sylvia could do to help her

"Carol of the Curves" to Svelte Carole Lombard!

Ready, girls! See page 80 for Sylvia's answers to your beauty questions!

"Think you can do anything with this one?" the boss asked. "You bet I can," I said. "Give me four weeks with her—and you'll be amazed."

"I'll bet I will," said the boss and left Carole Lombard with her fate—and me! (I know there was a time they called her "Carol," "Carol of the Curves," in fact, which was the reason I was starting in on her; but I'll stick to Carole.)

I liked Carole right away. You couldn't be around her and not like her. She was breezy and clever and so regular and oh, how badly she wanted to get thin! She knew how fat she was.

I'd told the exec I'd have her in shape—and with a shape—in four weeks. It took me just three weeks to make her so that she could take a size twelve dress. And that first little white silk number I'd seen her in, which fit her plenty snug, was a sixteen! Cross my heart and hope to die!

Now that I'm no longer at the studio I can confess that I cheated a little bit. You see the studio was paying me a salary then, and a big one. The stars were paying the studio for my treatments; the money was taken out of their salaries each week. Carole was paying for a treatment a day—but I put one over on the studio and gave her an extra treatment every day on studio time.

A GREAT deal of my success in Hollywood lay in making the stars obey me. And they obeyed me because they knew they had to. Unless their figures were nice their contracts weren't renewed. Carole was perfect about it. She did everything I said. We used to have luncheon together almost every day in the little restaurant across from the studio. She used to watch great big juicy steaks and mashed potatoes and creamed peas going by to other tables and then she'd say to the waiter, "And as for me—a green salad with French dressing—mostly lemon juice—and gelatin for dessert."

Because she was such a good sport and never whined I used to let her have a little piece of

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]



A month of pummeling, twisting, dieting, and then behold what emerged—the exquisite Carole Lombard of today! It was another of those near miracles for which Sylvia became renowned from coast to coast. And the best part was, Carole never regained a bit of the weight Sylvia had managed to banish in one short month

Ex-Wives for Dinner

By Sara
Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS



THE scene takes place in the beautiful Beverly Hills mansion of John Gilbert, handsome star of the screen. John and his lovely bride, Virginia Bruce, are about to sit down to dinner in their spacious dining-room. In fact, Perkins, the butler, has just placed his left thumb in the clear soup, when the door bell rings. He hurriedly places the soup and answers the door.

"Good evening, Perkins," a sweet, low voice reaches the Gilbert dining-room, "John, dear, at home?"

"Er—why—Miss—I—"

"It's all right, Perkins. You remember me, don't you? I'm just a member of the Gilbert sorority. I mean I'm an ex-Mrs. Gilbert, Perkins. Second, I believe. Where's everybody?"

"In the dining-room, Miss, but I think you'd better—"

Into the dining-room, to the utter amazement of John and Virginia, bursts the lovely and beautiful ex-Mrs. Gilbert, Leatrice Joy, calmly removing her gloves and silver foxes.

"Why, hello John, dear. Hello Virginia, sweet. You look adorable in that blue frock. What lovely soup. Mind if I sip at yours, Jack dear? Mmmmm—Virginia, it's too peppery. Pepper, I always found, made John sneeze for hours. Days even."

She went on with the soup, sitting on the arm of Virginia's chair, while John and Virginia sat wide-eyed and open-mouthed. John unable to rise. Paralyzed from the Adam's apple down, in fact.

"Look here, Leatrice," John manages to say thickly, when the door bell rings.

"Well, if it isn't Perkins, as I have my gorgeous being," a charming, husky toned voice reached the strange trio in the dining-room. "Where's everybody?"

"You see, Virginia, dear," said Ina, "about letting John walk through his cactus garden in his bare feet. It aggravates John terribly to be crossed"

"I—I—I—I—," Perkins sputtered.

"Tut, tut, mustn't play Rosco Ates now, Perkins, Ina hasn't time.

We'll play later. You can be Rosco and I'll be Ben Turpin. Why, *hello—*," and into the dining-room dashes—literally dashes—the luscious and blonde Ina Claire, ex-Mrs. Gilbert, number three.

"Soup, as I live," she gurgles and promptly sitting on the arm of Jack's chair, finishes his soup, while Jack reaches over with a numb and trembling hand and calmly pours the remainder of Virginia's now cold broth over his dark and throbbing head. Ina continues sipping appraisingly.

"Lovely. But too salty, Virginia," she says. "I found too much salt was bad for Jack. Made him hiccough."

"It was pepper," Leatrice admonishes sharply, "and it made him sneeze."

"Salt," Ina firmly contends, glaring at Leatrice over Jack's and Virginia's heads. "And it made him—What was it salt always made you do, dear?" she asked Jack sweetly. "One forgets minor noises so easily, these fast moving days."

"My Gawd," John breathes feverishly.

"Bring on the next course, Perkins," Ina called gaily.

"Ooooo-eeee." Squeals of delight from Ina and Leatrice, still perched on the arm of the Gilberts' chairs, as Perkins, trembling violently and knocking quaintly at both knees, brings on the roast.

"We used to have our salad before the entrée, Perkins," says Leatrice.

"I know, Miss," Perkins says, bursting into tears and laying his head on her shoulder. "So very much has happened since—" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Tch, tch, tch! What a pleasant surprise party this would be for John Gilbert—wouldn't it, now?

No More Chinese, MYRNA?

Well, since it ends
your secret sorrow,
here's luck! We're
for you, after "The
Animal Kingdom"

By Jeanne North

OPENINGS never see her. Swanky parties never see her. Brown Derbies never see her. Not because she is retiring or just too exclusive for words, my deah. Heavens no. She's just not interested.

But—and is she smart?—movie devotees see her. By scores of thousands. And that's why, after seven years of movie making, she's still going strong. Stronger than that, in fact.

Some twenty years ago little Myrna Williams—the Loy is merely a movie name—lived on Fifth Avenue in Helena, Montana, and right on the next street lived a tall, sober-faced little boy whose name was Cooper. Frank, his folks called him. And Mrs. Williams used to call on Mrs. Cooper and discuss the weather, the Ladies' Aid meeting, Frank's tonsils and Myrna's dancing lessons. Little dreaming that one day Frank would be the heart-breaker of Hollywood, and Myrna the best Chinese menace that ever came out of Montana.

When Myrna was seven her father died and the family moved to Santa Monica, California. And was she a comical-looking kid those days, with her bright carrot hair and masses and masses of freckles? Big? And gawky? Well, the kids in the neighborhood nearly passed out when Myrna insisted she'd be a movie actress.

But mother had looked beneath the freckles and gawkiness and wasn't so sure. Not so sure that perhaps that little oval face, those full-lidded green eyes, that gaily tilted nose



Yes, when we see you *à l'Americaine*, Myrna, we see a great future. Still, we see too why they kept you "East of Suez" so long. Just a touch on those eyes, and oh! what a daughter to *Fu Manchu* you made! Who can do that now, we ask you?

might not mean a thing or two some day.

And mother was right.

Myrna went in for dancing and finally, in her 'teens, landed in a Sid Grauman prologue at the Egyptian Theater. Her photograph, with a dozen others, stood in the lobby. One day a dark-eyed, dark-haired young man glimpsed that face. And stopped. Valentino, if you please, was interested.

HE looked her up and had her tested for a part in one of his pictures. Too young. But Mrs. Valentino (Natacha Rambova) was so enchanted she offered a small part in her own picture, "What Price Beauty?"

The picture was a classic flop. But it started Myrna Loy in the movies, and she's been going right along since then—nursing a growing passionate purpose.

This one great, flaming desire is to get away from Oriental rôles. For years she fought against it, and it did no good.

Perhaps it's because she achieves that Oriental look so readily that they constantly kept thrusting her into those parts. Her eyes, remember, do

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Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ MEN MUST FIGHT—M-G-M

AMONG those things Hollywood usually fights shy of are so-called "problem plays"—ones where the play asks a question and you give the answer. As a rule, they're too slippery to handle, both as to production and as to public reaction.

But if anything can turn the trick, it should be the cast of this one, headed by Diana Wynyard. The problem lies between her, made a pacifist of the most intense stripe by bitter experience, her husband (Lewis Stone), whose love for her cannot over-ride his patriotism, and the son (Phillips Holmes) is tossed between the two views when war suddenly breaks out.

You may find irritations, but you'll see some excellent acting, especially by Diana and Lewis Stone.



★ THE GREAT JASPER—RKO-Radio

CHIEFLY noteworthy for a grand performance by Richard Dix, as the convivial Irishman of the good old days who graduates from a horsecar "motorman" to a fortune-teller, and the presence of the new importation, Wera Engels, who is due to click. The motorman, who takes his women and his whisky where he finds 'em, has two sons, one by his wife and one by the wife of his boss; the two boys are as far apart as his wife—an unsympathetic part beautifully done by Florence Eldridge—and himself. It's the story of two families, thus closely entwined, down through the years; Betty Furness is charming, and there's far too little of Edna May Oliver.

Inevitably reminiscent of "Cimarron"—but it isn't a "Cimarron," though.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ TOPAZE—RKO-Radio

WITHOUT the slightest facetious intent, we may characterize this gem of a picture by saying it answers that years-old query: What would happen to John Barrymore without aid from his classic profile? For trivial as that sounds, the profile's gradual emergence is so superbly in keeping with the story, that many will vote this John's greatest to date.

It happens, you see, that John starts as *M. Topaze*, a drab French schoolmaster, so naïve he believes people actually obey the moral maxims he teaches. That is where, hidden behind pedagogic whiskers, you'll never know John. But thanks to his refusing distinction to the son (Jackie Searl) of a rich man, *M. Topaze* moves on to the world as it is—and begins to learn. One lesson: While his job as chemist for a highly respectable racket does *not* ask pursuit of scientific truth, his boss (Reginald Mason) *can* get him the coveted Academy decoration. Lesson two: His boss's mistress (Myrna Loy) is quite willing to be amused.

So our lowly grub begins to change (and the profile to emerge), and the two changes match so perfectly you never even think what superb "theater" it is. Meanwhile, the supporting cast is not only maintaining, but enhancing the illusion, even though Myrna's rôle is not as rich as it might be. You can't afford to miss this one.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

TOPAZE
MEN MUST FIGHT
CLEAR ALL WIRES
PRIVATE JONES

STATE FAIR
THE GREAT JASPER
SECRETS
FROM HELL TO HEAVEN
THE KING'S VACATION

The Best Performances of the Month

John Barrymore in "Topaze"
Diana Wynyard in "Men Must Fight"
Lewis Stone in "Men Must Fight"
Will Rogers in "State Fair"
Janet Gaynor in "State Fair"
Lee Tracy in "Clear All Wires"
Una Merkel in "Clear All Wires"
Richard Dix in "The Great Jasper"
Jean Hersholt in "The Crime of the Century"
Mary Pickford in "Secrets"
George Arliss in "The King's Vacation"
Jan Kiepura in "Be Mine Tonight"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 112



★ STATE FAIR—Fox

JANET GAYNOR and Norman Foster as children of Will Rogers and Louise Dresser—that ought to be intriguing enough in itself to make a good picture.

But when you add to this fine cast a whimsical tale that fairly breathes the charm side of life on the farm; introduces chuckles and laughs, especially when that city fellow, Lew Ayres, intrigues Janet and Norman tumbles for the trapeze artiste, Sally Eilers; and steps right along from start to finish; you'll know why we say this scores a bull's-eye.

Will Rogers, of course, is himself—interested this time in showing his pet hog, "Blue Boy," at the fair, while Ma brings her pickles and mince meat. Perhaps this time there are not so many droll whimsies—but you'll feel his power to tug at the heart when "Blue Boy" takes sick just before prize time. Janet, too, has just the sort of rôle needed to bring out what people seem most to love—especially when she and brother fall into their complications among the visitors to the fair.

Then when Ma, in her prize quest, gives her mince meat the aid of high-voltage brandy and the committee of experts falls to appraising its merits, you'll probably feel that there's no fun to improve upon that at state fairs. All in all, beyond question here's superb entertainment for the whole family.



★ CLEAR ALL WIRES—M-G-M

LEE TRACY steps forth as *Buckley Joyce Thomas*, a high-powered newspaper correspondent—the kind who in the absence of news makes it out of whole cloth or even from his own broken arm. And as he bamboozles his employer and public, you'll agree that also he achieves something rare in screen fun.

Even before Lee starts for Russia on his news-making quest, he makes news of a sort by taking the boss's girl (Una Merkel) along just for company . . . minus the boss's knowledge or consent. With him also goes his faithful *Lefty* (Jimmy Gleason)—a lad who, like Lee, doesn't mind starting revolutions or taking pot-shots at a price for a headline. You can imagine what happens when this crew, plus Benita Hume, strikes Russia and starts stirring things up.



★ SECRETS—United Artists

NOW, after a weary, long wait on our part, a new, beautiful and stirring Mary Pickford comes back in a picture that just misses by inches being a classic—perhaps because somehow we can't feel that Leslie Howard is quite in his *metier* as a sturdy Western rancher.

Mary, though, is believable at all times—and that is the main thing in a tale concerned with a luxury-reared Yankee girl who seeks the frontier with her sweetheart, as the alternative to marrying a title. C. Aubrey Smith and Blanche Friderici as Mary's purse-proud, socially ambitious parents, and Ned Sparks as Leslie's staunch helper in his battles with nature and cattle thieves, likewise are splendid.

You can be sure you won't make any mistake by taking the family to see it.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

☆
PRIVATE JONES—
Universal



YOU'LL sense a fine double-barreled kick in this Lee Tracy portrayal of a cocky and belligerent buck private, who is on the horns of a dilemma throughout. On the one hand is his mother's training against war, and his own lack of enmity to Germans. On the other, he falls for a sweet little Y. M. C. A. worker (Gloria Stuart), married to a lieutenant he hates. The result is red-blooded entertainment, with food for thought.

☆
THE KING'S VACATION—
Warners



A GAIN George Arliss takes a somewhat light story and, with Arlissean suavity, turns it into delightful entertainment. This time he's a King, happily freed by a revolution from his oppressive job. He is freed also by the Queen (Mrs. Arliss) to seek the love he renounced (Marjorie Gateson) when he married. But freedom's rosy promises turn out to have thorns—from which Mr. Arliss draws a filmful of fun.

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY—
Paramount



WELL, not quite the crime of the century, but a reasonably acceptable mystery picture. Jean Hersholt is grand as *Dr. Emil Brandt*, who plans a "perfect murder," then appeals to the law to prevent him from committing it. This gives someone else the idea—guess who. We'll never tell. Wynne Gibson does another swell naughty lady. Cast good; but it's too bad they didn't talk less and do more.

☆
FROM HELL TO HEAVEN—
Paramount



A DIFFERENT sort of story with spice, comedy, tragedy, and Jack Oakie thrown in to provide ample good measure. One by one, the characters filter in to take rooms at a hotel near a race track. From there on the story steps out, with many a thrill and chuckle, until death, comedy, happiness bring it to the fadeout. There's good entertainment here for nearly everybody.

BLONDIE JOHNSON—
First National



PLENTY of action, some good laughs and fine acting turn a none-too-thrilling plot into quite good entertainment. Joan Blondell, as *Blondie*, and Chester Morris build up a considerable business as private racketeers. Then Chester gets ritzy as the well-dressed business "front" of the gang, and the resulting complications lead to capture of the gang and what else there is of the story.

EX-LADY—
Warners



THIS picture makes you wonder if maybe moving picture kissing isn't rather a tough way to earn a living after all. Bette Davis is very pretty as the young artist who doesn't want to marry her boy friend (Gene Raymond), because she believes that marriage spoils love. She changes her mind, though, when siren Kay Strozzi and villain Monroe Owsley start things. Much giddy modern scenery and pretty clothes.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

MAN HUNT—
RKO-Radio



ON the whole, a humanly done and entertaining piece, even though nothing to get excited about. Junior Durkin is "practically a failure at seventeen," due to detecting instead of tending to his job. He accidentally stumbles on a real plot, and solves the mystery. Mrs. Wallace Reid (formerly known as Dorothy Davenport) makes a pleasing talking picture début as Junior's mother. Hope we'll see more of her.

**AS THE
DEVIL
COMMANDS**
—Columbia



PRETTY fair when it gets going, with a somewhat involved plot offering a distinctly new twist on the "mercy murder" theme. The family lawyer, suavely done by Alan Dinehart, kills an incurable invalid, then fastens it on the young family doctor (Neil Hamilton), because of greed and his desire for the doctor's fiancée (Mae Clarke). As acting honors go, John Sheehan, who does the tramp Santa Claus, lifts the show.

**THE
SECRETS
OF WU SIN—**
Invincible



REAL Orientals playing their rôles with feeling and talent give a new and interesting angle to this story. Lois Wilson, saved from death by a young newspaper editor, Grant Withers, becomes a reporter, unearths a plot for smuggling Chinamen into the country, falls in love with her editor, exposes his father-in-law-to-be as a villain and gets her man. Toshia Mori and Eddie Boland both splendid.

**ROME
EXPRESS—**
Gaumont
British-
Universal



IF you want the experience of riding a *de luxe* train from Paris to Rome, this gives it superbly, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Everyone involved in a murder mystery over a stolen painting restolen on the train; Conrad Veidt as heavy villain, with Donald Calthrop as victim. Esther Ralston and Hugh Williams offer mild love interest; comic relief by Gordon Harker, Finlay Currie and Muriel Aked.

**KING OF
THE WILD
HORSES—**
Columbia



ATHRILLING, gripping story of Rex, the wild horse. Leader of a band of wild horses, Rex is captured by a Navajo brave, foils the villain and destroys him in a hair-raising scene. A spectacular fight between a wild horse and mountain lion also is breath-taking. William Janney, Wallace MacDonald and Dorothy Appleby are simply overshadowed by the dynamic Rex. Exciting both for youngsters and adults.

**DANGER-
OUSLY
YOURS—**
Fox



A CROOK tale that, curiously, draws its chief merit from a comedy bit about an anchor, applied to a fair captive as a slave bracelet. Warner Baxter is the nimble Raffles who, to cover his theft of a diamond bracelet, shanghaies Miriam Jordan aboard his yacht—whereupon her struggles bring in the anchor and the fun. Herbert Mundin good as Warner's butler accomplice. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 90]



Can you see Ramon's roguish *Rupert of Hentzau*, of many years back, twinkling again here? Well, that's the sign!

Fulfillment of A Wink

As the wink goes, so goes Ramon Novarro. Now that it's back, his sense of fun is ready again to work

By May
Allison Quirk

"Not yet, but I may take a turn for the worse any moment now."

"Reports are flying about that you will soon retire from the screen. What shall I tell our million anxious and palpitating readers?"

"Do you really want to know or is this a social call?"

"I couldn't afford to be social at two dollars a minute, Ramon. This is business. I'll take it off my income tax."

"The answer is yes and no. My contract calls for acting, directing or both. As the years go on, I am hoping to direct more and act less often. But if a great part came along that was suitable for me, I'd probably want to play it."

"ANY idea of marrying soon, Ramon?"

"I've always had ideas. Still have the old ones. You remember what I told you once before about that."

"Are you in love with any one?"

"Oh, I love a great many people."

"Now, Ramon, I spank. I said, are you *in* love, not do you *love* anyone?"

"Well, I'll tell you"—brrh—rrr—rrr—r

"Operator, you've cut us off at the most interesting part of our conversation."

"Excuse it, please. You were not cut off, madame. Something happened to the connection."

Brrr—rr—rr—r—

"Can you hear Mr. Novarro now, Mrs. Quirk?"

"No, I cannot hear Mr. Novarro now."

"One moment please. There is difficulty at the Yuma end."

Pop-pop—click—brrh—rr—rrr—

Then faintly from Ramon.

"Hello, May, I was just going to say"—blurb—brrh—r—

"Hello, hello, Mrs. Quirk. This is operator speaking. I'm sorry you cannot hear. Mr. Novarro says to tell you he was just going to say that the weather is simply heavenly out here now. When are you coming out?"

"Tell Mr. Novarro we were talking about love, operator, not the weather, and I'll call him again sometime. Say adios."

"Thank you, Mrs. Quirk."

"No, no, no, thank *you*, operator."

Boiling the facts down, and after that telephone experience I've got to boil something, Ramon [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87]

A TELEPHONE conversation has just taken place between New York and Yuma, Arizona. I was at the New York end and Ramon Novarro held the Yuma receiver. Ramon's birthday; his thirty-fourth, I believe. The date was February 6th.

"Hello, Ramon. This is May Allison Quirk."

"Oh, hello May. What a pleasant surprise this is!"

"Good to hear your voice too, Ramon. I'm going to talk fast just in order to keep down the overhead. I never ask anyone how old they are, but congratulations on your birthday, Ramon. Feel any older?"



Otto Dyar

IT may be the Magyar blood in her veins which enables Zita Johann to create those startling moods on the screen. Or it may be her amazing intelligence. But you'll agree, if you saw this young Hungarian from the New York stage in "Tiger Shark," "The Mummy" or "Luxury Liner," that she's a thoroughly competent actress and a real *personality*



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed on Page 111.

Bette Wears An Amusing Collar

COULD you imagine a more romantic gown than this one for a honeymoon in Havana? That is where Bette Davis wears it in her new picture "Ex-Lady." Orry-Kelly has put his inimitable touch to the design by using a small Peter Pan collar with bow to top the gown—it is one of those gay details that make a gown different. Pale green mousseline de soie is the fabric and the foundation is taffeta. Note the tucked detail in the skirt and the upper part of the bodice. Although Bette is not wearing it in this picture, there is a tiny sleeveless jacket with a three-tiered cape collar to go with this—and it has been made up for you who will want to have a complete evening ensemble for early summer evenings. Bette wears matching satin slippers with this and sheer hose with a coppery cast.



Stripes Are New In Many Guises

BLUE and white striped felt fashions—a gay quartette of new accessories. A hat in the smart pillbox shape, a belt with metal buckle, a commodious bag with leather and metal trim and a cigarette case. Stunning for either spring frock or suit.

COTTON tweed is one of the smartest fabrics for sportswear or daytime this season. Bette Davis wears the one above in "Ex-Lady." Designed by Orry-Kelly, it has a detachable cape, buttoning on the shoulder. A frayed edge of the fabric is used for trimming on cuffs and collar.

THE redingote type of costume is always smart for spring and summer. Bette Davis wears this one on her Havana trip in "Ex-Lady." Orry-Kelly has used a brown, orange, tan, beige, yellow and henna stripe on white for the silk dress and for the cuffs on her coat. The coat is yellow wool crepe with an amusing double cape and unusual collar detail. Note the stripe again repeated on the buttons, belt buckle and hat band. Just what you have been wanting, isn't it?

—Seymour

WHEN Kay Francis appears in a new picture, every feminine heart has an excited flutter because it means a glittering parade of stunning clothes. Her new picture "The Keyhole" will prove no exception for Orry-Kelly has done a knockout job of designing a whole wardrobe of grand costumes. One is this evening gown, below. Kay wears it dining and dancing in the south. White crepe is made on slim lines with ruffles used for a deep flounce and a crisp edging for the neckline in front and back. Note how the pleated ruffles are run up the skirt to a point. Brass rings decorate the neckline in front and form shoulder straps with the fabric laced through. Kay wears two brass bracelets.

— Seymour



KATHARINE HEPBURN may wear patched trousers on the lot but she wears glamorous clothes for her screen rôles. This new star of such unique personality, wears her clothes with striking effect. In "Christopher Strong," she wears this gown designed by Howard Greer. Isn't it one of the loveliest you've seen with fabric daisies forming a cape and flounce on white mousseline de soie? Each daisy has a rhinestone center. The cape may be removed when and if you wish. Katharine wears this in a highly romantic scene in the picture, at a party on the Riviera. There is one scene where she dances with the hem of her frock held up in one hand—and the daisies seem to fall from her arms down to the hem—it is a graceful gown.

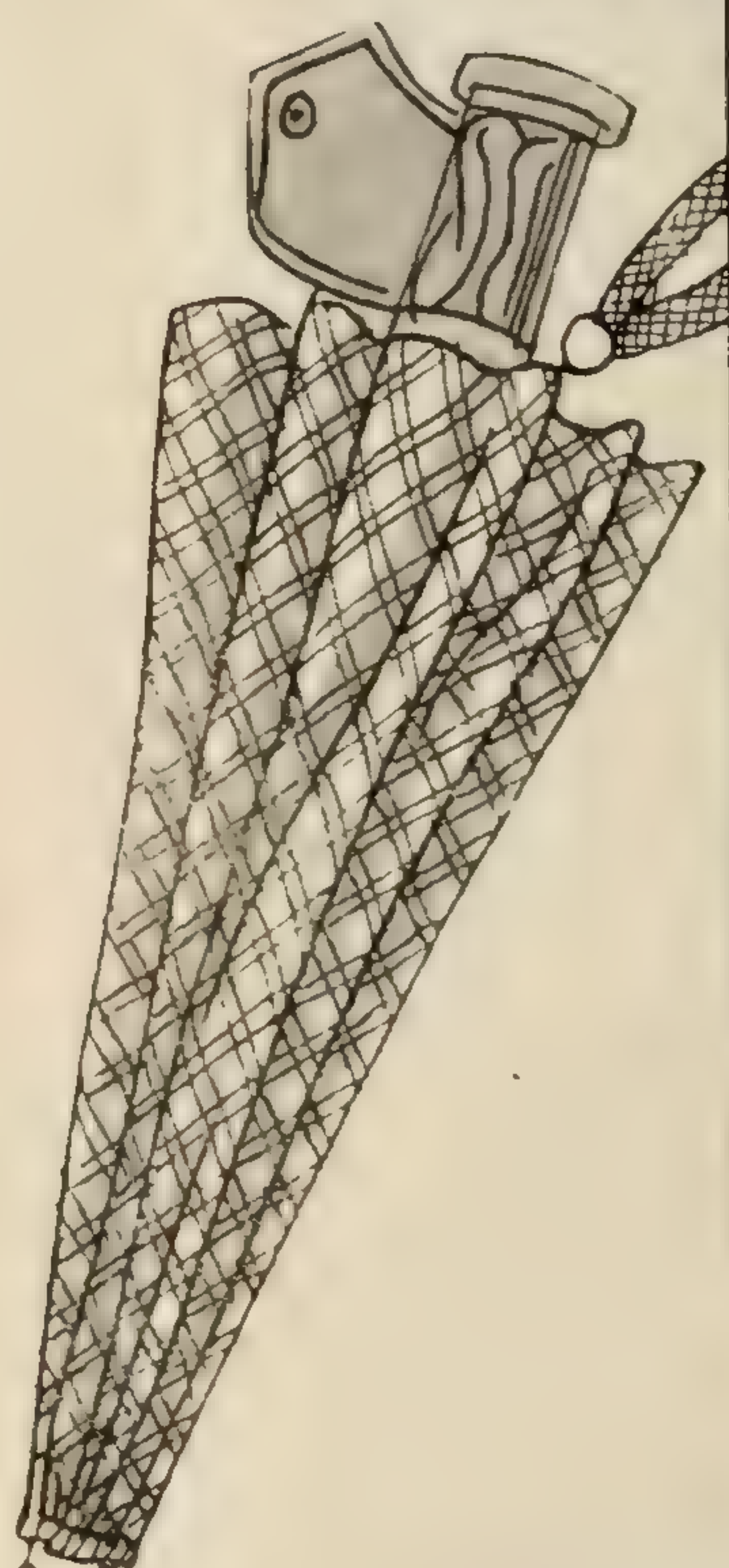
A Nautical Air For Evening



HERE are two views of a different gown! It has a seafaring air with its sailor collar edged with braid and dotted with stars. The skirt, too, is cleverly suggestive of sailor trousers with crystal buttons in front and laced detail in back. Miriam Jordan wears it in "Dangerously Yours." It was designed by Lambert under the direction of Rita Kaufman. Heavy white crepe is the fabric with stars in blue and braid in silver and white. A tab in front has Miriam's name embroidered on it. A unique idea.

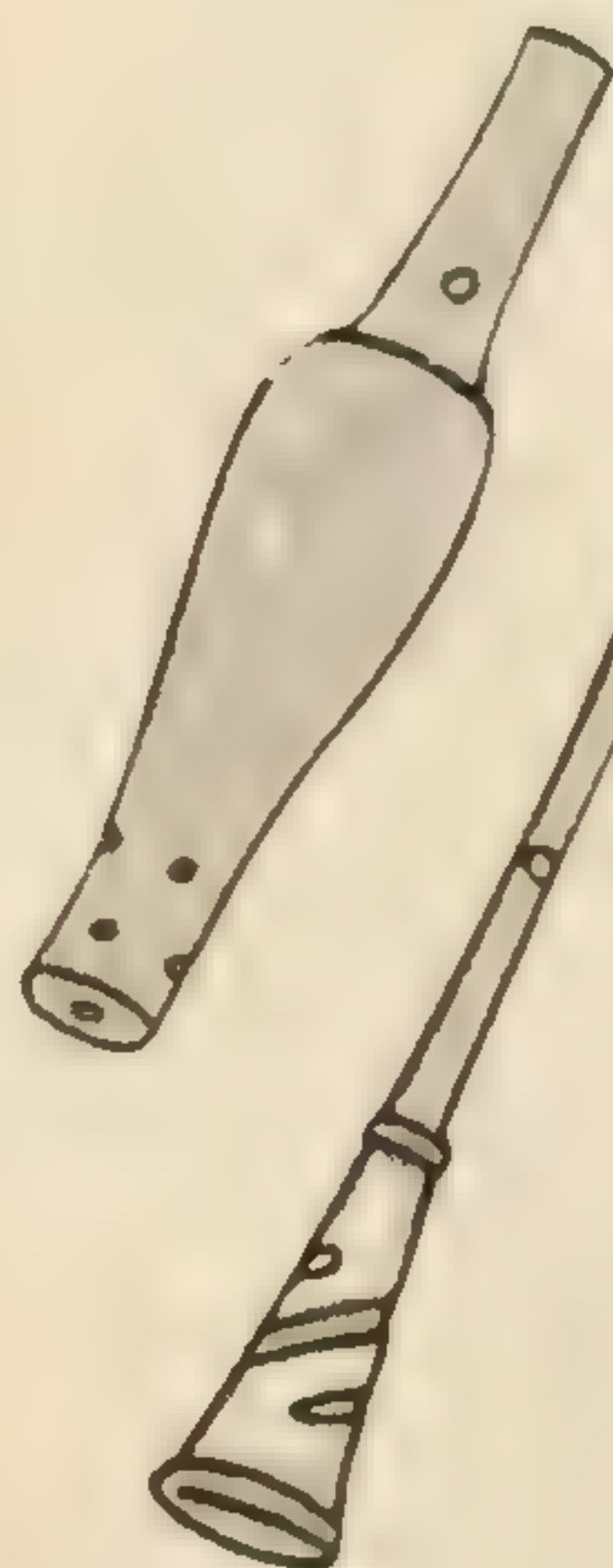


"THE Keyhole" brings you another wearable and smart costume. It is a coat, part of an ensemble which Orry-Kelly has designed for Kay Francis. Since Kay wears it on a boat bound for Cuba, her model is white flannel but it has been made up in a new woolen for your spring wardrobe. The coat is slightly fitted, fastening with one large button at the front. The double collar so unusual in design, is an outstanding detail. Wide flaring cuffs fasten with a single button. Kay wears a white flannel skirt with this and a blue and white striped vest of mannish type—the striped fabric also lines her coat. All white accessories.



PLAIDS are very much in the spotlight both in woolens and silks. Mae Clarke wears an attractive plaid dress in "Parole Girl." A large bow of lacquered silk snaps across the neckline in front. Her brown leather belt is trimmed with brass knobs. Don't overlook Mae's trim brown straw sailor with band of the same ribbon that forms the bow on her dress—these shallow sailors are popular.

A NUMBER of interesting accessories have been sketched on this page. Reading from top to bottom, you will see one of the new open sandals with a wide "T" strap—perforated trim is used to smart advantage. A plaid umbrella offers a service for rainy days—its leather handle opens up to reveal a pair of rubber sandals tucked away neatly within! A black leather belt affects a feminine air in a metal bow. And the newest cigarette holder is a collapsible affair that fits into a small case. The end is specially constructed to eject the cigarette stub.



— Seymour



SLASHING at the top of the skirt and large white buttons give a slightly mannish look to the dress above which Miriam Jordan wears in "Dangerously Yours." This costume is really a compromise between the masculine and too feminine—the blouse being fashioned of a red, white and blue star print with soft detailing at the neckline.

A CHECKED cotton shirt like a man's and a pique vest are the newest accessory contributions to the man-tailored vogue. Note the fabric shirt tie.



FOR country or city wear, corduroy is still a very smart choice. In "From Hell to Heaven" Adrienne Ames wears the attractive ensemble you see below. She wears it as spectator at the races—a good tip for you who will be going to such events this spring. Her ensemble is gray corduroy for the skirt and swagger coat, plaid flannel in yellow and black for the tricky little blouse. Large nickel buttons and a nickel buckle on the suede belt are excellent touches for this type of costume. This is a Travis Banton design. Note that Adrienne wears a beret to match and that her shoes again stress the perforated detail that is so new.



Bert Longworth

SHADES of *Chandu!* But no—this concentrating gentleman from the much misused Far East—he who wears the monstrous turban and gazes so fixedly into the crystal globe—is no other than Warren William. His rapt companion, who co-stars in “The Mind Reader,” is Constance Cummings. Is the future black, gray or rosy, Constance?

Let's Give 'Dolphe A Hand



I SUPPOSE if you asked every last ham in Hollywood who the most unappreciated actor in pictures was, he would point to his fifth weskit button and roar, ungrammatically but loudly, "ME!"

Actors, to hear them tell it, are never properly appreciated at their full value, but that is because it is the nature of the histrionic beast (no offense, pals!) never to be satisfied with anything but the best end seat on the bus.

But the simple, unadorned truth is that the least hymned and hallooed-for trouser in all Filmania is a slender, middle-aged gent who goes quietly about Hollywood tending strictly to his tatting and who answers promptly to the name of Adolphe Menjou.

Dapper 'Dolphe is one of the most astonishing phenomena on the Once-Golden Coast. Deprived of his tail-coated stardom at Paramount when the talkies came howling in, he took a year's exile in England in his stride, and came back to modest feature billing—and one grand acting job after another. "The Front Page," for example. And take the case of "A Farewell to Arms," with Helen Hayes superb as the war-battered nurse, and Gary Cooper struggling along as best he could in the wake of that appalling little genius.

But when the polls had closed, when the ballots were counted—when that magnificent picture was soberly studied and its performances appraised—it was found that the most human, the most sparkling and the most heart-warming show of all was the *Rinaldi* of Mr. Adolphe Menjou, ex-tailors' dummy and now fine actor-in-ordinary to the magnates of Celluloidia.

In short, Mr. Menjou dangerously approaches greatness as an actor. Beneath that usually debonair exterior beats an actor's heart—glows an actor's spirit. He can, and cheerfully will, give half a dozen such spanking performances a year. Yet when the statuettes are passed around by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, nobody ever hands old Adolphe one. All he does, you see, is to steal—and save—the other folks' talkies.

MONSIEUR MENJOU'S emergence as an actor of truly astounding candle-power is one of those Hollywood happenings that keep our interest in pictures at white heat—sometimes as we are sinking for the third time in a sea of exquisite boredom.

For years nobody ever suspected him of being anything much but a very handsome *figger* in tails and topper. Three inches added to his waistline, at that time, would have knocked his picture career clear to Catalina Island.

Chaplin gave him his first big shot as the blasé man-about-town in "A Woman of Paris," and for five years Monsieur ambled through countless Bored Beauty rôles without his mustache once becoming unwaxed. His movie life was one long drawl.

Perfect in its way—yes, but Lord! Certainly there was something more to life than a melodious lifting of the left eyebrow, even in the movies. But the movies still only moved, and when

It's just as we always suspected. Beneath that silk hat there was hidden a great actor. Now his *Doctor Rinaldi* in "A Farewell to Arms" proves it—and we're for seeing a lot more of what 'Dolphe can do, now that he's in the open, *sans* cane, spats and tailcoat

'Dolphe was in 'em, hardly that. It remained for the scientists with their talkie gadgets to reveal The Duke of Hollywood Boulevard to a gasping world as something besides The Tailors' Joy.

FINALLY Adolphe and his magnificent haberdashery got to be a sort of wistful national joke. Columnists hinted that he was sewed into his tail-coat in 1923 and had never emerged since—that he slept in his top hat and wore his patent-leather pumps to breakfast. And all the time, under that spotless iron shirt, beat the heart of a first-rate trouser! How little we know of what really goes on beneath the dinner-jackets of the world!

For M. Menjou, having lived down his iron-chest era, when he subdued whole battalions of crooning women by a flirt of the snowy 'kerchief, has become one of Hollywood's chiefest ornaments and soundest citizens.

True, he bellowed a bit when the talkies smote him from stardom, but that was natural enough—quite "the human thing to do," as the old catch hath it. Once back in harness, however, he set out to prove to the bosses and the pie-eyed world at large that he was not only the best dress-tie knoter on earth, but an excellent actor as well.

He took the better parts that were tossed his way, and made every last one of them stand out and shine.

His career has reached its highest point today with his glorious *Rinaldi* in "A Farewell to Arms," and 'Dolphe, over the Great Divide of forty, is now one of the acknowledged aces of motion pictures.

Barring an occasional mild disagreement with his beauteous wife, Kathryn Carver, which unhappily finds its way into the daily press, Monsieur Menjou's Hollywood existence is untroubled, dignified and serene. He goes on from triumph to triumph in his gentlemanly and well-dressed way, and he will have

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

Ever since Adolphe Menjou left evening clothes for real acting others get the medals

By Leonard Hall

What *was* the BEST PICTURE OF 1932?

Your Votes Decide Which One Shall Be Added To This Famous PHOTOPLAY Honor Roll!

ONCE more voting time has come—the time to select whatever picture of the 1932 list deserves the highest honor accorded in photoplay land.

Other fields have their Nobel prizes, their Pulitzer awards. Motion pictures too have honors, awarded by critics, artists and professionals. But the supreme honor, the final verdict, is the one that you, the millions of the picture audience, award. Each year you decide by your votes, which picture is to be declared the best of the year just passed, and given the Gold Medal donated by PHOTOPLAY. This medal is made of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights. It is two and one-half inches in diameter, designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

At the right are the choices so made in previous years. Now it is time to add 1932's contribution to this honor roll; and time for you to prepare for doing your part in this great annual election.

No rules, no limitations, restrict you. All we ask is that you think carefully, consider well, then send us your decision. And the picture receiving the greatest number of votes between now and when the poll closes, will be adjudged best and awarded the Medal.

In making your choice, outstanding work by one or more stars, of

course will count, and count heavily. But you will remember the supporting players—did they fit in naturally, effectively? The direction—did it get the most possible from players and plot? Settings and stagings, photography—and of course the story itself. And the best test—the one on which we feel sure you'll rely in the end—is the test of how well the picture *wears* with you, as you think back to it, and compare it with others you see.

To aid you in recollecting which *were* the pictures of 1932, we print a list below; but your choice is not limited to those in this list. If you consider some other picture superior, and it was released in 1932, you are perfectly free to vote for it.

One other point: While the picture must be one released in 1932, you need not have seen it in that year. If you saw it this year, that is quite all right. The Brief Reviews commencing on page 6 of this issue, will help for the last few months of the year.

If the picture was reviewed in January, 1933, or earlier, it was certainly a 1932 release.

For your convenience, a voting coupon is printed in the lower right-hand corner of this page, but a letter or post card will do as well. Your vote is what counts, however you send it.



Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7th HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"

List of 50 outstanding pictures released in 1932

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <i>American Madness</i> | <i>Ladies of the Jury</i> | <i>Rebecca of Sunnybrook</i> |
| <i>Arsene Lupin</i> | <i>Lady with a Past</i> | <i>Farm</i> |
| <i>As You Desire Me</i> | <i>Letty Lynton</i> | <i>Red Dust</i> |
| <i>Back Street</i> | <i>Life Begins</i> | <i>Red Headed Woman</i> |
| <i>Bill of Divorcement, A</i> | <i>Love Me Tonight</i> | <i>Scarface</i> |
| <i>Blessed Event</i> | <i>Lovers Courageous</i> | <i>Shanghai Express</i> |
| <i>Bring 'Em Back Alive</i> | <i>Man I Killed, The</i> | <i>Silver Dollar</i> |
| <i>Call Her Savage</i> | <i>Mala Hari</i> | <i>Six Hours To Live</i> |
| <i>Conquerors, The</i> | <i>Merrily We Go to Hell</i> | <i>Smilin' Through</i> |
| <i>Cynara</i> | <i>Miracle Man, The</i> | <i>Strange Interlude</i> |
| <i>Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde</i> | <i>Movie Crazy</i> | <i>Symphony of Six Million</i> |
| <i>Doomed Battalion, The</i> | <i>Night After Night</i> | <i>Tess of the Storm Country</i> |
| <i>Emma</i> | <i>Night Court</i> | <i>Trial of Vivienne Ware,</i> |
| <i>First Year, The</i> | <i>Once in a Lifetime</i> | <i>The</i> |
| <i>Grand Hotel</i> | <i>One Hour With You</i> | <i>Trouble in Paradise</i> |
| <i>I Am a Fugitive from a</i> | <i>One Way Passage</i> | <i>Washington Merry-Go-</i> |
| <i>Chain Gang</i> | <i>Rain</i> | <i>Round</i> |
| <i>Kid From Spain, The</i> | <i>Rasputin and the Empress</i> | <i>What Price Hollywood</i> |

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1932.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck



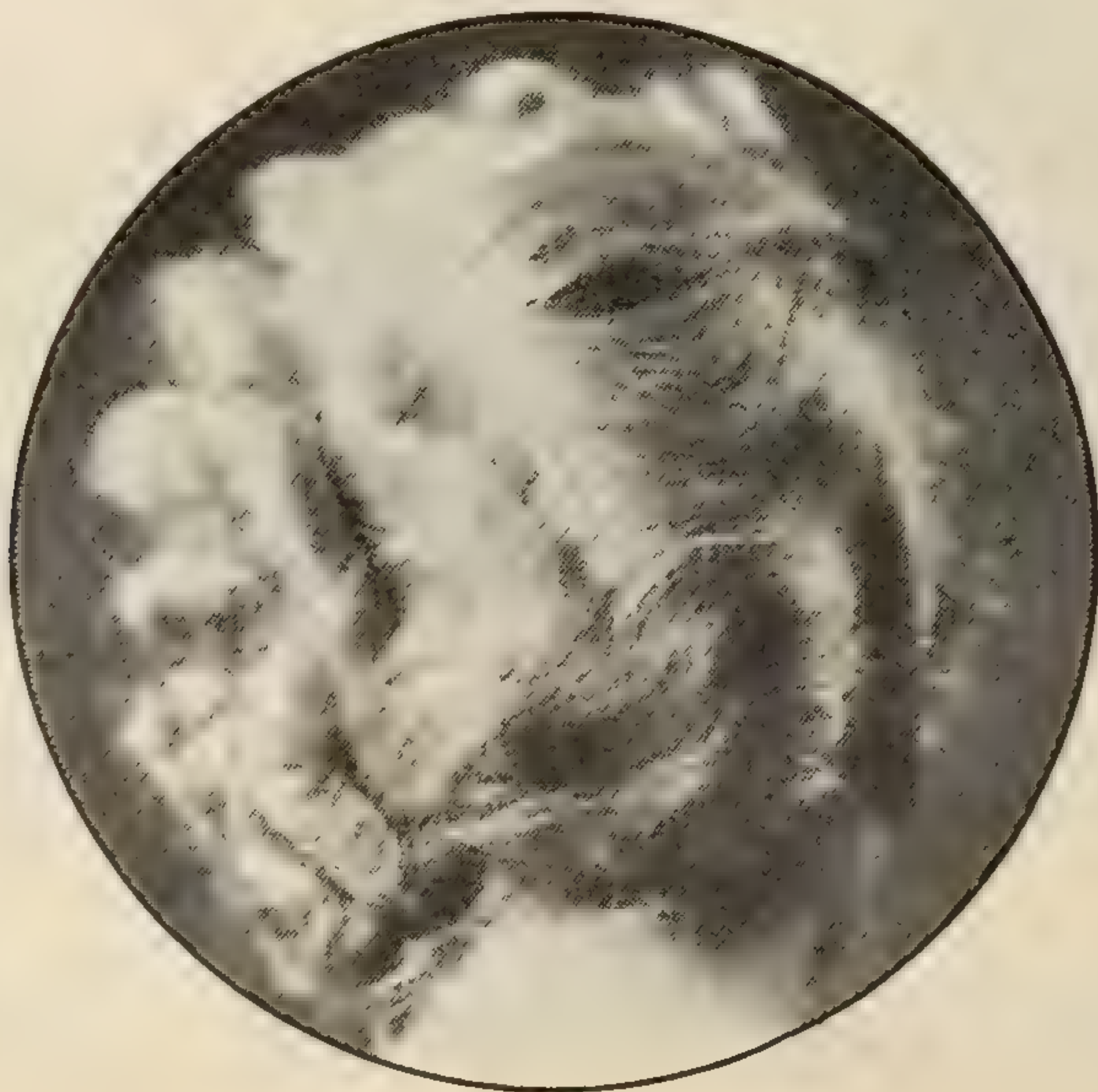
BLONDE, very curled and very dimpled, Thelma Todd is a decidedly feminine type. If this sudden vogue for mannishness takes, it is hoped that girls will first consider their type seriously. For it can be either very chic or ridiculous. More of Thelma on next page!

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



Casin Roll Coiffure Created For Thelma Todd

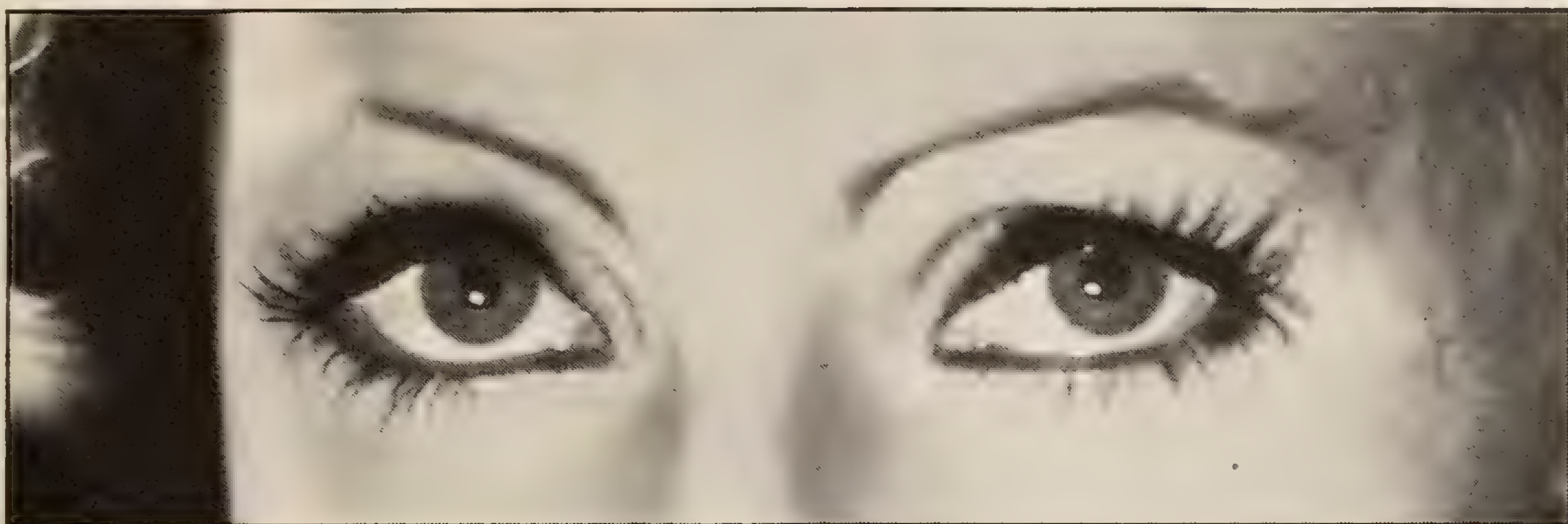
IN the face of the wave of masculinity that threatens us, Thelma Todd's imaginative and romantic coiffure offers welcome contrast. Those longitudinal curls give much latitude for their arrangement if you can possibly produce enough hair to create them. Coronet effect is becoming to a full face. Nice dimples!



THELMA can well afford to turn her back on us with a ravishing coiffure like this. From a low right part the slightly waved hair is swept to the left, where it is massed in full curls of geometric design.

THE left side has full benefit of curl. For more conservative arrangement replace these roll curls by flat ringlets. That shadowy forehead fringe is much in vogue and gracious to the high forehead. Invisible bob pins will help keep the curls in place.

Eye Make-Up Styles For Types



UNFORGETTABLE, these Garbo eyes. Beautiful, glamorous, disillusioned, they set new precedents in beauty. Notice how clever make-up accentuates the outer lashes, leaving the inner lashes almost untouched. This adds subtle charms.



MAE CLARKE, whose eyes are dark, oval and of normal size, finds that an even fringe of dark lashes above and below is becoming to her type. Wet your brush, brush on the darkener, separating the lashes with the brush, to make a natural-looking frame for eyes.



KATHLEEN BURKE has decidedly almond shaped eyes. This type should brush on darkener lightly, accenting the outer lashes heavily to emphasize the slant and exotic effect. For heavy lashes, brush on a second coat after the first has dried.



WITH auburn hair and hazel eyes, Lilian Bond finds a heavy fringe on the upper lid, a slight accent to the lower, a proper finishing touch to her eyes. This procedure applies to most light eyes. Always shadow lower lashes very discreetly.

"Don't let _____ warns



"When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!"

Helen Twelvetrees



She knows her husband really loves her still, and yet something that was precious has been lost. She is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown humdrum, stale.

"DON'T let love grow humdrum!" This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

"When a man begins to take you for granted," she says, "look out!"

Then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning — and *holding* — adoration. "Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness. You can do it the way the screen stars do. Men

love grow hum-drum

HELEN TWELVETREES



She learns the Hollywood secret—that a velvet-smooth, tender skin has a charm men can't resist. She begins to use the Hollywood way to this complexion loveliness.



She begins to live over again the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now love is glamorous again, life is colorful, gay!

are *always* stirred by lovely skin!"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the large film studios.

Don't be satisfied with a skin that just "gets by." Have a skin flawlessly lovely—irresistible. Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!



*Let the Beauty
Soap of the
Stars make
your skin
Glamorous*



Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Well, now that you're all agog about the *new* "Panther Woman," we know you'll be glad to see her off-stage, just looking Hollywood over. Nor have those eyes lost any of their power!

Ask The Answer Man

THE PANTHER WOMAN brought in the most letters this month. Everyone wants to know if she is really as ferocious as her name implies. Let me tell you about her.

Her real name is Kathleen Burke and she is nineteen years old. Was born in Hammond, Indiana, although Chicago has been getting the credit for her discovery. She is 5 feet, 6 inches tall; weighs 118 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes.

Before she won the title of "Panther Woman" in a nation-wide contest in which 60,000 other ambitious aspirants took part, she was an advertising copy-writer and photographer's model. She never had any stage or screen experience. She claims it was her "Irish Luck" that helped her win, but it was really her eyes—long, narrow, blazing eyes that slant strangely at the corners.

When Kathleen went to Hollywood, her fiancé, Glen R. Rardin, a Chicago photographer, closed up his shop and followed her. The studio objected to Glen playing body-guard and hanging around while Kathleen emoted, but a little of the "Panther" spirit flared up and Glen was allowed to remain.

In her latest picture "Murders in the Zoo" Kathleen plays an entirely different rôle from Lota in "The Isle of Lost Souls."

SHIRLEY CRAMER, HINSDALE, ILL.—Tell me more about that club of yours, Shirley. And so that all will be peaceful at your next meeting, here's the information. Bette Davis' first name is pronounced as though it were spelled "Betty." The story goes, that when she was a little tyke just starting at school, teacher asked her to write her name. She obliged with "Bette," and her folks thought it so cute they left it that way.

P. D. Q., EUREKA, CALIF.—Don't be timid about asking questions. I'm always glad to be of assistance to my friends. Joel McCrea is 6 feet, 2 inches tall and has been in this merry old world for 27 years. You will see him next opposite Ann Harding in "Déclassé." You didn't tell me your height so how can I tell you just what actress reaches the same altitude? Aline MacMahon is 5 feet, 8 inches tall. Does that beat your record?

C. CHAMPE TALIAFERRO, WILMINGTON, DEL.—Have you a bet on the picture you described to me? The name of it was "Lovers Courageous," Madge Evans and Robert Montgomery playing the leading rôles.

BIRDIE, DETROIT, MICH.—You're right, Birdie, that was a very lovely melody played by Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement." It was an original composition by Max Steiner and is published by Sam Fox, 158 West 46th Street, New York City. The name is "An Unfinished Sonata."

CARROLL FOX, BALTIMORE, MD.—Carroll, you win the bet. Maurice Chevalier is a native son of France. Imagine your friend thinking he was a Brooklynite! Maurice came to America in 1928. His latest picture is "A Bed-time Story." Helen Twelvetrees and Leah Ray appear with him.

SCOTTYFOOT, DAYTON, OHIO.—Joan Crawford will celebrate her twenty-fifth birthday on March 23rd. Dorothy Jordan uses her own name in pictures. Sorry I cannot give you her home address.

MRS. DEWITT, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—John Halliday entered pictures early in 1930 after

a very successful stage career. He appeared on the stage in "Dracula," "The Spider," and "Jealousy." Among the numerous pictures he has appeared in are "Captain Applejack," "Father's Son," "Impatient Maiden," "Bird of Paradise," and "The Age of Consent." He also went to Europe in 1932 and appeared in Gloria Swanson's British-made picture "Perfect Understanding." John's latest is "The Woman Accused." He is a Brooklynite, born on September 14, 1886. In March, 1929, he and Eleanor Griffith were married.

MARGARET BROWNING, ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—How did you ever get your choice sifted down to one when there are so many handsome leading men? Robert Young was born in Chicago on Washington's birthday, 1907. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 170 and has brown hair and brown eyes. Received his grammar school education in Seattle and went to high school in Los Angeles. Entered pictures in March, 1931. His favorite sport is golf and his latest picture is "Today We Live."

MRS. JACK THIEBANTH, STRATFORD, CONN.—Sure, you have seen Gertrude Messinger before. Remember her in the "boy friend" series made by Hal Roach? Gertie was born in Spokane, Wash., on April 28, 1911. She is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Has blonde hair and blue eyes. At the age of 4 years she appeared in Fox kiddie pictures. On April 20, 1932, she eloped with David Sharpe, who appeared with her in the "boy friend" series. Buddy Messinger is her brother.

J. M. P., UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.—None other than Gary Cooper played opposite Colleen Moore in "Lilac Time."



Those *Marked* days

what will they tell you?

IS THE FEAR OF THEM SHATTERING YOUR HEALTH?

Many eminent physicians have declared that *fear* often acts on the system like a poison, creating a toxic condition that is particularly disturbing to the delicate feminine organism.

When women watch the calendar, month after month, with anxiety and apprehension, this very worry, in itself, often causes feminine irregularities and ill-health.

Why not banish "CALENDAR FEAR"? Why not follow the lead of millions of women who are safeguarding health, youth and feminine daintiness by practicing correct and sensible hygiene?

They use the "Lysol" method of femi-

nine antiseptics that has been approved by leading doctors throughout the world, for more than forty years.

"Lysol" is mild and healing. It contains no free caustic alkali, commonly found in chlorine-type antiseptics, which deadens sensitive tissues and inflames tender membranes.

"Lysol" is dependable and effective. It destroys germ-life in the actual presence of organic matter . . . Under similar conditions, certain chlorine compounds lose 95% of their laboratory efficiency.

Don't let "CALENDAR FEAR" run away with your good looks . . . and your good health. Practice intimate feminine

cleanliness. Use "Lysol" according to directions. Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . And be sure to send for the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." It will come to you in a plain envelope. Please use the coupon below.

WRITTEN BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN

A new feminine health-booklet prepared exclusively by women for women . . . World-famous gynecologists offer their professional and personal advice in simple, frank English . . . Send today for "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage."

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



Lysol
Disinfectant

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. LM-4
Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of your new booklet, "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1933

Beauty Comments Via Hollywood

By Carolyn Van Wyck



JULIE HAYDON revels in icy face baths. She takes hers from a spray. Try an ordinary atomizer. Also a delightfully refreshing and stimulating way to use lotions.

LILIAN HARVEY, whom many of you saw in "Congress Dances" and who will soon be on the screen in American-made pictures, is a very petite and pretty person. In conversation one day this actress said to me, "In two years I have been seven days without professional make-up on my face."

Coming from a player whose appearance is of paramount importance, whose skin is delicate and fine and flawless, this statement should ease the minds of many girls who write to this department questioning the use of make-up. Does it harm, can it harm, could it be responsible for this or that little skin ailment from which the writer suffers?

When Lilian referred to make-up, she meant that heavy, masque-like make-up that all screen players use so that the camera can bring out the right skin, hair and feature contrasts and tones. She did not refer to the delicate, protective powders, the finely compounded rouges and flattering and soothing lipsticks that most of us use.

From long and keen observation I should say that the girl who uses make-up invariably has a far better skin than the girl who does not. There are two reasons for this. Only the girl interested in her appearance uses make-up. In many cases, she is just as interested in her own skin health. Naturally, this means that she cleanses thoroughly and uses sane judgment in the selection of her preparations.

Secondly, any girl with two bright eyes knows that make-up to be artful and attractive must be fresh—and we cannot pile new make-up over old without looking dull and sodden. Lipstick, no matter how fresh and vivid in



TWO noteworthy details of Carole Lombard's face—that beauty-mark and broader eyebrows. There is a distinct Hollywood trend toward broader eyebrows.

tone, will look harsh and dead if layer is placarded over layer. And so we make-up users invariably cleanse our faces oftener than the girl who goes without.

Fully half of our skin health and beauty is dependent upon these frequent cleansings. We need not, of course, go through the thorough routine of a soap-and-water bath or cream-and-lotion cleansing every time we need fresh make-up. They are our morning and evening skin salvation. For quick and perfect removal of make-up during the day, use one of the modern liquid cleansers which also serves as a good powder base. Renew your make-up at least once a day, preferably at noon. This attention will do wonders for your skin and give you the fullest charm and benefit from your make-up.

* * *

Lillian Rosine, make-up expert, recently talked at a bankers' convention and extended to the audience the privilege of asking questions. Garbo's lashes and Harlow's hair came in for much questioning, showing how these players' charms affect the male moviegoers.

* * *

Una Merkel, a little bird tells us, grew very weary of her long tresses and had her golden blonde, curly hair cut quite short. The last time I saw Una she was in the long-haired class and some of you may remember that we showed her in this department brushing for hair beauty. This masculine vogue may send some of you to the barber, but do retain a few curls or a bang even if you go very short.

WITH April comes the desire for new and lovely perfumes, and so I have prepared a folder, "New Perfumes and How to Use Them." It's yours on request, as well as our folder on "Hair That Misbehaves," our list of beauty preparations for every skin and a leaflet devoted to acne and blackhead conditions. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York.



JUAN LES PINS APPROVES "*la cigarette Spud*"

Stroll down the line of bright cabañas, greeting friends . . . you'll be hospitably offered a Spud. In French, or Spanish, or Italian, perhaps . . . but the same familiar Spud, now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe. Instantly approved by those chic internationals whose critical taste recognized Spud's delightful moist-cool round of tobacco enjoyment as worth while. **SPUD MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES**



How Sylvia Changed "Carol of the Curves"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

angel food cake (now and then) and a large glass of iced tea. And that reminds me, when you girls drink tea—either hot or cold—be sure to squeeze eight or ten drops of lemon juice into it because that neutralizes the tannic acid. Tannic acid is bad for the liver.

How did I reduce Carole Lombard from a sixteen to a twelve? I'll tell you. For two hours every day I pounded and squeezed and slapped that flesh away. You can do the same for yourself if you will. You see, the ordinary massage is only good for putting flesh on. By my method the flesh is squeezed off with the fingers and slapped off with the hands.

And here's something else I did to take off flesh from just below the busts to the knee. I stretched her. Yes, that's just what I mean. And here's how you can do that. Lie on a bed and with the right hand hold on tight to the bed-post. Then get a friend or your husband or your mother or someone to pull the right leg (holding the leg at the knee) as hard as he or she can. Make the person helping you pull hard and you hang on to the bed-post hard, too, stretching as much as you can the entire time.

This stretching will actually pull fat away. It goes deeper into the fat cells than the hand can reach. It's marvelous, but you've got to be able to take it. You've got to pull upwards while the person helping you pulls down. Then do the same thing with the left side, holding with the left hand and having the left leg pulled. You won't mind *that* kind of leg pulling, for you'll know it's taking off those pounds.

As soon as Carole had her treatment she was as lively as a baby. She was just nothing but a big kid then! For besides the pounding, squeezing, pulling and pinching, I always worked on her back and the back of her shoulders. You can do that, too. With your two hands dig under the muscles at the back of your neck, across, reaching over the back of your shoulders and as far down around the spine as you can. And will that give you pep! Carole used to jump up from my treating table and dance around like a kid—just because she felt so good! You'll feel lively, too, when you've worked on your back that way—and the more weight you lose, the livelier you'll feel. Here is a sample day's menu in Carole Lombard's diet:

BREAKFAST

Small glass orange juice
Small glass of water
One slice whole wheat toast with a tiny bit of butter
Coddled egg
Coffee—black

I let her have the coddled egg if she had a hard day's work ahead. You probably know how to prepare a coddled egg, but in case you don't: Bring some water to a boil. Turn off the gas. Put the egg in the water without breaking it and let it stand for eight or ten minutes. That's the best way to cook eggs.

LUNCHEON

Glass tomato juice
½ head of lettuce
Whole sliced tomato
French dressing—mostly lemon juice
Dish of gelatin—with a spoonful of thin coffee cream
Iced tea

You see, I gave her plenty of food that would produce red blood. For I know what the lack of red blood will do—cause anemia.

MID-AFTERNOON

Tomato or orange juice

DINNER

Small bunch of celery
Two lamb chops
Skin of a baked potato
Two tablespoons small green lima beans
Four tablespoons steamed carrots (wonderful for the complexion)
A very, very little prune whip (Carole loved that)
Demi-tasse

I give plenty of food on my diets, as you can see. But what I tried to teach Carole and what I want to teach you girls, too, is that you must learn to choose food that is non-fattening.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

Answers by Sylvia

REDUCING

Dear Sylvia:

I have a large stomach. I wish you would tell me how to reduce it. I have been wearing a girdle for the past two years.

B. G. M., Clifton, N. J.

Lie on the floor, face down with your arms above your head and your feet straight, resting your body on your stomach. Now roll from side to side and also progress along the floor, hitching yourself along as you go. Go back and forth across the floor like this five times a day. Be sure that your weight is all on your stomach. Why, you can just feel the fat cells being smashed off. It's hard—but it will do the trick. Don't eat bulky food. Don't drink much water. Don't drink sweet milk. Buttermilk is fine for you. Drink plenty of tomato juice and orange and grapefruit juice.

Dear Sylvia:

My trouble is with a lump on my hip bone. It is not just fat, but muscle as well. I am following your diet but I get very hungry about four o'clock. Is it all right to take a tomato juice cocktail or glass of orange juice then?

P. L. S., Dearborn, Mich.

That lump can be squeezed off with the hands. Take the lump of flesh in your hands and squeeze—hard!—then let the flesh sort of ooze through the fingers like mashed potatoes. Then cover the flesh with a Turkish towel and pound, with the palm of your hand, as if you were pounding somebody you hated. Hit—and hit good and hard. Declare war on that lump of fat. Do this a half hour a day. Muscle is very stubborn but it positively will come off if you squeeze and pound hard enough. By all means, take the tomato juice or orange juice at four. It's good for you.

AND the letters still pour in! Poor Aunt SYLVIA is about snowed under. But I told you I would answer all your personal problems and I'm going to do just that. You've got to have a little patience, however—and remember this: Letters that have a stamped, self addressed envelope attached will get a personal reply. Others will be answered on these pages—and you'll have to wait your turn. Okay, girls, here goes!

SYLVIA

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I'll bet that my case is a lot different from most of the ones you've had. Did you ever hear of a girl being too muscular? I'd like to come into your fold, but what can I do about it?

D. D., Oak Park, Ill.

Listen, baby, I've heard of and have treated every sort of woman. Of course, I've heard of muscular girls—and have taken down those muscles. Constance Cummings was that type. And in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY I told just exactly the routine to follow. It helped Connie and it will help you. If you haven't already seen it, you can get a copy by writing to the PHOTOPLAY offices in Chicago—919 North Michigan Avenue. Back copies are twenty-five cents.

Dear Miss Sylvia:

I have been in bed nearly three years curing tuberculosis and am now nearly well and planning to leave the sanitarium. Have gained nearly twenty-five pounds and, naturally, having acquired this while lying in bed, I have become quite flabby. My bust is overde-

veloped and flabby. Could you tell me how to correct this.

B. L., Cresson, Penna.

I'm glad you wrote that letter. The answer goes for you as well as all other tubercular patients—and lots of them write to me. You tubercular people should be grateful for the extra weight. Didn't you fight hard enough in the Sanitarium to gain it? And remember this—as soon as you are up and walking around it is natural for the flesh to tighten up. For heaven's sake, don't do anything except just what your doctor tells you! Wait six months to get your sea legs—and then write me your troubles. Right now you should just be grateful that you're cured!

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I wish you would give me information on reducing the bust. I am on a very strict diet at the present time.

K. G., Lewisburg, Penna.

If the diet you're on is for some physical ailment I'm afraid I can't help you. My buttermilk diet—which I have given several times—reduces the bust. Here's the buttermilk diet. For three days drink a glass of buttermilk every two hours—and nothing else. Then for three days eat normally, but not too much. Repeat until the bust is the size you want. But remember—don't think of trying any experiments if your diet is being prescribed for any ailment. Stay with what you're doing until the job's done.

BUILDING UP

Dear Sylvia:

I am doing your bicycle and scissors exercises to develop my legs, but I seem to be getting—

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

The hosiery troubles
of 9 out of 10 women
 now eliminated by

PHOENIX CUSTOM-FIT TOP



*D*O you suffer from gagged thighs . . . hosiery with baggy knees? Too long or too short stocking tops? End it all—now—with Phoenix Custom-Fit Top (patent pending). Here's a hosiery top that fits every size leg with perfect comfort! It stretches both ways—up and down for extra length, round and round for extra width. It's protected against

seam breaks, and can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs! Phoenix Hosiery is priced from 79c to \$1.95.

NEW! . . . PHOENIX DESERT TONES—the smartest hosiery colors for new Spring costumes. Featuring FIESTA . . . the versatile all-occasion hosiery shade for Spring

PHOENIX HOSIERY *with* CUSTOM-FIT TOP

MADE IN AMERICA . . . BUY AMERICAN GOODS

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]



"Hello there, Claudette!" calls Norman Foster to Miss Colbert whom he hasn't seen for a month of Sundays. Firstly, his modern wife has been in New York. Secondly, she believes that husband and wife should see each other only occasionally. Hohum!

BESIDES playing in two pictures simultaneously—"Sweepings" with Lionel Barrymore at RKO-Radio and "The Kiss Before the Mirror" at Universal, Gloria Stuart made tests for a third picture.

During the past year in Hollywood the young actress has completed *eight* leads—and it's her first year, at that!

A YOUNG woman in the fitting rooms of a Hollywood costumer has a tongue as sharp as her needle.

She characterizes Katharine Hepburn as "A cross between Greta Garbo and George Arliss with a dash of Amelia Earhart."

SAID a depression-conscious screen follower sadly:

"Well, I suppose, what with one thing and another, they'll reduce the Marx Brothers to three and a half next."

AT last—the big girls are getting a break in Hollywood.

Over on "The Warrior's Husband" set is mobilized every tall and buxom dame in Hollywood for the Amazon army, commanded by Marjorie Rambeau. The army is dressed in short tunics of metal cloth, with yards and yards of bare leg below. Hardly a girl on the set is under six feet tall.

Walter Lang, the director, was having trouble keeping the names of some hundred Amazon ladies straight.

He wanted to speak to one, and baffled momentarily, called out, "Miss . . . ah . . . I mean the girl with the blushing legs over there. . . ."

HELEN HAYES has a pretty good idea what casting directors think of her. And how much chance she'd have getting into the movies, if they did the choosing. When Helen first arrived in Hollywood from New York, with a contract in her pocket, she determined to see just how she rated as a movie actress. She went to each and every casting office in town, told who she was and asked for a job. Every last one of them turned her down. And was Helen thankful for the contract in her pocket.

MARLENE DIETRICH was chatting with Cora Sue Collins at lunch-time.

"What are you going to have for luncheon today, Cora Sue?" Marlene asked the five-year-old.

"Toatht and milk," answered the child.

"I'll bet a big girl like you knows how to make toast," suggested Marlene, who loves to hear Cora Sue talk.

"Yeth Ma'am, I do," informed Cora Sue. "You justh put a thlice of bread in the toathter till it thmokes—then you take it over to the think and thsrape it!"

GROUCHO MARX contends it's perfectly all right for women to wear pants as long as they don't show.

IT'S a good thing Frank Morgan isn't superstitious.

He has had to break innumerable mirrors for "The Kiss Before the Mirror" (no, silly, *not* by looking in them!)

He broke one of his own personal mirrors in a make-up box the day he arrived in Hollywood, and it must have been a good break. Frank has been going strong ever since.

In other words, Mr. Morgan does it with mirrors.

CALAMITY NOTE . . . Joe E. Brown has more hard luck keeping himself together. Now it's his knee he threw out of joint.

F'evven's sake, Joe, can't you find something else to throw?

AT last, we know.

All has been revealed . . . by a celebrated actor, who knew Von Sternberg when . . .

Von, who was then Joe Stern, a film cutter, told the actor that he had great expectations for himself. He had a formula all worked out, by which he intended to achieve fame and fortune.

"I am going to make people hate me," said Von. "When they hate you, they remember and respect you."

An ignoble ambition—notably successful.

"MEN," Peggy Joyce told a writer the other day in her dressing-room, "are out. I'm not interested."

And just then there came a soft rap on the door. It was Georgie Raft.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



"If George Raft can be photographed tubbing himself in 'Night After Night,' I don't see why I can't!" remarks "Spanky" McFarland of "Our Gang." "I'm just as good-looking as he, and I'll certainly do a better job of scrubbing myself with this new fangled sponge." To the task, boy!



Wouldn't you know it was created especially for fascinating Katherine Hepburn and wouldn't you know it was styled for romance . . . see Miss Hepburn's big scene at the party on the Riviera in the new RKO production, "The Great Desire!"



A Hollywood Fashion; April Nineteen Thirty Three

FIRST in fashion are the motion picture stars; makers of the mode are Hollywood's famous designers! And from their lovely originals . . . creations of Adrian, Orry-Kelly, Banton and their illustrious kind . . . come "Hollywood Fashions," true copies of the fascinating costumes worn by film favorites in latest picture plays.

Far in advance of less distinctive styles, these clever clothes! Selected by Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, on the studio "set," you may read about them in PHOTOPLAY'S fashion forecast (Pages 60-65), before pictures in which they are worn are on the screen! Shop for them in leading stores (see Page 111).

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

In Association with WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc.



If "Hollywood Fashions" Are Not Sold in Your City

SEND PHOTOPLAY YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND THE STORE YOU PATRONIZE, ON THE MARGIN BELOW

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



Welbourne

If a schoolmarm were to see this lad strolling around Hollywood, she would probably lecture him on the evils of cigar smoking at such an early age. But Mervyn LeRoy, who looks like a kid, is one of Warners' ace directors

JEAN DIXON is a young lady whom you are scheduled to hear a lot about.

She came to Universal from the New York stage, and electrified the publicity department by saying she wouldn't remain in pictures because she wasn't pretty enough!

Unaccustomed as publicity departments are to such engaging admissions, they are bending every effort to concentrate on Miss Dixon. Anyway, she's different!

THE little son of a famous director has never been permitted to see any movies but cartoon comedies. The other day, his father took him for a visit to the M-G-M studios and introduced the small boy to Joan Crawford. The boy had never heard of her. "Miss Crawford is an actress in the movies," the father explained.

The child's eyes widened. "Gee," he said, "you mean like Mickey Mouse?"

IT looks like Tom Mix was in earnest when he said he was quitting motion pictures.

And it looks like he might be forsaking Hollywood for quite a spell, at least.

His big house on Benedict Canyon Drive is for sale.

Once before, when Tom was going to be gone all summer, he rented the house to some eastern folks but this looks like the old cow-puncher was really going to pull up stakes and drift.

WHEN Merian C. Cooper was producing "King Kong" for RKO-Radio, he and his associates did a lot of intensive research on the pre-historic monsters and the huge ape featured in the picture.

But they failed to figure on the perplexing problem that Jackie Searl put to them when the picture was almost finished.

"How big would the fleas be on 'King Kong' Mr. Cooper?" Jackie piped.

THE old adage says no roof is large enough for two women—but it doesn't mention a thing about two *men*.

Anyway, Jimmy Cagney, Mrs. Cagney and George Frank, Cagney's manager and trainer, are all keeping house in the same establishment, and never a cross word betwixt 'em.

IMAGINE having a new husband, a new house and new health, all in one fell swoop.

Karen Morley married Charles Vidor not so long ago. They went away on a three months' vacation and honeymoon trip, and Karen, who was a little tired and nervous from working so steadily, has regained all her former pep and enthusiasm.

When they returned, the new house in Brentwood was all ready for them.

THIS Lee Tracy-Isabel Jewel romance begins to look pretty serious. Miss Jewel is out at M-G-M—where Lee has recently attached his johnhenry to a long-term contract—every day for luncheon, and you know how Hollywood figures these things.



International

They say that Lili Damita and Nina Pearson, Follies Girl, had a little "difference" over "boy friend," Sidney Smith. Now Lili—looking adorable in navy and beige—and Nina are good friends again and have been seen much in each other's company around Palm Beach way this season

One luncheon means friendship. Two luncheons, a mutual attraction that will bear watching. Three luncheons, things are getting serious.

Four luncheons—and he's going to marry the girl!

COMING from John Barrymore, makes it twice as funny. In one of the scenes in "Topaze," John was called upon to use one of those large cigar lighters.

Five times, he crooked his thumb, and no spark.

"Here," John said, throwing it down, "hand me a match. If I keep this up, the audience will think I'm a hitch-hiker in this picture."

JANET GAYNOR has moved into John McCormack's house.

The noted Irish tenor bought the place several years ago when he made his one and only picture for Fox.

Although it is only about half a mile from the Boulevard it comprises approximately 100 acres.

The McCormacks intended to make their home there but part of the time John is on a concert tour and part of the time the family spends in Ireland.

HERE'S the latest from Lupe, girls. And hold on to something or you'll be bowled right over. Lupe, the rascal, is now gilding her little dog's toe nails to match her own gilded ones.

And is that something!

CAN you beat it? Here's a new and hot tip right out of Hollywood, for keeping that school girl figure. Lilian Harvey, the beautiful and famous English star who is under contract to Fox, is responsible for this one.

It's tight rope walking. Is that new or is that new?

Stretch a rope or wire across your room or in the back yard and begin at first with the rope quite low.

Practice balancing first.

Then try a few steps. Really, you'll be amazed at what it does for the figure, Miss Harvey says.

It's the only form of exercise she's found that brings all the muscles into play and is a perfect reducer. See you on your tight wire, girls.

And of course don't blame us if you break a few legs and arms.

JACK OAKIE and Carole Lombard were looking over some stills of Marlene Dietrich, in the Paramount publicity department, the other day.

"Don't you just love women with those hollows in their cheeks?" Carole asked.

"Yeah," Jack snapped. "Provided they're not hungry."

"THE Man on the Nile" company certainly got a handsome break, during the unprecedented dismal rainy days—and nights in Southern California.

Ramon Novarro, Myrna Loy, Reginald Denny and the rest of the cast basked on the desert sands near Yuma, Arizona—and all they had to worry about was the best sun-burn lotion to use!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Girl's figure carved out of Ivory Soap. Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in its quickest dissolving form



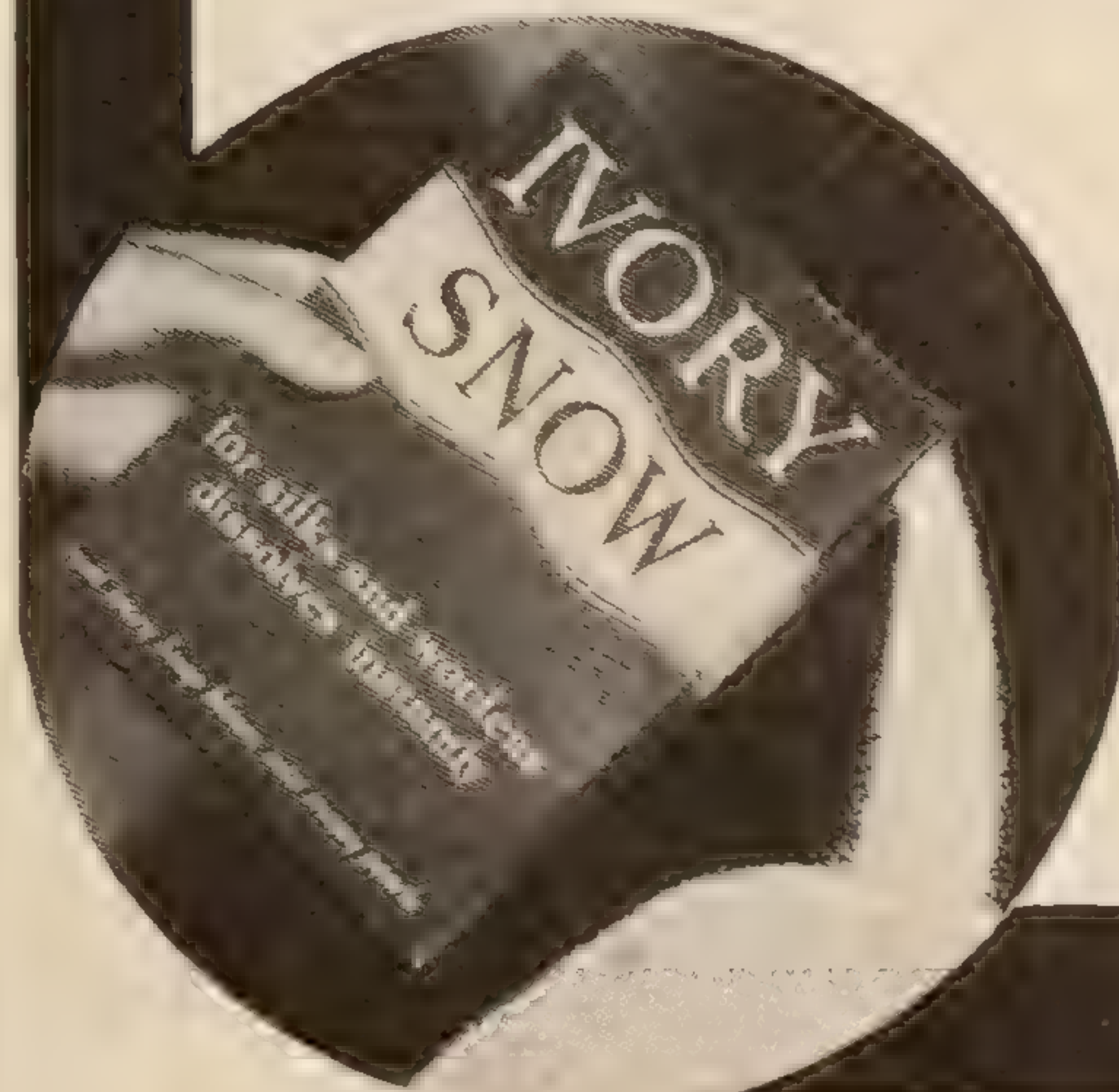
Keeps silk stockings spruce and sprightly

If you want your silk stockings to do their best for you, use Ivory Snow suds. Ivory Snow is the speedy dissolving form of Ivory Soap. Silk stockings couldn't ask a nicer bath than Ivory—the pure soap doctors advise for bathing little babies!

Dissolves completely without hot water. Ivory Snow is made in

the most modern way—not cut into sharp, flat flakes, but **BLOWN**. Its soft *round* bits turn to suds at the touch of *lukewarm* water. Not a flat particle anywhere to flatten onto stocking mesh in an undissolved soap spot!

Ideal for all silks and woolens. Washing tests made by manufacturers of silks and woolens have convinced them of the safety of Ivory Snow. "A perfect soap for silks" say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu, and "ideal for woolens" agree the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespun, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills. There's this happy point to remember, too—the **BIG** box of Ivory Snow costs only 15c!



Copr. 1933. Procter & Gamble Co.

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

MARY—"I simply can't shop any longer. My feet are killing me."

SUE—"Let's get you some Natural Bridge Shoes like mine. Then you'll feel as peppy as I do."



FOOT-EASE for Fashionable Feet...

THE gay sophistication of the new Natural Bridge Shoes is so exactly what you'd choose to accompany your smartest costumes, that you are doubly surprised to find they bring you foot-ease that lasts! Not just the passive comfort of a perfect fit... but an active comfort that uplifts and energizes your whole being, no matter how much you have to be on your feet. This never-failing foot-ease springs from the Natural Arch-Bridge. In high heels or low, it poises your foot correctly; gives constant, *normal* support to your *natural* arch. Dealer's name on request.

NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS

Division of Craddock-Terry Company

Lynchburg, Va. St. Louis, Mo. Milwaukee, Wis.

Other Craddock-Terry Products Are

Bob Smart Shoes for Men; Billiken Tru-Posture Shoes for Boys and Girls.



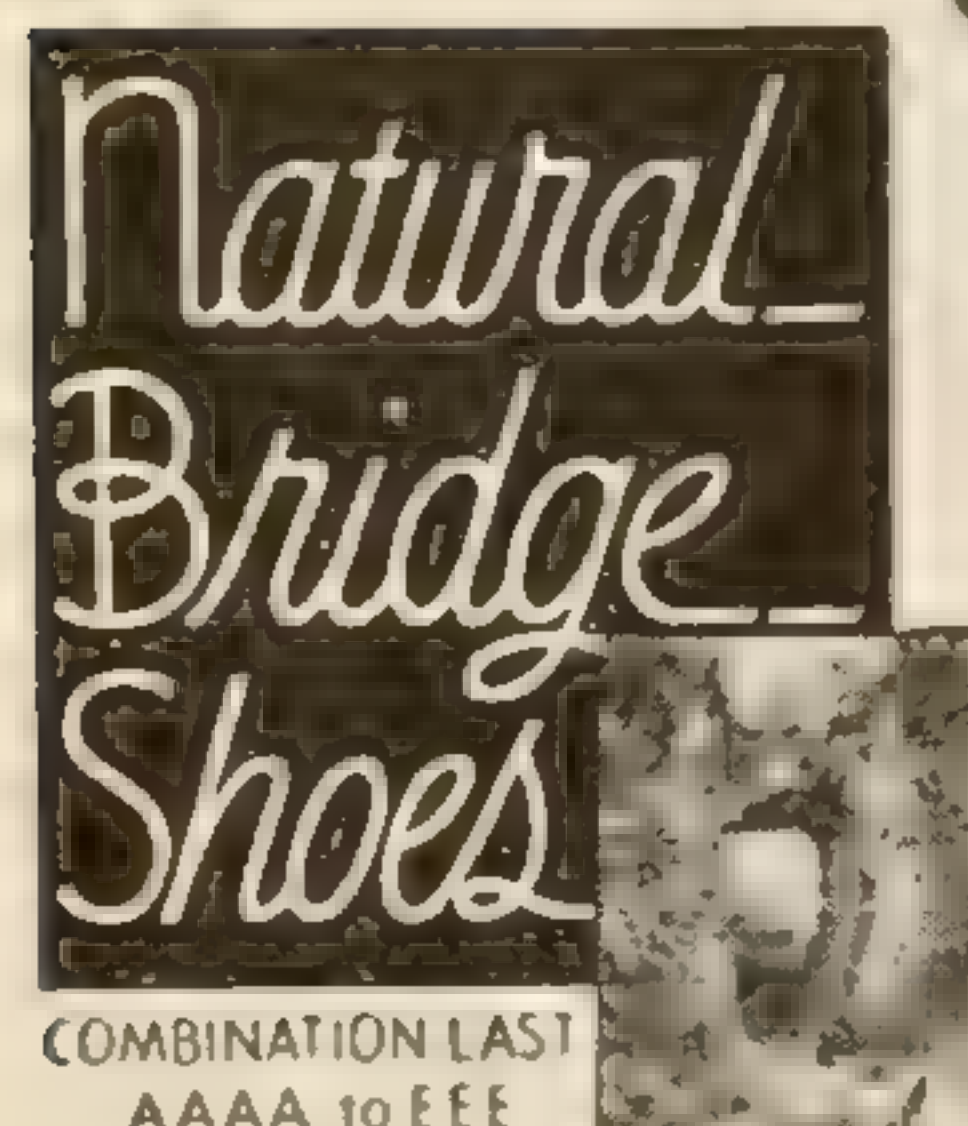
The BRENAU



The SCOTTY



The BLAIR



A dealer near you has your most becoming style in your exact size.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast From Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85]

HERE'S a new high light in heroism—and there are no medals attached, either.

While making "King of the Jungle," Buster Crabbe was stricken with appendicitis, and ordinarily that would be simple. They'd just call off shooting while Buster had an operation, and that would be that.

But this time they couldn't do anything of the kind. For Buster plays a sort of Tarzan, and in the picture his "booful tummy" is just as important as the rest of him. Whoever heard of a wild jungle guy with an appendicitis scar showing on his stomach?

So Buster just had to hold his tummy until the picture was finished. Which ought to teach him to wear some clothes next time.

KATE SMITH is still trying to figure this one out.

When her train, en route east, reached Kansas City, a member of the crew said:

"Well, we finally got over the mountain—but it took two engines."

KEN MAYNARD is one of the few actors in Hollywood to get a substantial raise—which is certainly news, in these parlous times.

Ken has gone over to Universal in place of Tom Mix, who has left the lot. That is, Ken will be there when (and if!) he returns from flying his plane down to the Mayan ruins in Central America.

MARIAN NIXON is in a spot now. Only a little while back she and her hubby adopted a baby boy. But when she and Eddie Hillman decided to call their marriage quits, the law demands that they give up the baby. Divorced couples cannot adopt children, it appears.

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S got a hunch that Lawrence Tibbett handed her a fast one when he told her to stand on her head to cure a cold. "All it made me was dizzy," says Sylvia. "It's an absolute bust if you ask me."

AND now, after he's looked 'em all over, McClelland Barclay, noted artist, says his wife Helene is the most beautiful woman in all Hollywood.

And when a husband says that about his own wife—isn't that something?

RICHARD DIX says he has a friend who is an independent producer, making pictures on the proverbial shoestring at one of the Poverty Row studios.

"How are things?" inquired the producer of Dix when they met recently.

"Okay," replied Dix, "and with you?"

"Okay-otic," was the reply.

CONNIE BENNETT insists she doesn't want her small son Peter dragged into the limelight of publicity. Peter is strictly a personal matter and Connie wrote to some magazine writers asking them to cut him out of all stories henceforth.

LITTLE screen dramas are sometimes real life stories, and we are thinking of that sweet little old lady, Mary Carr. Mary, who played "Over the Hill" so naturally was losing her Hollywood home recently because she was three months behind in the rent.

RANDOLPH SCOTT and Cary Grant carry this buddy business a long way. They go every place together and even share the same house.

AND one of the funniest sights in all Hollywood, or any place for that matter, is Polly Moran, driving herself to work while her chauffeur sits beside her and reads the paper.

THEN there's that classic remark of a New York playwright in Hollywood. "The trouble is," he grinned, "the rumors that float around Hollywood are twice as interesting as the pictures they make."

LEW AYRES and Lola Lane went to a lot of trouble to conceal their divorce plans—but not from each other.

Although they parted a few days before Christmas, they sent out Christmas gifts and cards just as though they were living happily together.

GEORGE HILL and Lila Lee are soon to be married, 'tis said.

First they go to Mexico and on to Central America to see the Mayan ruins; now why would anybody want to see Mayan ruins when they have Lila to look at?

They've got to come back for George to direct another film at M-G-M. But in October they're starting around the world again. Some folks have all the luck, what?

LITTLE blonde movie stars aren't the only people who feel the urge to diet. Bobby Jones, famous golf champion, refused to appear before the camera for his new series of golf pictures, until he had reduced fifteen pounds. Bobby felt he was too pudgy in his last pictures.

JOAN BENNETT believes in letting children express their own individualities.

For that reason the name of her four-year-old daughter has been changed from Adrienne to Diana.

Originally named for Joan's mother, the child manifested a dislike for Adrienne as she grew older.

She preferred Diana. Why? The reason is not quite clear. In any event, from now on, says Joan, it will be Diana.

IT looks like a double romance and a double wedding for Hollywood soon. Madge Evans and Tom Gallery, divorced hubby of ZaSu Pitts, are expected to middle-aisle it any day after Tom's divorce becomes final. While ZaSu and Frank Woodall, the tennis professional, are expected to do exactly the same thing. ZaSu is certainly blooming with her new romance, these days.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Fulfillment of a Wink

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

is not at the present time working on his screen swan song.

This ought to bring instant relief to hundreds of thousands of Novarro fans.

I am one of them. I have known Ramon for twelve years.

His advent on the old Metro lot along about 1921 caused a swishing of skirts and fluttering of eyelids that not even Valentino could stir up.

Imagine, we had them both under the same roof then.

Ramon was wearing his *Rupert of Hentzau* uniform.

A dashing, devil-may-care fellow. Poetry in every move of his body.

But there was more than poetry in his eye.

IT'S that look in young Novarro's eye that I've been thinking about. It suggested an immense enthusiasm for living. It combined suspense with what we later came to know as "It."

One day I saw him play a scene as *Rupert* in "The Prisoner of Zenda." During the making of it, he flashed the naughtiest wink in all Christendom.

But somewhere along the line something happened to that tantalizing look in twenty-two-year-old Ramon's eye. Something gradually obscured it.

He continued to be poetic, romantic and spiritual in turn. But that humorous dignity which he could give to a naughty rôle, that jocular semi-rufian quality, got lost in the shuffle.

Shortly before Rex Ingram engaged Ramon for "The Prisoner of Zenda," I had seen him in a stage production of a pantomimic thing at a tiny theater in Hollywood. It was called "A Spanish Fandango."

I recall nothing of it now but the extraordinarily beautiful performance of Ramon. I am again reminded of what Rex Ingram said of him.

"He has the physique of Michelangelo's David and the face of an El Greco Don."

What he failed to add was the most delightful ingredient in a devastating combination. Ramon has a superb sense of humor, and an equally lusty delight in practical jokes.

Only once, a few years after Ramon had achieved success, did that earlier fire re-kindle itself.

It was during a social evening.

Ramon and I attended the same dinner party given by a mutual friend. As the evening drew to a close, someone asked him to sing for us.

There began a most thrilling time for everyone present. Ramon sang. Mexican songs, Spanish songs, English songs! His English was more imperfect then than now but not less intriguing to the ear. He played the piano. He played the guitar.

Then, in order to illustrate the meaning of one of the slightly risque songs, he took off his shoes and danced it for us.

AND how he danced! All the fire and quest of life was there.

It was poetry, but it was imagination and passion, too.

The quality I had been missing from his screen work was apparently not missed by anyone else, however.

Ramon has done what everyone will tell you cannot be done.

He has held his first-won popularity with the public on an even keel for over ten years.

His pictures during that time, except for a few specials, have not been good enough to serenade nor bad enough to castigate.

His publicity has been meager or repetitious. The stories which make fodder for avid



When fighting colds make \$1 equal \$3

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or \$1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

THIS is no time to waste money! It's no time to neglect health! Be safe and fight colds with Pepsodent Antiseptic as millions are doing. After all, it's just plain, simple arithmetic that makes people change to Pepsodent.

\$1 does the work of \$3

Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics . . . hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against colds and throat irritations. For protection against germs associated with common ills, remember there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful

enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still kill germs within 10 seconds.*

It is bad enough to have germs in your mouth *before* you gargle . . . it's worse to have germs in your mouth *after* you gargle . . . so choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Be safe!

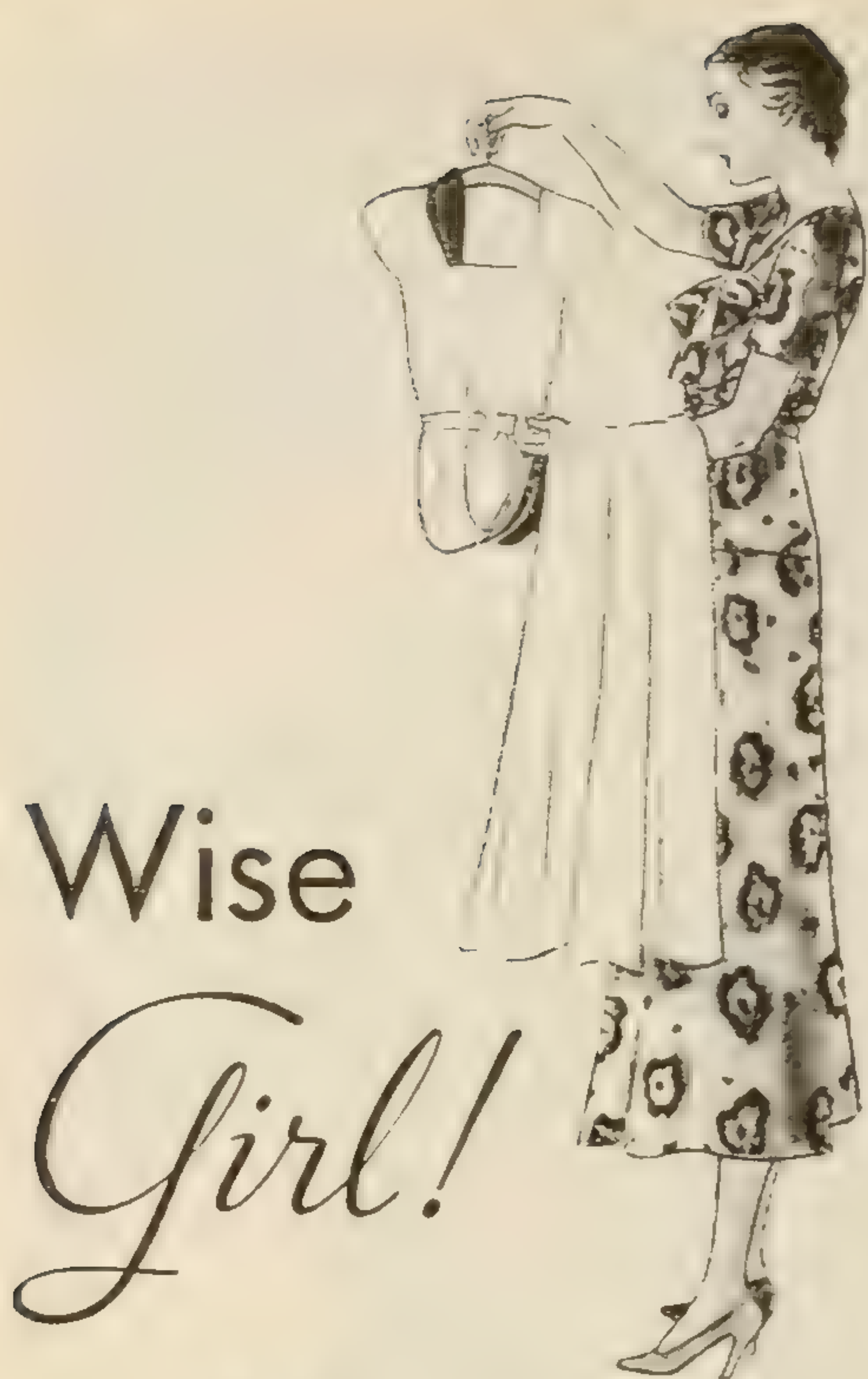
IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	Cuts and Abrasions
Head Colds	Chapped Hands
Smoker's Throat	Dandruff
Bad Breath	Skin Irritations
Mouth Irritations	Checks Under-Arm
Irritations of the Gums	Perspiration Odor
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic



Wise

Girl!

35¢ saved her
many a friend
many a dress

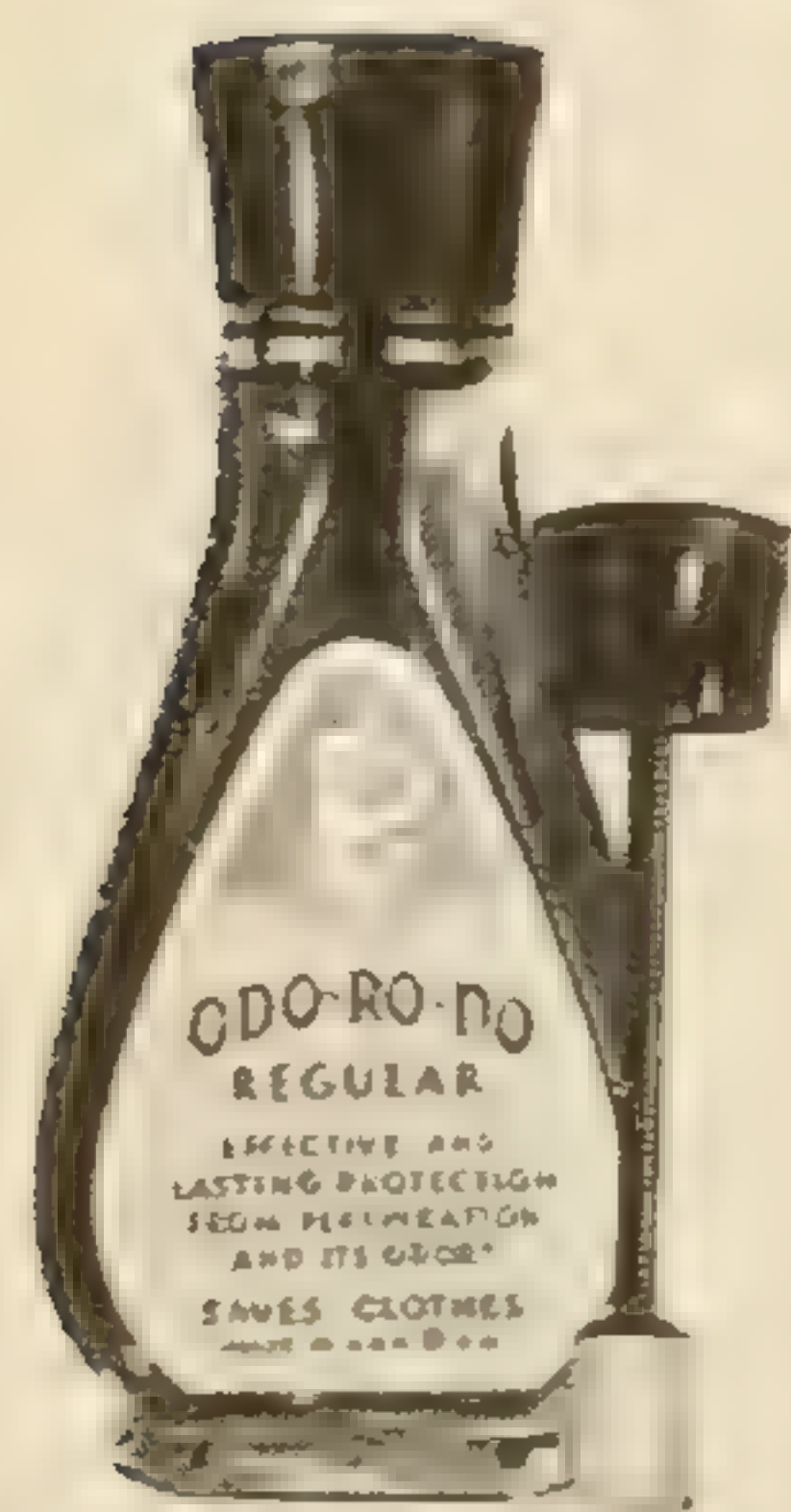
Time was when she wasn't so wise! Perspiration-ruined dresses were common to her wardrobe. And former friends sometimes whispered about underarm odor.

But now she uses Odorono. She saves dollars and dollars on her dress bill. And underarm odor is banished . . . completely.

You can only prevent stained dresses and offensive underarm odor by preventing the perspiration itself. Odorono is a doctor's prescription—used and recommended by nurses and doctors—that does prevent it, harmlessly and surely.

Greasy creams, temporary powders, soaps, perfumes, cannot save you. For if this perspiration goes on, odor will surely follow. You still need Odorono—to protect your dresses, to protect your charm.

2 kinds



ODO-RO-NO REGULAR
for use before retiring—
gives 3 to 7 days' complete
protection. 35¢, 60¢, \$1
—with the original en-
closed sanitary applicator.



INSTANT ODO-RO-NO
is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.
35¢, 60¢, \$1—with
applicator.

ODO · RO · NO

readers and become agglutinated in the public mind, passed him by.

He was never embroiled in a scandal. The only time he drew a front page headline he scarcely deserved it. Through indulging in a playful wrestling bout with Elsie Janis at Grace Tibbett's home, he became good copy for days.

You see, Elsie's arm was slightly put out of joint in the scuffle.

His popularity in Europe is hardly less than Garbo's. His fan mail is prodigious.

It's a remarkable record. But then, Ramon is in many ways a remarkable fellow.

Then suddenly, a couple of years ago, the magazines were flooded with stories of the "changed" Novarro.

That was a lot of the well-known apple sauce.

RAMON had not changed. He is Mexican. He inherits the playfulness of his people. He is whimsical. He is even raucous at times.

When they accused him of changing, he was merely fulfilling—a little late perhaps—the earlier promise.

That wink had come to life after pulling a Rip Van Winkle.

Ramon's natural, youthful zest for living had expended itself in the warm somnolence of a home filled with a large, adoring family; had spent itself in religious activities.

Instead of meeting life, diving headlong into the thrilling mysteries of it as most young fellows do, taking the bad with the good, Ramon sought refuge in the Church.

Religion became a fulcrum upon which he leaned.

No one who ever had the privilege of seeing Ramon in his home at that time could entirely forget the impression it left.

Set far away from the residences of other film notables, it expressed the varied personalities of Ramon's interesting family.

Among the many unusual things, there was a yard surrounded by a high wall. Throughout the yard were scattered numerous odd and assorted gnome-like statues. They were more Viennese in character than anything else. If you commented on them, spoke of the strangeness of finding those things in a Los Angeles home, Ramon would say, "They like them."

To reach Ramon's quarters, one had to traverse the sleeping apartments of the entire family. You passed along a corridor of about six bedchambers before arriving at his wing of the house.

No tip-toeing home here after a large evening. The whole family knew when Ramon retired.

When one stepped into Ramon's room, one breathed an air of pure ecclesiasticism. Gothic, austere, rich and quiet. Time for meditation here.

IF you were lucky enough to have him sing and play for you at the lovely piano resting in an alcove, you felt that the cup of tea which you drank afterwards was nectar undiluted.

But eventually these things were not enough for Ramon. What satisfied at twenty or so loses its relish at thirty. He was aware of a feeling of incompleteness. His naturally robust curiosity began to need other contacts. With added years, came a longing, a desire, for broader experiences.

It was a chaotic time for him.

All moral confusion results from the fact that few people know their own nature, and then only a small majority of these have the courage to act in accordance with it.

Ramon had that courage when he finally found himself.

He proved it by doing two courageous things.

Ever since he was a sapling of a boy he had thoughts of giving his life to the Church. He reversed that decision now, without in any sense lessening his religious principles, and he moved into a house of his own.

His mother, sisters and brothers were first amply provided for. There will be years of plenty ahead for them.

Ramon is developing—groping maybe—but developing.

His new house is strictly modernistic. It contains the last mechanical word in lighting arrangement; the last mechanical adjustment of glass roofs and things for getting all the sunshine that California has to offer.

Two loyal servants look after his well-being. A cousin acts as chauffeur.

And in this setting, one naturally thinks of a wife, perhaps.

Since he referred to it on the telephone I'll tell you about that former conversation which we had about marriage.

It was a three-way affair. Doris Kenyon Sills, Ramon and myself sat talking one afternoon at Doris and Milton's lovely Brentwood Heights home.

All happily married women become match-makers. Doris and I fell into that category.

IS was a tough spot for a bachelor. Ramon put up a game fight. In retrospect, I have a distinct feeling that he licked the two of us in fair verbal combat.

"Stop it, you two," he protested. "You think that what's good for one is good for all. That sounds like the battle cry of The Three Musketeers."

"No," I answered, "we just feel that some girl is missing a marvelous bet in you as a husband, and they're terribly scarce out here."

"But I'm not against marriage. I want to get married sometime. I just haven't met a girl in Hollywood that has the same sentiments about it that I have," he replied.

"Now Ramon, don't tell me that all our girls out here are hey-nony-nonnies," laughed Doris. "Are you casting reflections on our younger set?"

"The reflection is on me, I guess, Doris," he replied. "I'm old-fashioned in an age of jazz, gin and jitters. I'm old-fashioned enough to want loyalty, fidelity and a marriage that will last. You know with me it cannot break on the rocks. It must be for all time."

Now when Ramon talks like that, in that fascinating voice with the rolled r's, you just can't wisecrack. Whatever he believes in he believes in with his whole soul. That's why his capacity for friendship is greater than almost anyone I know.

Once you have Ramon's friendship, you can count it one of your blessings all through life.

Suddenly I asked him, "Are you afraid of marriage, Ramon?"

He hesitated for a moment.

"No," he answered slowly. "It is my greatest illusion. I find I live by my imagination, my admirations and my sentiments. I do not like to have my illusions disturbed. That is another reason why I have hesitated about marriage. I would wish it to result in the highest development, mental and spiritual, but both parties must desire it and cooperate."

Doris threw up her hands.

"You are making chaos out of my entire philosophy, knocking down my beliefs like a row of ten pins," she exclaimed. "I have always thought that only a woman reached her highest spiritual development through love. That a man oftentimes arrived at the same place through his creative thought—his work."

"The weather's too hot for such heavy thinking," I said. "Let's got a cool drink, Doris, before Ramon walks out on us."

That happened a couple of years ago.

IHAVE a feeling that when Ramon does marry it will be an older woman. He has sentiment and romance that the average flapper never heard of. She wouldn't know what in thunder to do with him.

Personally, I believe Ramon has unexplored depths, possibilities yet untouched. He no longer stands at the cross-roads. He has taken the turn to the right. Whether that road leads to directing, acting, or what, it does not matter.

There is genius in Ramon. I say this because there is a certain humility about everything he does which reminds me of something Emerson wrote.

"If we weave a yard of tape in all humility and as well as we can, long after we shall see it was no cotton tape at all, but some galaxy which we braided, and that the threads were time and nature."

Time and nature have brought to maturity in Ramon what was once a tantalizing wink in the eye of a youth. It might easily have been only the bud of a wild oat. Happily it turned out to serve as a piece of stout string upon which he will, with his innumerable beads of life, some day make a necklace of rare and lasting beauty.

What Is This Thing Called "X"?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

thinking, Kay Francis, Claudette Colbert, Sylvia Sidney and Miriam Hopkins are on the shadowy borderlines of X-ness. Each has a compelling magnetic quality. And yet each exhibits a totally different charm.

Also, we think that Clara Bow—the IT girl personified—has more than a gambler's chance of becoming a glorious X-woman.

Yet X is in no way connected with the success or popularity of a star or personality.

Helen Hayes, one of the greatest actresses on the screen today—according to some, *the greatest*—is devoid of X. And so is Ann Harding.

DIANA WYNYARD, another great actress (did you see her performance in "Cavalcade"?), has great charm, beauty, talent. But as yet she has not approximated X. And this provocative allure is also missing from Elissa Landi and from the latest English importation, Lilian Harvey.

Janet Gaynor has about as much X as a newborn babe. And yet think of the enormous appeal she has.

Ditto Marian Nixon.

Lupe Velez has IT galore—and pepper and ginger and tabasco and paprika—but no X.

Jean Harlow and Mae West have oodles of IT—so much, it almost smothers one—but X is an unknown quantity in their make-up.

Barbara Stanwyck has IT and a vitality that's positively staggering—but no X.

Ruth Chatterton has a more sophisticated and civilized brand of IT, which may some day develop into X.

Mary Pickford stands alone—but without X.

Norma Shearer, mistress of the many moods—from tender lyric to profoundly dramatic—still lacks X.

And in this everything-it-takes-but-X category belong Irene Dunne, Constance and Joan Bennett. Charm plus—but no X.

Which goes without saying for Marion Davies, Carole Lombard, Constance Cummings, Nancy Carroll and Bette Davis.

As far as we can tell, the X quality, like "the face that launched a thousand ships," has little connection with the once-accepted, conventional attributes of beauty. The X-women, in physical type, at least today, have nothing of the luscious, ripe quality of the IT girls. They have created an entirely new set of beauty standards. Instead of Mae West's ample curves (she's something like a painting by Rubens) or Clara Bow's former rounded softness—the X-women of the American movies are usually angular.

Theirs is a beauty which is more akin to the old Egyptian art.

Broad shoulders, slender torso, long limbs almost like a boy's.

Then take Garbo again, for example. She is

THE MAGIC OF SPRING is in this new make-up

Here come the enchanting new shades in make-up to light you to youth and springtime beauty! Enchanting new shades in lipsticks, and powders, and rouges—created by Helena Rubinstein, genius of the cosmetic world. Red Poppy! Doesn't it sound gay—light-hearted? Peachbloom! Doesn't it whisper youth—naivete? And these bright touches of color by Helena Rubinstein carry their beauty right to your lips, your cheeks, your eyes. They're marvelously flattering to everyone who wears them—and the lovelier she is to start with, the lovelier this new make-up makes her.

POWDERS THAT BRUSH YOUR CHEEK WITH WILL-O'-THE-WISP LIGHTNESS

Their texture is soft and lovely! They cling like veils of mist! And they come in the most alluring shades—Helena Rubinstein's famous powders including the new springlike Peachbloom, a special blend that flatters women of every age, every type. You'll adore Peachbloom. And Water Lily Powder, in this new shade, now appears not only in the star-topped red box but in a new spring costume as well, a box of shimmering gold. Powders, 1.00, 1.50

LIPSTICKS BLOSSOM OUT IN SPRING-LIKE COLORINGS

All lipsticks by Helena Rubinstein are noted for the fact that they nourish as well as beautify whatever lips they touch, young or old. And they are equally noted for having no purplish undertones. The new Red Poppy lipstick, light, youthful. Red Coral, medium-tone. Red Raspberry, natural. Red Geranium, orange-tinged. .50, 1.00. The marvelous new Automatic Lipstick that works like a flash and comes in those enchanting cases and the new jewel-like petite Chatelaine are 1.00 each.

ROUGES THAT BRING THE BLUSH OF YOUTH TO YOUR CHEEK

Red Raspberry rouge, Helena Rubinstein's first great color triumph is a unique shade in both cream and compact rouge; for Red Raspberry gives such natural glowing color to the cheeks . . . color that is enchanting—altogether alluring. Helena Rubinstein's newest color triumph is the youthful new Red Poppy rouge which has flowered forth for spring. And Red Geranium and the new Red Coral are so smart! . 1.00

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To add the final touch of enchantment to your spring make-up, make your eyes as fascinating as they can be with Iridescent Eye Shadow, green, blue or blue-green. Eyelash Grower and Darkener, and Helena Rubinstein's Persian Eyeblack (Mascara). . . . Each, 1.00

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A little Helena Rubinstein home beauty treatment every day will make you look ten times better than if you simply try to disguise a bad skin or lines and wrinkles with make-up.

CLEANSE with Pasteurized Face Cream which penetrates deep into the pores where lines and wrinkles are born . . . cleanses, purities, soothes and refreshes. . . . 1.00

NOURISH-STIMULATE with Youthifying Tissue Cream which contains youthifying herbs that awaken the skin, nourish the tissues, iron out wrinkles. . . . Tube, 1.00. Jar, 2.00, 3.50

TONE-BRACE with Skin Toning Lotion. It closes the pores, firms the skin texture, 1.25, 2.50. If your skin is very dry, use Antri-Wrinkle Lotion (Extrait). It erases crowsfeet and lines. An excellent powder foundation. 1.25, 2.50

If you have an oily skin, large pores and black-heads, wash with Helena Rubinstein's famous Beauty Grains instead of soap. . . .50, 1.00

If your skin is sallow or lifeless, use Helena Rubinstein's marvelous Skin Clearing Cream (Beautifying Skinfood). It whips up circulation, clears away tan, light freckles, sallowness and skin imperfections. . . . 1.00, 2.50

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Color Skin.....light.....medium.....olive.....

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I hate to see anyone so charming have such red, rough-looking hands

She's my next door neighbor. I'll tell her our "nice hands" secret

NEXT DAY

Yes, we're all doing dishes with LUX now—it's like a beauty treatment for your hands

Is that how you keep your hands so beautifully cared for?



NEXT WEEK

John, see how much nicer my hands look already! Just a few dishwashings with LUX took away all that dishpan redness

You're a wonder, dear—your hands look pretty enough to kiss right this minute!



Gentle Lux will keep your hands soft and young. Gives you beauty care right in the dishpan!

LUX for dishes
lovely hands for 1¢ a day

exaggeratedly long and lithe. Her hands and feet are large. Her face has a bony contour—almost gaunt at times. High cheek bones; large, expressive mouth; long, slender neck like a stalk to hold the exotic flower-head.

Yet, Garbo has only to make one slow movement, has merely to look out of the screen with her sad, lustrous eyes—and her audiences bow down and worship what seems to them the most beautiful creature the world has yet known.

MARLENE DIETRICH and Katharine Hepburn have the same out-of-the-ordinary glory about them. And when you see them again—watch their movements. Something like a slow motion camera, isn't it?

You'll notice that it takes them twice as long to make a movement as it does the ordinary actress.

There is about them something of that strange fascination for women as for men. Of the four, however, Garbo, Crawford, Hepburn, Dietrich, the last has something of that voluptuous flash that pulls at the emotions of men.

And X doesn't depend on youth. The stars we have chosen as best typifying the X-woman are mature.

In manner and expression, at least, if not in years.

No sweet young thing of sixteen has ever had X, to our knowledge. Bernhardt had X up to her death—an old woman over eighty. The middle-aged Pavlova, the dancer, possessed this attribute. The potentialities may be there—but the actual expression is a thing of slow growth, depending on understanding and

experience (of the imagination at any rate) rather than on the reckless impetuosity of youth.

For about the X-woman, there is always the exciting possibility of richer discoveries. She never reveals everything. Like the sphinx, she has an air of unfathomable mystery—which inevitably arouses the desire to know more about her.

She holds within her rich reserves of joy, of suffering, of passion—which seem always capable of renewal. And it is this quality which attracts to her the great and magnificent experiences of life, as surely as a magnet attracts iron.

Some skeptics might hold that an X-woman would be a dismal failure as a wife. Very uncomfortable to have mooning around the house.

Because ecstasy and stew for dinner don't seem to have much in common.

And being of "the stuff that dreams are made," it might be quite a strain for hubby to live up to her and the romantic ideals she represents.

"A FELLA'S got to relax and put on the old carpet slippers once in a while," they'd say. "You can't always be striking attitudes on the heights. Can you imagine an everyday chap idolizing his wife the way Ramon Novarro idolized Garbo in 'Mata Hari'? Now, I ask you?"

Well, that's a point for discussion. Maybe the X-less woman does make a more comfortable mate.

What do you think?

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

BE MINE TONIGHT— Gaumont British—Universal

FOR pure lyrical beauty, and a feast for the eyes, this beautiful musical production has no superior, while Jan Kiepura, Polish opera star, has the best voice heard on the screen since Tibbett. The story, based on the mistaken identity motif, enjoys the lovely backgrounds of the Italian-Swiss border. If you are one who has yearned for some really good music with your picture, don't miss this one.

THE WOMAN ACCUSED—Paramount

TEN great authors wrote the story—and put in everything but a plot. Nancy Carroll kills a former suitor, and Cary Grant, an astute young lawyer in love with her, figures out why she shouldn't be tried for it. An opulent production, John Halliday and Jack LaRue help make the picture interesting if not extraordinary.

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M

PLENTY of foam but little sparkle to this one. Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton, thinking beer is now legal, buy a brewery and go to work, only to have gangsters crash in. Phyllis Barry grand as the gold-digger; Rosco Ates, Henry Armetta and John Miljan add good bits.

THE BIG DRIVE—First Division

THOSE who can stand seeing men slain with bayonets, heaps of dead being buried and the like, will find this assemblage of official films the most revealing glimpse of the World War yet offered. Absolutely trench-made—even the poor photography proves that. Since the accompanying talk bristles with errors of fact, let the pictures tell their own story. Emphatically not for children.

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia

ALL about love, a misunderstood wife and an erring husband, with the problems worked out high above mother earth, where Evalyn Knapp, the troubled wife, carries on with her duty of making timid airplane passengers comfortable. Has James Murray, Arthur Pierson, Thelma Todd, and some entertainment value.

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.

HOW three gay young European blades see Morocco and die, and two others live on. All because of a weird curse pronounced by a vengeful Algerian beggar. The main mystery plot, feebly-directed love interest, and lagging tempo, fall far short of American standards; but authentic pictures of strange Eastern ceremonies and exciting photography cast the proper Oriental atmospheric spell. Would make an excellent travelogue.

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)— Carl Zuckmayer Prod.

THIS German film can neither be classified as comedy nor drama, but rather as an effective blending of the two. A humble old cobbler, thrice imprisoned for petty transgressions, decides clothes make the man, dons a captain's uniform and proceeds to rule the town for but a brief moment. English captions.

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures

CLAIRE WINDSOR, as an orchid in a bed of cabbage, tries nobly to rise above her environment by becoming a publishing house reader and saying "lit'ry." Then her two no-

good brothers break up her marriage; but she maintains her character and determination through thick and thin and endless slow reels.

BEHIND JURY DOORS
Mayfair Pictures

A GAIN a wise-cracking newspaper reporter falls in love with the murderer's daughter and clears her father. This time it's fairly entertaining, thanks to Buster Collier, Franklin Parker and others.

IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—
Warners-First National

F RANCIS LEDERER, star of the stage play "Autumn Crocus," does a very nice job of winning Kaethe von Nagy (a nightclub hostess) after much ado within his very proper family circle. The music is just fair; direction and photography not particularly good. But brush up your German if you want to enjoy the humor. No English subtitles.

DARING DAUGHTERS—*Tower Prod.*

W ELL, well! We haven't seen this mummy for years! Remember—older sister (Marian Marsh) saving the younger (Joan Marsh) from the big bad mans by showing her what heels they are? Also a fabricated sick grandmother, gold-digging for a worthy cause, etc., etc. Bert Roach is funny, though.

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—*Warners*

I T'S hard to find features in this Western. John Wayne faces death to save a friend; Henry Walthall is good in a bit; Duke, the horse, draws applause; but what you'll like best is some really lovely scenery.

WEST OF SINGAPORE—*Monogram*

A N incredibly dull story of the oil business that misses on every count. Weldon Heyburn, a big oil man of Singapore with a past (Betty Compson) in all sorts of troubles when he tries to increase oil production; the only moment of suspense is when the boilers threaten to explode. Margaret Lindsay's performance offers some relief.

JUNGLE BRIDE—*Monogram*

C HARLES STARRETT, Anita Page and others shipwrecked on a jungle isle. A fight with a genuine antique lion comes with the phony jungle for good measure; after the recent good animal stuff, this is hard to take.

**What Was the
BEST PICTURE
of 1932?**

Balloting for the annual
**PHOTOPLAY
MEDAL OF HONOR**
awarded for the best picture of the year has started.

Turn to page 68 for a list of pictures. And cast your ballot early.

NEW VITALIZING FOOT-FREEDOM
WITHIN THIS *Charmed Circle*

If you want to discover new value in footwear step into the *charmed circle* that Vitality Health Shoes throw around your footsteps. Style that gives smartness added meaning. Fit that seems made just for your own foot. Smart shoes to carry you through active days without a trace of foot fatigue. Here are shoes whose lines and style conceal the invisible secret of their ease. Beneath their smartness is the "vitality principle" of shoe construction to give new foot freedom. Here is **VALUE** beyond your fondest hopes in shoes that offer their sterling qualities at \$5.00 — extreme styles \$6.00.

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•For every age from childhood through youth, Vitality Health Shoes also offer a complete line of smart, scientifically made shoes. Nowhere is the "vitality principle" more important than in promoting healthful development for younger feet. All-leather quality assures long wear and lasting shapeliness. \$2 to \$4.

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health shoes

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THAT IS
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PERSTIK—used by 6,000 Doctors' Wives in New York City

Among the large numbers of fastidious women who have hailed Perstik as the under-arm deodorant they have long been waiting for, are 55% of the wives of all skin specialists throughout the United States, and more than 6,000 wives of New York City physicians.

These women are in a position to obtain authoritative information as to the *purity and effectiveness* of the deodorant they use. Furthermore, they are frequently leaders of their social set . . . they know the importance of a deodorant. They recognize in Perstik the *perfect way to under-arm freshness*.

Awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval

Perstik is easy to use, easy to take with you, *never* irritating, *never* injurious to fabrics.

Just a few touches of Perstik under the armpits give effective and *lasting* protection against offensive odor. Perstik also healthfully *reduces* excessive perspiration.

One 50¢ Perstik lasts months and months. If you don't find the genuine Perstik at the store where you buy your cosmetics, send to Perstik, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE, THE—M-G-M.—Too bad the Madame X theme can't be given a well-earned rest. Jean Parker rather grabs the show from Irene Dunne. (March)

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE—RKO-Radio.—Thrilling if unconvincing drama of the French police unravelling several murder mysteries. With Gwili Andre, Frank Morgan, Gregory Ratoff and John Warburton. (Jan.)

SELF-DEFENSE — Monogram. — Pauline Frederick has her troubles running a Canadian saloon and gambling hall on the level. Interesting, thanks to Pauline. (Feb.)

★ **SHE DONE HIM WRONG—**Paramount.—First-class rough stuff about the gay Nineties on the Bowery, with Mae West, Cary Grant, Noah Beery and others. Not for tender minds. (March)

SHERLOCK HOLMES — Fox. — The master sleuth baffling gangsters invading London. Thrilling and humorous. Clive Brook does a different *Sherlock*. (Dec.)

★ **SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE—**Paramount.—Charles Laughton's subtly satirical *Nero*, admirably supported by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, make this De Mille spectacle of ancient Rome noteworthy. But don't take the children. (Feb.)

★ **SILVER DOLLAR—**First National.—Edward Robinson shines as the genial, susceptible prospector of early Colorado mining days, who reaches the U. S. Senate but loses his fortune with the silver standard downfall. Aline MacMahon and Bebe Daniels. (Jan.)

★ **SIX HOURS TO LIVE—**Fox.—A man scientifically brought back from death to serve his country. Warner Baxter's is a memorable performance, Miriam Jordan is lovely and John Boles fine as the other suitor. (Dec.)

SLIGHTLY MARRIED — Invincible. — Slightly entertaining, with Walter Byron and Evalyn Knapp. (Feb.)

★ **SON-DAUGHTER, THE—**M-G-M.—Helen Hayes, though loving Ramon Novarro (a prince in disguise) marries a repulsive fellow (Warner Oland) so her father (Lewis Stone) can have ammunition money; later strangles her husband with his own queue. (Feb.)

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Columbia.—Wheeler and Woolsey slip the loud and raucous razzberry to the animal pictures. (March)

SPEED DEMON—Columbia.—Nothing unusual, but youngsters will like the speed-boat races. (Feb.)

SPORT PARADE—RKO-Radio.—The line-up was good but there's no touchdown here. And with Joel McCrea, William Gargan and Marian Marsh, too. (Dec.)

TELEGRAPH TRAIL, THE—Warners.—Pioneer story of the telegraph with Indian menace. Romance by John Wayne and Marceline Day. Fine for kids. (Dec.)

TERROR TRAIL—Universal.—Tom Mix foils a hypocritical leading citizen, some horse thieves, and rescues Naomi Judge in proper Mixonian style. (March)

TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY—Fox.—For Farrell-Gaynor devotees, though Farrell's part is subordinate in a complicated, draggy story. Janet Gaynor does well as the daughter of a sea captain who becomes a squatter and is implicated in a murder. (Jan.)

THAT'S MY BOY—Columbia.—Richard Cromwell, with Dorothy Jordan, put zip into this football yarn. (Feb.)

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED—Universal.—Slim Summerville (a butler) and ZaSu Pitts (a maid) can't decide to be divorced. Weak story. (Feb.)

THIS SPORTING AGE—Columbia.—Romance born of polo and army life, with Jack Holt, Walter Byron, Hardie Albright and Evalyn Knapp. (Dec.)

THREE ON A MATCH—First National.—Tragedy follows bucking the superstition. Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Bette Davis are the violators, Warren William and Lyle Talbot the men. (Dec.)

★ **TONIGHT IS OURS—**Paramount.—A deftly done bit of Graustarkian adventure and romance, with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. (March)

TOO BUSY TO WORK—Fox.—An insipid attempt making Will Rogers dramatic. But he makes parts good. (Dec.)

TRAILING THE KILLER—World Wide.—For dog lovers. Animals, wild and domestic, in a drama with few humans. (Dec.)

★ **TROUBLE IN PARADISE—**Paramount.—Real entertainment! Intriguing, sophisticated, colorful story. Perfect acting by Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis and Lubitsch direction. This comedy of crooks and a witching widow reveals a different, fascinating Herbert Marshall. (Dec.)

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING —First National.—Rather unconvincing story of a swaggering tough's prison life from cell through death house, made real by Spencer Tracy's acting and good dialogue. Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron give good support. (Jan.)

UNDER-COVER MAN — Paramount. — You'll forget any objections to George Raft while a gangster, after you see him tear into the hot-bond racket. Nancy Carroll also good. Not for children. (Feb.)

UNWRITTEN LAW, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The wronged man (Purnell Pratt) leaves it to his companions whether he shall slay the villain (Lew Cody). Mary Brian, Hedda Hopper, Greta Nissen also present. (Feb.)

UPTOWN NEW YORK—World Wide.—Jack Oakie is fine as a regular guy falling for a lady with a past (Shirley Grey). Grand comedy and good human-interest drama. (Jan.)

VAMPIRE BAT, THE—Majestic Pictures.—"Dracula" horror stuff that creaks in the telling, although Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray and Melvyn Douglas lend considerable interest. (March)

VANITY STREET—Columbia.—Story of kind copper Charles Bickford and desperate Helen Chandler with killing and heartbreak. All ends well. (Dec.)

VIRGINS OF BALI, THE—Principal.—Another "Goonie Goonie" glimpse of courtship and marriage in the East Indies. (Feb.)

VIRTUE—Columbia.—A "shady lady" (Carole Lombard) marries a taxi driver (Pat O'Brien). Discovering her unrevealed past, he forgives, then suspects. The climax is her implication in murder. (Jan.)

★ **WHISTLING IN THE DARK—**M-G-M.—Ernest Truex and Una Merkel are a riot in a tale about a crime writer made to invent a perfect crime for use by his captors. (March)

WHITE EAGLE—Columbia.—Buck Jones as an Indian brave in a rustling "meller" with a surprise. (Dec.)

WILD GIRL—Fox.—"Salomy Jane" with the wonderful outdoors and all the thrills. It's different! Joan Bennett's *Salomy* may be a subdued tomboy but she's lovable. Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy and Minna Gombell are splendid in a fine cast. (Dec.)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—Elementary Western marked by good riding and a wild horse stampede. Randolph Scott is the equestrian hero. The kids will enjoy this. (Jan.)

WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA—Principal.—A fascinating dip beneath the West Indian ocean, in the producer's glass studio. (Feb.)

WOMEN WON'T TELL—Chesterfield.—An abandoned child found on a city dump grows up into a great tennis star; rubber stamp plot thereafter. (March)

YORCK —UFA. — Werner Krauss as *General Yorck* fighting Russians in Napoleon's day, gives a splendid portrayal of a commander's mental anguish. (Feb.)

YOUNG BLOOD—Monogram.—A thin Robin-Hoodish Western with Bob Steele and Helen Foster. (Feb.)

★ **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL—**First National.—Uproarious comedy about a fellow who can't swim, mistaken for a champ and forced to go through with a race. How Joe Brown makes it causes the howls. (Jan.)

Let's Give 'Dolphe a Hand

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

contributed many a grand and glowing portrait to the world's gallery of interesting film before he lays away his tail-coats for the dressing gown and slippers of senility.

For all that, there is always a note of pathos in the splendid labors of M. Menjou for the current screen. There is always a faint aura of neglect that lingers 'round his stunning portraits, with the cheers and fireworks going up for the stars with their names in bigger letters and brighter lights.

Being a forward-looking and constructive fellow, I have a suggestion to make. Let the gentlemen of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, when next they make their awards for brilliant acting performances, forget for a moment the labors of the big-named stars and consider briefly those performances, commonly called "secondary," which can and do make some pictures glow and sparkle and sizzle with pulsing, rich humanity.

IN such a consideration, the name and labors of Monsieur Adolphe Menjou would appear, bright and shining.

Notably his *Rinaldi*, a thing of true charm and beauty.

And others he will accomplish in days to come, if the big bosses give him the break he deserves.

I want 'Dolphe, the boy who broke the bonds of the iron shirt and grew great, to be counted when the little pewter statuettes of the nude gentleman are issued by the quartermaster. I don't want that Menjou fellow to be the most unappreciated actor in Hollywood.

No More Chinese, Myrna?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

not slant and are no narrower than Swanson's. But, and here's the secret, the lids are full. The eye does not seem to rest back into the socket as other people's do. So, with a mere dash of a pencil near the corners and a wig, she looks more like Sin Toy than Sin Toy herself.

BUT here's the strange and weird part of it. The thing has retarded her career. Exactly as though some strange, mystic force were holding her back.

It has even thrust itself into her personal life. At a theater, the other evening, Myrna and a friend were suddenly conscious of an earnest conversation behind them. Imagine her surprise when a voice piped in, "Yes, Myrna Loy is Chinese. You see, our Chinese laundry man lives next to her people!"—

Shock No. 2—A member of the RKO-Radio publicity staff came dashing into her dressing-room the other day. "Look," he said, "I just won ten bucks. At noon today a fellow bet me ten dollars that it wasn't *you* in the commissary. Swore you were a half-caste Chinese woman. When I proved it *was* you, he nearly passed out with surprise. But he paid up."

So you see!

Yet Myrna Loy is about as alluringly exotic off the screen as Aunt Het with the lumbago. You'd expect her perfumes to be heavy and passionately Siamish. Actually she wears a light, woodsy scent for daytime and a nice, spicy one for evening.

She lives with her mother, her aunt and her brother, in a nice but unpretentious home in

THERE'S NO
EXCUSE

FOR

half-hour nose!

It's happened to all of us! . . . A furtive glance in a mirror and the horrible discovery that a shiny nose has ruined the assurance of a perfect make-up.

But from this day forth, you have no excuse if you're caught at anything but your best. For Pompeian has perfected a soft fine powder that will cling, not for minutes, but for hours! In addition to this, the new Pompeian has all the beauty-giving properties of the finest present-day face

powders. It will not "coat" the skin. Rather it gives the face an even, delicate perfection. A perfection you can be confident of retaining for hours after you've left the dressing-table!

It comes in a variety of flattering skin tones, expressly created to complement and enhance every complexion type.

It has an unobtrusive and pleasantly feminine perfume. The clever box is neat . . . as well as terribly smart.

YOU'LL LIKE THE PRICE!

All that our long experience has taught us to save in manufacturing costs and present economies, we pass on to you. Which is the reason this remarkably fine powder can be bought for so little. All Pompeian products can be bought at drug and department stores everywhere.

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SIXTY-FIVE CENTS THE BOX
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With Pompeian face powder you can be sure of your loveliness for hours.

How ugly even the prettiest nose may look half an hour after it has been powdered with ordinary powder!





not merely
tomato juice—
but a
COCKTAIL

Dame Nature blushes a royal red at the many ordinary, flat tomato juices now on the market. The pick of the season's crop is used in College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail—Nature's pride.

That word *cocktail* will protect you from the thin, watery deceivers. Thanks to our exclusive Hi-Vita manufacturing process, we give you all of Nature's original good qualities, plus a flavor beyond compare.

Use these passwords to perfection with your grocer man—say: College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail.

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Beverly Hills. And works harder and plays less than any ten working girls put together.

Publicity departments wash their hands of Myrna completely. What can you say of a girl who lives normally and doesn't think being a movie actress calls for hot-cha-cha and a bun on at the Mayfair? Myrna is bad copy, knows it, and doesn't know what to do about it.

SHE has never been to New York. San Francisco is the farthest she's traveled from Hollywood since leaving Montana. She is constantly surrounded by travel catalogues and steamship literature. But every time she plans to go somewhere, Hollywood needs her. In fact, she had her trunks packed for Hawaii when they called her back for retakes on "Emma." So she sent her kid brother.

And it was that small rôle of a normal but unsympathetic American girl in "Emma," which first gave her hope. Then along came "Thirteen Women" with Myrna as nasty a Javanese female as ever lived. She played it beautifully. But it put her right back where she started from.

Then, three cheers for our side, she got that grand little bit in Chevalier's "Love Me Tonight." A humorous little tidbit, and Myrna made it sit up on its hind feet and bark. Letters from movie-goers poured in. *Now*, she thought, they know I'm an actress and not a frozen-faced Oriental slinking around doing dirt.

But you know what happened. "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

Still, if Hollywood can smack you down harder than you've ever been smacked before, it can also suddenly lift you to heights never dreamed of. See what it did to Myrna. It

took her right out of the depths of the "Fu Manchu" business and waltzed her into the refined and cultured midst of Leslie Howard, Ann Harding and "The Animal Kingdom." Presto, chango, just like that.

If you saw "The Animal Kingdom," you know what Myrna did with that rôle of *Cecilia*, the "society" wife with a heart like a block of ice and a figure like Patou's bewitchingest model.

With all due apologies to Ann Harding followers, Myrna marched that lovely, scheming hypocrite straight up to first place for female honors.

Oh, she was a siren all right, all right. But this time a siren whom, alas, one meets in every third "social register" home. The respectable wife who uses her sorcery as coldly as any money-mad mistress.

In brief, Myrna played that nasty, unsympathetic part—and practically stole the show!

She kept her fingers crossed and held her breath when the picture was over.

Another Chinaman next, as sure as you live, she thought.

BUT no. Instead, they handed her a smock. And not only a smock, but John Barrymore as well. So Myrna and John Barrymore are cavorting about in "Topaze," the realest, grandest part she's had yet. Not an exotic, heartless Siamese something or other; not even a cruel, modern, unsympathetic woman, but a part that is exactly like Myrna herself. Enjoying life, knowing it's not all the berries, but making the best of it. Such is Myrna in "Topaze."

Now we'll see what happens. We'll all just sit back and see.



"Tell us about Clark Gable"

Now Joan! Now Doug!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

their lives, Doug and Joan undoubtedly will get a divorce—that is, unless one of 'em dies before the other.

They wouldn't need it then and that would be a shame, because the rumor-mongers would have to find something else to wrap their tongues around.

Not that they miss anything now, of course.

But Doug and Joan really should go to court about something, anyway. They shouldn't disgrace Hollywood by staying married like that. Such a pretty romance shouldn't go flourishing on and on—and it won't, if Hollywood can help it.

Hollywood does *so* want to say: "I told you so!"

It has wanted to say that ever since Joan, seeing Doug for the first time when he was playing in "Young Woodley" at the Belasco Theater, back in November 1927, sent him a congratulatory wire on his performance. Doug invited her out to dinner, and the romance grew.

Hollywood said then that it was puppy love—that it couldn't last.

AFTER Hollywood had married them in Mexico, and they actually were married in St. Malachy's Church in New York, Hollywood said that the marriage couldn't possibly last six months.

After the six months had elapsed, Hollywood said it certainly couldn't last a year. And after the year, assuredly not another year—or another, and another.

From 1929 to 1933 is four years—but it's all off now. Hollywood says so.

Maybe it is all off. Maybe Joan and Doug have at last come to the parting of the ways. Maybe they'll only part their hair, instead. Maybe—well maybe they'll stay married thirteen more years—and maybe not!

That's Hollywood!

A Farewell to Charms

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

stranglin' in my throat. "I know it," Jackie cried, "but Ma got me new golf sticks and I promised the kids we could tee off from your schnozzle on Sunday. Now you're going away."

The bitter irony of the last blow. The last final discontent.

How mortifyin'!

AND my friend, Wally Beery. Like brothers, we wus. Two pals, we wus. So I stops by on his set to say goodbye to pal Wally, and what happens? What happens? Some guy comes running up, screaming, "My Gawd, the trained ant eater has escaped." And slaps me in a cage. And, for two days, no one can find me. In a cage, and Wally never liftin' a finger to argufy the fellow out of it. Not a word in my behalf. Pretendin' he don't know me and tryin' to feed me grasshoppers. Me, an artist. The aggravatin' humility of it all. And me, a pal. A Damon to his Pessimist.

I went down to Palm Springs and ran into Connie Bennett. "I—," was all the farther I got, see, when Connie pipes up that she and Hank was goin' to Paris in the mornin'. Course, I realized Paris was on a little ways past New York but still, it was a good trip to New York. And then Helen Hayes comes right back with tellin' how she and Charlie MacArthur was goin' to Egypt.

And, before I could make a comeback, Gary Cooper butts in with him goin' to Africa

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again, and I gives up. I tore into the hotel, see, and I took hold of the little bellboy, and I says in his face, "I'm goin' to New York." And he looks me up and down and says, "So what?" "So what?" to me, an artist of my constitution, he says, "So what?" The boinin' shame of it. I was so emancipated with rage.

I SLIPPED on the rug in the lobby, and that give me an idea. Did it give me an idea, or did it give me an idea? Like a flash, it penetrated my cerebium. Doug Fairbanks took trips and made 'em pay, why not me? Why not make this trip a travelogue? Now, was that an idea?

If Doug went around the world in eighty minutes on a piece of carpet, I could do it to New York in ten minutes, on a bath towel, and sell it to Warners for a short. 'Magine me flyin' over Broadway on a bath towel. And holding an umbrella over my head, to give it class, see. The whole ting was a cinch. I had it all figured out.

But, after thinkin' it over, I give it up. There was no use gettin' the enmity of a swell guy like Doug Fairbanks, and, considerin' all the jealousy it would cause, I absconded the idea.

Back in Hollywood, the last ting I done, was to visit my dressin' room. I stood outside the door beside the big basket of flowers I had sent to myself.

Final, I was ready to go, see. I had on my shoit and collar, and did I look the well dressed man in travelin' apparent! Hot cha cha—cha cha—cha cha.

"Well," I said to Clark Gable, "I'm off. I'm enroute."

"No, Jimmy," he says, "with that nose, you're 'en-root.'"

The absolute assidity of it. That's what hoits the most. The assidity of it.

The next mornin' I'm at the depot early and I grab a conspicuous place on the rear platform and, sure enough, just off to my left is a guy lookin' through one of them camera things, and I'm all set for the newsreel.

I was goin' over all the poses I'd practiced on the back lot, for the third time, when the guy behind the newsreel, strolls over. "What's the matter, fella?" he says. "Ain't you feelin' well?"

I was chagrined. "Why," I said, "wasn't I posing all right?"

"Posin'?" he says. "Why, I ain't no camera-man. I'm surveyin' for a new railroad track."

The final blow. The whole futility of it was overcomin' me. I was a man, persecuted by the abject humidity of life.

Pracally unnoticed and unsung, you might say, me, an artist of my temperament, made that trip across the country. And then, we hit New York.

Here, I thinks to myself, is old Broadway. I could do witout Broadway but could Broadway do witout me? And was I right? Was I right? The place was a riot.

A panic. Reporters flocked around, bands played, flashlights boomed. I was a confounded panic. Boy, I gave them the ulterior motive pose and the full poisonality, till they was hyterical.

"WHAT you doin', Jimmy?" a friend caught my arm and said. "Why, look at this precipitation," I said. "The reporters and cameramen out to greet me."

"Gosh, Jimmy," he says. "They ain't out to greet you. They're after Al Smith. See, he just got off the train." And there was Al in his doiby and cigar, and just then, he toins around, see, and says to me, "Boy, carry this bag."

The final blow. The bitter futility of the whole thing.

And then I thought, "Why, Al's one of the boys from the old East Side. One of the gang from the old Fourt' ward." So I ups to him with a heart overflowing with sympathetic gravity and down old Broadway we march, see, me carrying Al's bag.

Two boys from the old Fourt' ward.

And, could Broadway do without us?

Just the humidity of the thought is aggravatin'.



At last—television! Lewis Stone uses a television-telephone in the 1940 sequences of "Men Must Fight." If all that apparatus is needed to install this invention, how about the people who live in cubby hole apartments? Perhaps a few would prefer not to bother with such a complicated business

Janet Chooses Her Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Well, for one thing, he has a charming little accent, a blend of very proper London with a large dash of Parisian.

Then, he's the typical Continental gentleman, very elegant, very "Monsieur-ish," very correct in manner, especially in the drawing room.

He's fairly tall, slightly heavy in build, with medium-brown hair which, despite the pomades with which he tries to keep it flat, springs up here and there in little wavelets. His eyes are grey-blue; his clothes exquisitely moulded to his figure in the last word from Piccadilly.

AND in spite of all this, he's terribly human. Really very likable.

In the midst of an avalanche of feminine adulation Garat trotted out and brought back his scotty dog, "Blackie."

He wanted Blackie to share some of the attention. And Blackie did.

We were joking about the temptations in Hollywood—the temptations held out to an attractive male star by the loveliest women in the world.

Henry shrugged and smiled.

"All women are beautiful to me," he said, "every woman is different—each one an interesting study. I do not think I will lose my head in Hollywood, although I admit I am just a little bit afraid of the place—I've heard so much about its beauty—its glamour—its romantic attachments—I shall try always to be just as I am—"

He smiled at his wife and she smiled back. They are apparently very much in love with each other—married only since last April, just about a year.

"You see," Madame Garat went on, "I am going to try to be an understanding wife. So many wives do not realize the sacrifices to a husband's picture career—the time and attention he must give to matters outside his home.

"But I had been backstage for several years before Henry and I married. I was a dancer, with my sister Paula. We did a sister act and toured Europe. And I think I understand that Henry's time in Hollywood will not be entirely mine."

Some one spoke of Chevalier and his sudden divorce after fame had come to him. Betty Garat looked up quickly at her husband and a spark which only they alone understood flashed between them.

"Yes, that was a great pity," she said. "We knew Chevalier in Paris and we are friends of his wife, Yvonne. She admits she was terribly jealous of Maurice in Hollywood. She could never quite reconcile her Continental ideas to the new code which confronted them out there. Yvonne seems lonely now without him.

"Just before we left Paris I met her one day in a hat shop trying on all of the new models and she told me then she was simply lost for an interest in life."

AND out in Hollywood, while Henry Garat in New York was preparing for his advent into the atmosphere of romance, little Janet Gaynor was talking to some of her friends.

"Romance," she told them, "is something which is essential. . . . We shouldn't neglect any opportunity to express it in the movies. It is good for the soul—the spirit—the mind.

"Even when we merely pretend to be in love on the screen, while we are trying to convince our audience that we really are in love, we are elevating ourselves to higher emotions. Romance, even when it is only a screen per-



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MOVIE STAR STAMPS

See Page 106 for
Complete Information

formance, sweetens life and sets up finer standards for those who see us."

Janet claims that too many people close their hearts to the call of sentiment and thereby lose much of the sweetness of life. To be receptive to love is the blossom from which romance develops.

Janet also thinks everyone should go to the movies more often. She claims people can live the romances of the screen in their own minds if they open up to the beauty screened before them.

That is why, no doubt, she, too, is just as anxious to start working with Henry Garat as he is anxious to begin work with her.

They are both sympathetic people—sensitive to life. And that ought to make the new romantic team of Gaynor-Garat one of the most popular on every movie program in America.

The future will tell the story of this romantic screen couple.

It will be interesting to watch the developments.

Is the Garbo Rage Over?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

a Don Juan public and held it for seven years, John Gilbert was her leading man. The story of the romance which developed between them as a result of that screen teaming has been retold too often to make it necessary to mention again.

"LOVE," "A Woman of Affairs," brought these two surpassing screen lovers together again and sent audiences and critics away from the theaters positively raving.

Here at last, they said, was the romance team of all time.

But—and here is a curious point—the Garbo of those early pictures with John Gilbert was an entirely different woman from the Garbo of "Romance" (with Gavin Gordon), "Susan Lenox" (with Clark Gable), "Mata Hari" (with Ramon Novarro), and "Grand Hotel" (with John Barrymore).

The early Garbo was as different from the cool, remote goddess-like celebrity of these more recent achievements as is a moss rose from an orchid.

Despite the standard pattern of the rôles which she portrayed—for has Garbo not always been the woman who loved not wisely but too well?—she was in those first years of her heyday a warm, wholly-tender, wholly-human being. A woman who desired as passionately as she was desired. In her acting there was none of that aloof unaccountable quality which has awed and defeated so many of her leading men. This, by the way, was pointed out in a PHOTOPLAY article last September.

We may be reading too much into this strange change which came over Garbo in her later pictures. But there did seem to be a definite transformation from a warm creature of flesh and blood and too, too many impulsive mistakes, to the dominating, unattainable woman she becomes in such characterizations as the prima donna in "Romance"; the famous, mysterious courtesan-spy in "Mata Hari"; the toast of Paris in "Inspiration."

WHETHER this change of attitude in Garbo's acting and feeling was deliberate on her part; whether it was simply her artist-way of interpreting the film story; whether it was the result of a subconscious inner change over which she had no control; whether it was the wish of her directors—we are not privileged to say or to know.

The fact still holds that the human Greta who responded so warmly to the kisses of her screen lover, John Gilbert—the young, wondering, almost innocent Greta (in using these descriptive terms, we are still fully aware of the type of rôle she portrayed)—retired from the screen for six years. To return to it again in the latter half of "As You Desire Me."

And I believe both pro and anti-Garboites will truthfully admit this—in spite of the rôle she interprets, the "mystery woman" of the screen has always been as you desired her. No matter whether she played the part of a tired, death-wishing celebrity in "Grand Hotel," or whether she was one of those unhappy creatures, Anna Christie, Iris March or Anna

Karenina of her earlier acting phases—we, the public, would never have wanted her to be any different from what she has been. We could never have asked her to give us any more than she did, for she has enabled us to glimpse the heights.

Those critics, whose gadily insinuations are now attempting to tear down the pedestal which they, themselves, have built, should just remember one thing: It was they, along with the rest of the public, who actually fostered and encouraged the "mystery" legend which has centered about Garbo for the past seven years—which had made of her an inhuman goddess.

When Garbo became Rita Cavallini of "Romance," or that uncanny character, Mata Hari, she was portraying a feminine type which had captured the world's fancy at that time.

NEWSPAPERS, magazines, hundreds of books, were making heroines of these *super* women who thought themselves strong enough to defy the laws of conventional society. Who believed they could succeed in stepping beyond the bounds of accepted good and evil.

It was the boom period. Success—shady or otherwise—was the magic shibboleth of that day. We were sophisticated, slightly cynical, and very sure of ourselves. We wanted the sensational in our lives, in our reading, in our motion picture fare. And we wanted the queen of all screen stars to depict such rôles for us.

But times have changed. There is a decided tendency to scrap these pseudo-sophisticated ideas. There is a longing in many of us to return to the simpler, sweeter ways of living and of thinking.

And if some critics have mentioned the possibility that Garbo's star may be on the wane, and have used as their proof the fact that the public are now perhaps a little weary of the type of slightly tainted lady characters for which she has become so famous—let them recall the last half of "As You Desire Me."

This picture marks the return of the old Garbo. Simply and with deep sincerity she plays the part of the wife who came back. From a tired, hopeless cabaret artist and courtesan, she transforms herself radiantly to fit the fragile memory of that young bride who was lost to her soldier husband years before. And, in meeting the requirements of Melvyn Douglas' dream picture, in becoming as he desires her, the divine Garbo is once again as we desire her.

SHE has stepped down from the cold, moon-struck peaks, to be with us again as she was in the days of her early pictures.

Yet, in so doing, she has lost none of her mystery and potent allure. That, she will always have.

Whether or not Garbo's next few pictures will revert to the pattern of the super-woman, is immaterial.

For Garbo the Magnificent, Garbo the Complete Artist, has proven herself eternally capable of eternal change.

Who said anything about the Garbo rage being over?

He Wiolds the Scissors

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

to you in the fifth race?" "Oh great," Charlie said, "just dandy."

After the race the fellow returned, glowering. "Listen," he said, "I put all my money on that horse because you said it looked good, and I lost."

"Well," Charlie said in surprise, "it still looks good to me, but then, I like horses."

Charlie's story of Lubitsch during the making of "Trouble In Paradise" is a scream. It seems Ernst was fully expecting and gleefully anticipating a temperamental row between Ruggles and Eddie Horton, the two comedians of the picture. He could scarcely wait to get them together. But to Ernst's utter amazement, nothing happened. He couldn't understand it.

So Ernst set about to see what could be done about it. "Listen," he'd say to Charlie before Eddie, "now this is Horton's scene, so don't try to steal it." Then with his own hands he'd place Charlie a little nearer the camera than Horton. After the scene he'd beckon for Horton. "Aha, you see that Ruggles step up and steal your scene? You see it, eh? Well, you going to let him get away with it?" he'd egg him on.

OR next time he'd move Eddie up in Ruggles' scene and whisper to Charlie, "See, what did I tell you. That guy Horton is stealing your scenes. Better start something."

At the conclusion of the picture, with Eddie and Charlie still friends, Lubitsch sent them an invitation to the preview. He wrote:

"Dear Eddie, come see Ruggles steal the whole picture away from you. What did I tell you about that fellow?"

And: "Dear Charlie, come see how Horton steal all your scenes. See, I warn you about that thief stealer of pictures, eh?"

But Charlie, the quiet fox, had his own way, as we've seen, of taking care of himself. So there's a good sample of why Charlie likes the movies.



Vilma Banky (remember the Colman-Banky team) returns to the American screen in "The Rebel"—playing opposite Luis Trenker, the actor-director of "The Doomed Battalion." It's a film about Napoleon's crossing of the Alps, made for Universal in Europe



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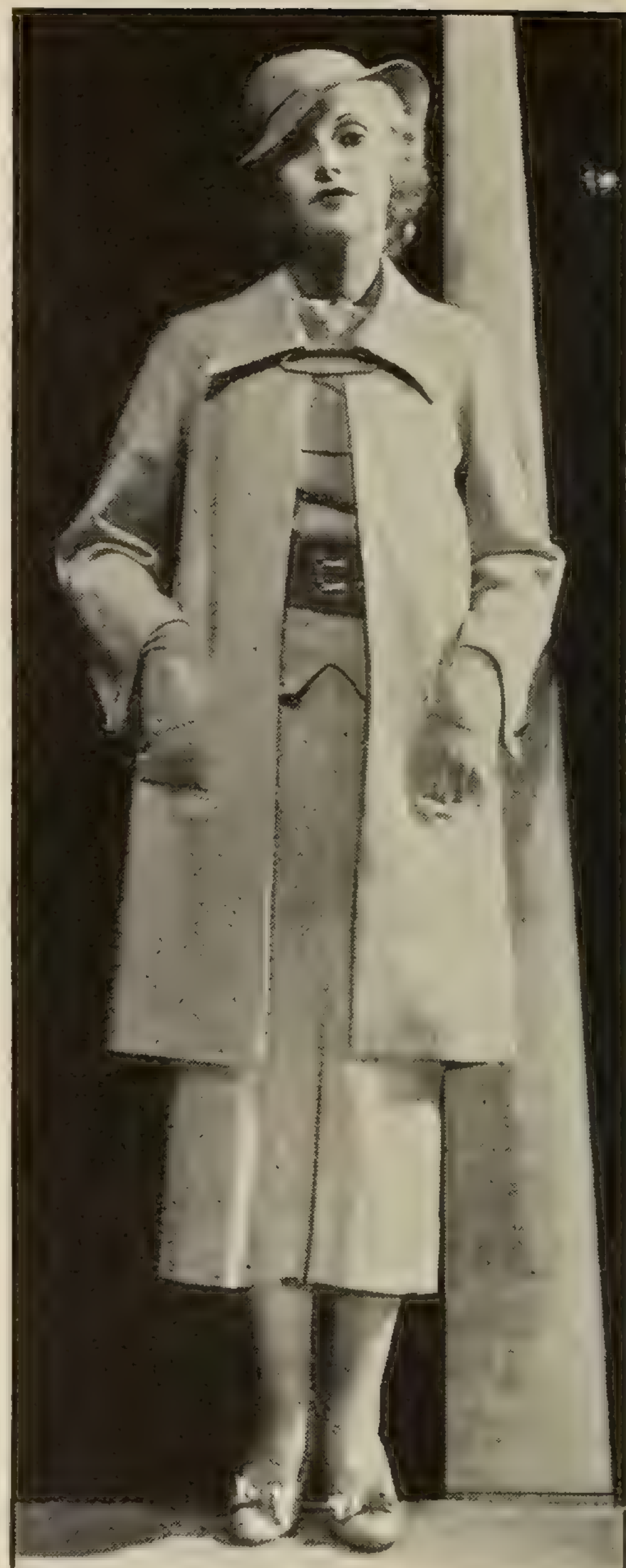


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The Gamest Girl In Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

wood, Mae met and married Lew Brice, the variety headliner, and went on tour with him. They were divorced two years later, and then Mae followed in her chum's footsteps the tortuous road to Heartbreak Town.

Mae found the path pretty tough. Trying to get somewhere, and finding yourself up against a stone wall. Mae battered against the wall, though, and got herself a test. From that she got a small rôle in a picture called "Big Time."

It wasn't, though—not very.

Then Mae freelanced, as it is called professionally; actually, she got herself a job wherever she could find one.

"I guess it's a good thing we never had much," she said quietly, "because I didn't miss it, you see. There were times when I actually didn't have a cent. Sometimes I almost wished myself back selling hot dogs at Atlantic City, so that I could eat a few."

But she got a part in "Nix on Dames," and

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Universal signed her to a long-term contract on the strength of her work. There she made eight pictures, culminating with "Waterloo Bridge." She was going up fast.

Then came the blow.

Mae had met and fallen in love with a man, a big shot in picture circles. Mae doesn't care to talk about it much, but the big diamond he gave her speaks for itself.

And then, out of a clear blue sky, he suddenly married somebody else.

The bottom dropped completely out of Mae's world.

It was shortly after that when she suffered her breakdown. Too much work, the doctors said. And perhaps it was.

Anyway, Mae went to the hospital and remained there four long months. Her contract was canceled. Everything which she had striven for, everything which she had gained, was snatched away.

When she left the hospital she had to begin all over again. But that wasn't the worst of it.

She will tell you now that she is disillusioned—that she isn't interested in men. In the next breath she will tell you that her ambition is not to crash the clouds so much as to lead the normal life of a woman, with a home, a husband and a child.

SHE'S changed, yes—superficially. But underneath she's the same Mae who, when things were going wrong, used to go home and write poetry about it.

"When I wanted to say something," she explained, "and didn't know just what it was, I'd get down my book—and it would sort of write itself."

No, Mae just didn't know when she was licked.

Since she has started again Mae has appeared in a number of pictures, among which were "Breach of Promise," "The Penguin Pool Murder" and "As the Devil Commands." She is very much in demand and received a contract for her work in "Rivets", Jack Gilbert's current film. She actually did not have time to take her make-up off between her last two rôles. It's Hollywood that's licked, now. Mae is again sitting on top of the world.

But it's only because she was game.

Hollywood Goes British

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

distracted directors and supervisors. "Where shall we find the pleasing, resonant voices we need? Where can we pick up those necessary, cultured accents?"

"Why, in England, to be sure!" announced some divine inspiration.

And that is how this "the English are very much with us" business began.

Now, Hollywood is nothing if not thorough-going. If English it was to be, Hollywood was determined, with that glint in its eye which brooks no denial, that things be very, very English indeed.

BROAD A's; Savile Row and Bond Street accoutrements; butlers and footmen; early morning tea, and tea with milk at four o'clock; horsey and doggy conversations; and an imperturbable poise which not even an earthquake could upset—were to be the order of the day.

The studios have gone to no end of trouble to see that productions live up to what is known as "good form" in merrie England.

There is a gentleman, Sir Gerald Grove, Bart. (meaning Baronet), whose sole business it is to dash about from one studio to another to correct the sort of mistakes that false butlers make in introducing fake guests. He sees to it

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that a hostess in the tropics never commits the unpardonable *faux pas* of asking the plantation overseer in for a cup of afternoon tea—when what she really means is "tiffin." In other words, he's a male Emily Post.

Then there's a lady who does much the same thing. 'Twas whispered she was Keeper of Queen Mary's Robes. She watches with a hawk's eye such details as the setting of a table. For what would be said by people *in the know* if "sweets" (dessert to you!) were not served both with a spoon and a fork! What, indeed?

Yet, despite all the bustling precautions of these etiquette engineers, British Clive Brook made a slip-up.

IT had to do with a scene in "Shanghai Express," in which a highly-polished, highly-commissioned British officer succumbs to the orchid and feathery wiles of *Shanghai Lily* (Marlene Dietrich).

Sometime during its first winter, there was a very hoity-toity benefit performance of "Shanghai Express" in London. In the box reserved for royalty sat Prince George (yes, the very same Prince George who was entertained by Doug and Mary at Pickfair), with the Duke of Connaught and a young newspaper woman. She was, to put it mildly, ill at ease. Being left alone with two such luminaries is trying. Even to a newspaper woman.

In accordance with that fine old English custom, not a word was spoken by anyone during the entire show. Three solid hours, intermission included! And since a gentlewoman shouldn't speak to a prince unless a prince first speaks to her, the distraught journalist maintained a desolate silence.

Finally, the endurance test was at an end. The lady rose. So did Prince George. He helped her on with her wrap. Still, that glacial restraint. Then quietly, His Highness turned to the Duke of Connaught. And with these words, he covered the recently-viewed picture with sod:

"No English officer would have changed into full mess kit in a railway carriage!" said he. That was the only comment made. And that was certainly *that*!

Don't tell me you haven't heard of Hollywood's Cricket Club? With its roster of impressive names that include a baronet, a knight, the British Consul and an array of important motion picture names?

AND do they take their cricket seriously? Last summer there was a test match between the distinguished Hollywood team and the champion Australian Olympic team. After seeing it, no less a sports enthusiast than Doug Fairbanks, Sr., went about contending that America had been overlooking a sport "what was a sport"!

Immediately a large studio took the hint and made an educational "short" to show the world how cricket should be played. Not to be outdone, the city of Los Angeles announced its intention of presenting a new cricket park to its English guests.

This ambitious playground is under construction right now.

Then there's that other new game that took Hollywood by storm. Everyone believed it to be a special invention of Doug, Sr., when he sprung it upon Hollywood several years ago after a visit to England. He called it *Doug-al-Dyas*.

Hollywood responded with childlike enthusiasm, as Hollywood usually does.

Sometime later, an Englishman casually remarked that what everyone seemed so hot and bothered about strongly resembled a game he used to play on the village green. The name he was accustomed to call it was badminton, although it had been better known to hearty, ale-drinking English squires for generations back as plain *battledore and shuttlecock*.

Now badminton is a near-relation of tennis—but a much less strenuous sport. None the less, Harpo Marx has gone violently badminton and indulges in exciting doubles matches with

Anita Page, Martha Sleeper and John Risso, the "pro" tennis player.

Among other badminton converts and experts are Marion Davies; Clark Gable; the Senior Fairbanks (Doug and Mary), the Junior Fairbanks (Doug, Jr. and Joan Crawford); the Gene Markeys (Joan Bennett); the John Barrymores; the John Considines, the Charles MacArthurs (Helen Hayes).

And when it comes to plumbing the depths of subtle gallantry, of tender, whimsical love-making, those two past-masters, Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall, have actually ushered in a new breed of screen lover.

There's no need to wonder, no room for argument, since Leslie conquered the citadel of female emotions in "Devotion." Just unanimous, fluttering, breath-catching acclamation from the majority of movie-going ladies in the land.

According to them, he's "a more dangerous male than twenty hairy-chested rogues."

After that red-letter performance, untold scores of women broke down and confessed that his unique brand of restrained love-making, so full of delicious raillery and banter, makes all "knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out" antics appear a trifle obvious.

NOT so long ago that same golden-haired boy (Leslie's every bit of thirty-nine and has a fourteen-year-old son) was talking to me about this and that on the RKO-Radio lot. Waiting, in his dressing-room, for a call to work on another of those Howard-Harding love scenes in "The Animal Kingdom."

"How do you explain this sudden Hollywood passion for everything British?" I asked him.

The golden-haired boy with oh-what-a-smile leaned against his dressing-room table and mused.

"It all seems to me to go back to the difference in the attitude of America and England toward the acting profession," he answered.

"For instance, my friends in New York used to consider an acting chap—well, not exactly a red-blooded he-man. And certainly not a gentleman."

"In England, on the other hand, acting is an honorable profession. A gentleman's job. As well as a man's job."

"The type of Englishman who takes up acting as his life's work is most often like the American chap who goes in for banking or law. Well-bred. Well-educated."

He smiled half apologetically, as if it might sound too much like boasting to imply that he was "that sort of English chap."

"For that very reason," he continued, "an English actor is perhaps better equipped to contribute the necessary polish, finesse and restraint demanded today by the new standard of dialogue pictures."

"Quite," said I. "And now *do* tell me what you think of the social side of this British business? Do you think we do it well? Or does it sometimes seem just a little bit funny to you, Mr. Howard?"

"We'll—uh, there's the Cricket Club," he commenced, hedging in the inimitably discreet British manner. "And there's that large and active organization, The Daughters of the British Empire. You know," he continued brightly, obviously praying to shift the subject, "they have a *passion* for your climate. They *dote* on your sunshine."

"BUT, Mr. Howard," I insisted, "you *still* haven't told me what you think of Hollywood, *real* Hollywood going British."

He smiled enigmatically. I smiled encouragingly.

We both smiled audibly.

Again he wavered. Then flashed that smile which speaks volumes without an uttered syllable—and these words, spoken from the heart.

"You see, I jolly well *couldn't*!" . . . Whereupon he grinned broadly, and hastily departed to look at some "rush" pictures of a recent scene.

Two Hundred Pounds of Irishman

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Andy says if he ever finds a girl as devoted as that dog, he'll probably marry her. Somehow, we seem to have a feeling he has already found her—in little Aline Carroll, who is a member of the Universal stock company.

Andy calls her "Mike" and she is the only person with whom he will trust Truck. That ought to prove something.

ONCE when I had the chance, I asked Mike what trait she admired most in Andy, aside from the ones that meet the eye.

She thought for a moment. "Andy's a funny boy."

"He gives the best he has to whatever he is doing—and when he finishes it, he never looks back."

"For instance, we went to the preview of 'The Man From Yesterday.'"

"Naturally, all the actors were watching their performances intently. All but Andy. He was *sound asleep*."

"Andy never says 'Look what I did.' He never even says 'Look what I'm doing.' He just does it."

YOU'D guess that if you saw him the other day, when he lumbered into the Universal restaurant, just off the set from playing what he calls "the lion's chambermaid" in "The Big Cage."

His circus uniform had all the snug, neat fit of an elephant's hide, and he wore a pair of enormous rubber overshoes.

"What size are those things?" we asked, fascinated with the idea that any one man should carry them around.

"Oh, I wouldn't know. They're *over size* twelve shoes."

He took off the funny looking helmet, and the mane of shaggy hair escaped back into



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his eyes, while the rear fringe draped over his collar.

"I've been looking forward—or rather, my girl has—to the day when I could get a haircut. Said she couldn't tell which one was the lion. Now the boss says to leave it that way for the next one. It's to be a Swede boy ... But I'm on. He's just protecting himself for the retakes on 'The Big Cage.'"

And Andy roars with good-natured laughter. That's Andy. Out-size, ponderous, happy-natured kid—with the rare sweetness of an unspoiled child—and a strong undercurrent of sensitive, susceptible Irishman. He lives life in an easy measured tempo—never hurried, never important. Imagine Andy going temperamental! Imagine Queen Mary doing a rhumba!

My Sister, Ann Harding

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

and live with them. Ann had sense enough to take her advice that she look upon a summer of stock as a valuable lesson in the A-B-C's of this trade upon which she was embarking. So Ann went back to the manager very humbly and said that if the spot were still available she would be glad to take it, provided they would cover up her hair and find out whether or not she could act. The request was fulfilled with a vengeance—her first part was that of a colored maid!

Although living expenses were cut down to a minimum, it took strict adherence to a budget to make the books balance each week. Washing and ironing all her clothes, sometimes going without sufficient food in order to provide her costumes, saving precious nickels and dimes by walking instead of riding whenever possible—these and a hundred other economies became second nature to her.

From this stock engagement Ann came back to Broadway, having saved enough to live during final rehearsals of "Like A King." The play was a two-week flop in New York.

Her next engagement with "The Lonely Heart" played one week in Baltimore and closed forever. However, as soon as it was known that she was free, she was sent for and offered a star part. The manager gave her the part book.

She glanced through the pages and, finding eighty-five "sides," handed it back to him, shaking her head.

"I'm afraid I'm not ready to carry eighty-five sides of anything so that it would be interesting," she told him, quite frankly.

"Read it to me, Ann, and let me decide," suggested the manager.

"No," she replied definitely, "I happen to be quite teachable and you could probably train me to play the part so that it would not hurt the play, but I don't know enough about acting for it to do me any good personally."

JASPER DEETER had done his job well—he had not only directed her into a superb performance in "Inheritors," on the strength of which she received all subsequent offers during the next four years, but he had implanted in her mind his theory that greatness as an actor could never be attained through a parrot-like mimicry. Her attitude in refusing many of these parts was, of course, incomprehensible to the managers, as was her refusal to be starred; but she knew that she was not ready. After a few experiences of this nature she decided she might better go back for another season of stock. Her one thought now was to build the foundation firmly, to go slowly, but in the right direction, until she should reach the top through a logical process of development. With this in view, Ann accepted the standing offer to return to the same stock company, this time as ingénue in Providence, for the Winter season.

From ingénue in Providence she went straight to Detroit as leading woman, filling the place left vacant by Katherine Cornell. In Detroit she was so underpaid that she could not possibly afford to buy the numerous gowns required from week to week, so she sat up until three or four o'clock in the morning sewing and learning lines. As the average

weekly wardrobe items were an afternoon dress, negligee, suit, hat, shoes, accessories, two evening dresses, an evening wrap and a coat, every week found her still sewing frantically during the Monday rehearsal for that night's opening. She played through many illnesses, even insisting upon doing "Peter Pan" with a broken ankle! That year of stock broke down her unbelievably magnificent constitution and called upon reserves which she may never get back.

FINALLY she completely lost her voice—there was nothing left but a croak. Never having received instruction in how to place the voice properly, it had finally failed her—and nearly cost her an engagement on Broadway which marked a turning point in her career. She had received a wire from John Cromwell, who wanted to talk to her about playing in "Tarnish." He remembered her in "Inheritors," two years before. Ann came into New York and talked with him and Gilbert Emery, the author, but the sound of her voice came to them as a shock, to say the least. They practically withdrew the offer but, after a lengthy conference, decided to give her the part providing she could recapture the voice in time to play it. On the strength of very good advice, she went to Samuel Kayser, who resuscitated the lovely voice.

With two solid years of stock to her credit, Ann felt that now she should be able to handle the part of *Tishie* in "Tarnish"; moreover, it was not a star part, but one of five equally good ones. The play went into rehearsal in the Spring and out on the road for the usual two week tryout.

After the tryout she was fired. This was not the *Tishie* they wanted—where was *Madeline*? Who was this new girl who ran through her lines very deftly and superficially, but failed to catch at the hearts of the audience with that breath-taking quality that had been hers?

In the bewilderment of defeat, Ann went to Deeter to find out why she had failed. She found him living with his sister in Rose Valley, Pennsylvania, and, as usual in finding "Jap," found a theater. He had put on "Candida" with whatever local talent he could find, in an old mill which had been converted (more or less) into a theater.

SHE confessed that she had been let out of the cast of "Tarnish," concluding with the admission that it was probably quite just, and that she deserved it. However, she told him that she felt she would never be an actress if all the work she had done in stock had not been enough to teach her her job. And then she learned from Deeter that stock had taught her facility, many tricks, unworthy shortcuts to an effect, but that in the space of those two years she had already begun to destroy in herself the thing that was acting.

In order to bring her back to the original feeling of her remarkable performance at the Provincetown Playhouse, he called his skeleton troupe together and put on "Inheritors." That performance marked the birth of the Hedgerow Theater. She once again discovered the joy of meaning what she said, before she

spoke from a stage, instead of spouting words like a parrot.

Just as Jap was about to close the theater for the Fall, along came a wire from New York, to the startling effect that she was to open cold on Broadway in "Tarnish."

Gilbert Emery, with an author's power of veto, had refused to sanction any other casting in the part. She returned to the cast with an entirely different performance, not only on account of Deeter's specific coaching in that very part, but with a growth in acting which had taken place during that unforgettable summer at Hedgerow.

"Tarnish" proved a smash hit overnight. Ann was the talk of the town with the one performance. I remember the notices—one critic was forced to resort to poetry at the end of his review—banner headlines in all the papers. All Ann remembers of that opening night and the wave of praise, the tumult and the shouting, was Deeter's hands roughly shaking her shoulders, his eyes glaring, as he shouted above the din—

"The town may be crazy about you, but you gave them a damn sight less than I expected!"

TO Ann's way of thinking, that meant she had missed fire, and the fact that she had fallen short of all he required of her as an artist made the praises of New York seem nothing. As a matter of fact, she was ridiculously well cast; her faults happened to be virtues in that particular rôle. But she had needed the brake of Deeter's criticism and the next performance was such an improvement upon the first that Ann ceased to worry and gave her entire thought to putting all she had into the part.

Ann went from "Tarnish" into "The Horse Thief," with George Marion, which opened in

Chicago, had a successful run in that city, but was rewritten and retitled "Thoroughbreds" for New York, where it failed to arouse the interest of the theater-going public and closed after a short run. She knew full well she would be panned in it, which she was, very thoroughly. One of the kindest of the criticisms ran—"Ann Harding played the girl—we liked her in 'Tarnish.'"

THAT settled the question—she knew that she needed more intensive work at Hedgerow with Deeter. As a person, she had never known an established home as most people know it—the nomadic wanderings of an Army family preclude that precious taking of root in one memory-crowded spot. But as an actress, "Hedgerow" implies to Ann all that the other means to those who have known a home. Whenever she was hurt, bewildered or lost in this world of the theater, there was just one haven, one clear solution to the puzzle—"Hedgerow."

So, the night that the play closed she was all packed up, her suitcase was stowed into her dilapidated roadster and after the performance she set out at midnight for Philadelphia and Hedgerow, leaving no forwarding address behind her.

Weary, dejected, Ann finds peace and renewed spirit in Hedgerow—then, the following spring, began her real climb to enduring fame. How she won acclaim on the stage—her meeting and marriage with Harry Bannister—and how she was all but pitch-forked into the movies, while recovering from the birth of her child—these will be told next month.



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After being fired as artificial from the cast of "Tarnish," Ann spent a summer training, was given another chance—and proved a sensation in her first real Broadway appearance. Here is one of the tense moments in that success—when she learns the truth about Emmett (Tom Powers), and is struggling to remember that when all was said and done, "men are a bad lot, and dirty, too; the thing to do is to find one that cleans easy"

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Ex-Wives for Dinner

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

"I know, I know," Leatrice sympathizes. "Here, wipe your tears on my hanky."

"My Gawd, my Gawd," Jack mumbles with numb lips.

Ina is briskly carving the roast.

"Virginia, dearest," she admonishes, "this meat is too rare."

"Oh, what is so rare as a roast in June?" Perkins flips, fully recovered and skipping merrily around and around the table.

"My Gawd, my Gawd," breathes Jack.

"PERKINS, leave the room," Leatrice commands while Jack reaches over and, with a shaking and trembling arm pours the cold gravy over his still throbbing head.

"Rare meat always made Jack do a nip-up," Ina explains.

"It was oysters," Leatrice contradicts, "oysters in Worcestershire sauce. I remember well the night—"

"It was beef—rare," Ina flings back. "I remember several nights."

"It was—"

"My Gawd, my Gawd," Jack groans.

Ina and Leatrice finish the roast.

"You see, dear," Ina explains to Virginia, "we thought it only fair, Leatrice and I, to give you (being the sweet thing you are) the benefit of our knowledge and experience as Gilbert wives."

"Now, Virginia, about not letting him roam through his cactus garden in his bare feet—I believe I would if I were you. It only aggravates John to be crossed."

"And double-crossed—" Leatrice advises. "We never double-crossed Jack, no matter what—"

"You mean re-doubled, don't you?" Ina asked. "For instance, if you have four no trump in your hand—"

"My Gawd, my Gawd," mumbles John.

The butler staggers in with the dessert. Custard tarts with whipped cream.

"Divine," Ina squeals, biting a piece out of Jack's tart. "But, dearest Virginia, it's too sweet. Sweets always gave John the burps."

"Ina, dear, don't be vulgar," Leatrice remarks from her chair arm.

"Vulgar," screeches Ina. "Why even the Barrymores have burps," and instantly the place is a riot of confusion. On one side of the table are Ina and Leatrice. On the other, Jack, Virginia and Perkins.

Tarts are flying madly from Ina to Jack, Jack to Leatrice.

The faces of the contestants are whipped cream from forehead to chin.

TARTS, huge ones, piled with whipped cream come tripping in from the kitchen to join in the fray.

They leap upon the tortured Jack. They shake him.

"Sir, sir—" their voices say, toning down from high squeaks to a soft whisper.

"Sir—it's time you were up. You're due at the studio in half an hour."

Jack awakes and looks about startled.

Perkins is bending over him.

"I've been trying to wake you, sir," he says. "It's very late."

"I've had a dream," Jack groans. "A horrible dream, Perkins."

"Yes, sir. I expect it was too many oysters, sir. In Worcestershire sauce. And then the beef was a bit rare, sir, and that tart with whipped cream—"

"Don't, don't," pleads Jack, "don't ever mention tarts with whipped cream."

"My Gawd, my Gawd," he groans and groans and then sinks back in the pillows, reaching out with trembling hand for the decanter of ice-water. Which he poured over his aching, feverish head.

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STREET ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

How Sylvia Changed "Carol of the Curves"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

You'll notice that I occasionally let her have a tiny piece of angel cake or, as I just told you, the prune whip. But in each case it was very little; a rare treat. That tiny bit occasionally won't hurt you—but you've got to use discretion.

CAROLE was one of those grand, happy-go-lucky persons. And everybody loved her. From the time she first came into my room to be treated until she left, the telephone was ringing constantly; people asking for her. From the errand boys to the actors, they all loved her. She didn't take herself or anybody else seriously. She had a grand, cheerful grin. She was always ready for a party. She loved to dance and laugh and I'm telling you that's half the battle in being beautiful and lovely.

Then I heard that her contract had not been renewed, and the way she took it is a wonderful example for everyone. I saw her the morning she was told.

"Hello, darling, how do you feel?" I asked.

"I feel great," she said. "This is the best thing that ever happened to me. There are two other blondes of about my type on this lot. I'll do much better somewhere else."

I knew that she was just putting up a brave front. But her prophesy came true. She did do much better somewhere else. So just take Carole's attitude for your own. In Hollywood—or anywhere else—you can't let people see when you're down. Keep a stiff upper lip. Believe me, that attitude will do more to give your face character and even real beauty than anything I know. As for your figure—well, you've got to work on that!

And here's the funny part about Carole Lombard. No—I'll take that back. It isn't funny, it's grand. She never put on fat again. Because—*she used her common sense!* Even after she left me she kept up exercises for reducing. She danced a lot, which is a fine reducer. And she was sensible about her food.

She did not have to stay on a strict diet; she just had to be sensible, choose her foods well, and not overeat. Gosh—how I wish I could train all you girls to do that. And I wish I could train you to work as Carole did to get thin.

The kid used to scream while I was giving her a treatment. Bill Boyd's dressing-room was right next to my treating bungalow. He and Bob Armstrong used to yell out, "Don't tell me you're doing that for your art's sake."

"She's doing it for art's sake and for my sake and for her own sake," I used to yell back.

Carole reduced because she had to. You see, they decided—before I came on the lot—that she should be a dramatic actress instead of a Sennett girl. They gave her a test and her acting was fine—but her figure! That was her incentive to get thin. She knew she would never succeed on the screen unless she was thin. After she was thin, it is true that her first big dramatic part was in a terrible picture. It wasn't her fault that the picture was bad and her contract wasn't renewed. But now—look at her. She isn't afraid of the biggest dramatic part they can hand her!

THERE'S just one more thing that I want to tell you about Carole. She had been in a very bad automobile accident before she came to that studio. It had left a scar on her cheek. Did she cry and moan about it? She did not. She didn't pay any attention to it—but went right on.

And because of her attitude I tell you that scar is actually attractive.

Believe me, you girls and women can learn a lot from Carole.

And—what's more—if you want to be the Lombard type don't forget that you can reduce from a size sixteen to a twelve. I know—because I did it for Carole and, if you will follow my instructions, I can do the same for you!



How Do Sportswomen Manage?

Cup winners can't be quitters—whatever the time of month. The woman who competes for honors in any field of sport must take her sporting chance with Nature. Any strenuous match may suddenly bring on her sickness. A busy season of practice and play makes no allowance for discomfort or pain of menstruation. Midol will meet this emergency — as many active women know. Midol tablets have emancipated women from the dread of regular pain—from the need of giving in to such suffering—from suffering at all.

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No matter how hard a time you have always had, Midol carries you through your monthly periods in perfect comfort. Don't stand in the dark. Don't doubt a discovery which has been verified by the medical profession and proven to the satisfaction of more than a million women. Your druggist has these tablets in a slim little box that fits the smallest purse or pocket. Just ask for Midol.

Answers By Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

ting very little results. Can you give me some other exercise?

A. M. N., Biloxi, Miss.

Just those exercises alone won't do the trick. You've got to build up all over your body. Follow the building-up diet which you have probably already read and—this is really important—go to bed by nine o'clock three nights a week.

Get just as much sleep as you can—nine or even ten hours a night. But keep up the exercises.

You should put on weight and then shape your legs with the exercises.

Dear Sylvia:

I have, thanks to you, lost a lot of weight and am down to an almost perfect 36, but I have lost considerable in my face and neck. Kindly advise what to do for a skinny neck and face.

M. S., Chicago, Ill.

Isn't it swell that you've lost weight? Now you see—you other girls—it can be done. Now that you've lost the weight you must begin to work on your face and neck. To build up the neck spread a generous amount of cold cream on your hands. With the palm of your left hand rub down on your neck from the tip of the

chin to the chest. Then rub up with the back of your right hand from the chest to the tip of the chin.

Then slap your chin with the backs of both hands. This will make the neck firm.

Now for your face. Use plenty of cold cream and massage with the tips of the fingers in a rotary movement from the point of the chin to just below the cheek bones right at the ears. At this point press hard, making your fingers tremble, like a vibrator. This stimulates the entire face.

Press in the same way on the bone at the outer corners of the eyes, and then very gently massage the outer corners of the eyes with a rotary movement.

When you've done all that, wipe all the cold cream off, bathe the face in lukewarm water and then wear out a chunk of ice rubbing on your face and neck.

Dear Sylvia:

Does it hurt to wear girdles? I am awfully thin and my clothes look much better with a girdle, but have been wondering if they are harmful.

V. L. B., Chicago, Ill.

By all means wear your girdle. A good foundation garment is absolutely necessary to any woman who wants a beautiful figure.

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| ☐ EDWARD G. ROBINSON | ☐ JOHN BOLES | ☐ CHESTERMORRIS |
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If You've Wondered About Diana—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

"that I should again be playing the part of a mother whose heart is broken by war, as I did in 'Cavalcade.' But I don't mind, really. I feel so strongly about it. Every word I say about it, comes right from the heart."

As if we, who had listened, hadn't felt it.

SHE was off for another retake.

Somehow, you would know by just looking at Diana Wynyard, that anything she decided to do, would be done right. And in the proper manner. Without any mistakes, or flutter-budging about.

So, after a surprising success in a school play, Diana decided to be an actress.

And set about being one in a straight-forward, business-like way.

She talked it over quietly with her family, who agreed she should try it.

After graduation, she hired a private tutor and, day after day, hour after hour, she studied stage technique. She learned what to do with her hands. With her voice. How to walk on and off. How to get the most out of every line. Every word. And then she was ready for her debut. But not as a star, remember. Or a featured player. No, not even as a bit player. Diana made her debut as one of the guests in the cabaret scene of "The Grand Duchess." That was all. Just one of the mob.

Then she felt ready for a stock company. So, for forty weeks, she toured England with a traveling stock company, playing forty different rôles in the forty weeks.

More months of touring about with second companies, followed her stock experience. And then, she was ready for leads on the London stage. And ready is the word. Her first success came with Walter Hackett in "Sorry You've Been Troubled," and when a single benefit performance of "The Devil Passes" was given, Diana was invited to play the lead.

"If you ever decide to produce this play," she asked them, "may I have the lead?" So that is presumably how Diana Wynyard came to America in "The Devil Passes." And how, when the movies spotted her, she came to Hollywood for "Rasputin" and "Cavalcade."

In between making "Cavalcade," she dashed back and forth to the M-G-M studios for rehearsals and retakes of "Rasputin" with the Barrymores. Certainly you remember the story of how that went on and on, far into the night. And when "Cavalcade" was completed, she went right into the cast of "Men Must Fight."

SUDDENLY a messenger from the publicity department. "Your speech for tonight, Miss Wynyard," he said.

"Speech?" she asked him in alarm.

"Yes, it's what you're to say over the radio."

"But, I only wanted to say how grateful I am to be in 'Cavalcade,'" she said.

Her opening! Her big night! The première of "Cavalcade." We had forgotten it.

Again we were plunged into the late afternoon excitement that precedes a huge opening.

Smart gray trucks from smart flower shops were dashing about. Stars were flitting from shop to beauty parlor. Everyone was in a bustle and flurry of excitement, getting ready.

And the star? The one for whom all this brilliance was intended? Her first opening? Where was she?

Inside a studio sound stage she stood. Years and miles from the outside world that whirled about her.

Speaking lines that even the thought of the glory awaiting her could not rob of their depth and beauty. "Woman, behold thy son," we could still hear her say.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Clive Brook
Kathleen Burke
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Patricia Farley
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns

Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Kate Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Charles Starrett
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel
Frank Atkinson
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Marion Burns
Frank Craven
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Bert Hanlon
Lilian Harvey
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Alexander Kirkland

Howard Lally
Elissa Landi
Alan Livingston
Boots Mallory
Philip Merivale
Jose Mojica
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Una O'Connor
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Genevieve Tobin
Merle Tottenham
Spencer Tracy
June Vladek
Irene Ware
Harry Woods

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Chic Chandler
Creighton Chaney
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Wera Engels
Betty Furness
William Gargan
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding

Katharine Hepburn
Arlene Judge
Tom Keene
Edear Kennedy
Eric Linden
Anita Louise
Joel McCrea
Mary Mason
Gregory Ratoff
Sandra Shaw
John Warburton
Bert Wheeler
Dorothy Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Phyllis Barry
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Lili Damita
Melvyn Douglas
Billie Dove

Douglas Fairbanks
Greta Granstedt
Ruth Hall
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Tim McCoy

Adolphe Menjou
Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Ben Blue
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Stan Laurel

Dorothy Layton
Our Gang
ZaSu Pitts
Thelma Todd

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Nils Asther
Ethel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Sari Maritza
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Claire DuBrey
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Hedda Hopper

Benita Hume
Walter Huston
Buster Keaton
Muriel Kirkland
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Colleen Moore
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Ernest Truex
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
Vince Barnett
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
Andy Devine

Karloff
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
Loretta Andrews
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxine Cantway
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Gear
Eleanor Holm
Ann Hovey

Harold Huber
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jayne Shaddock
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.



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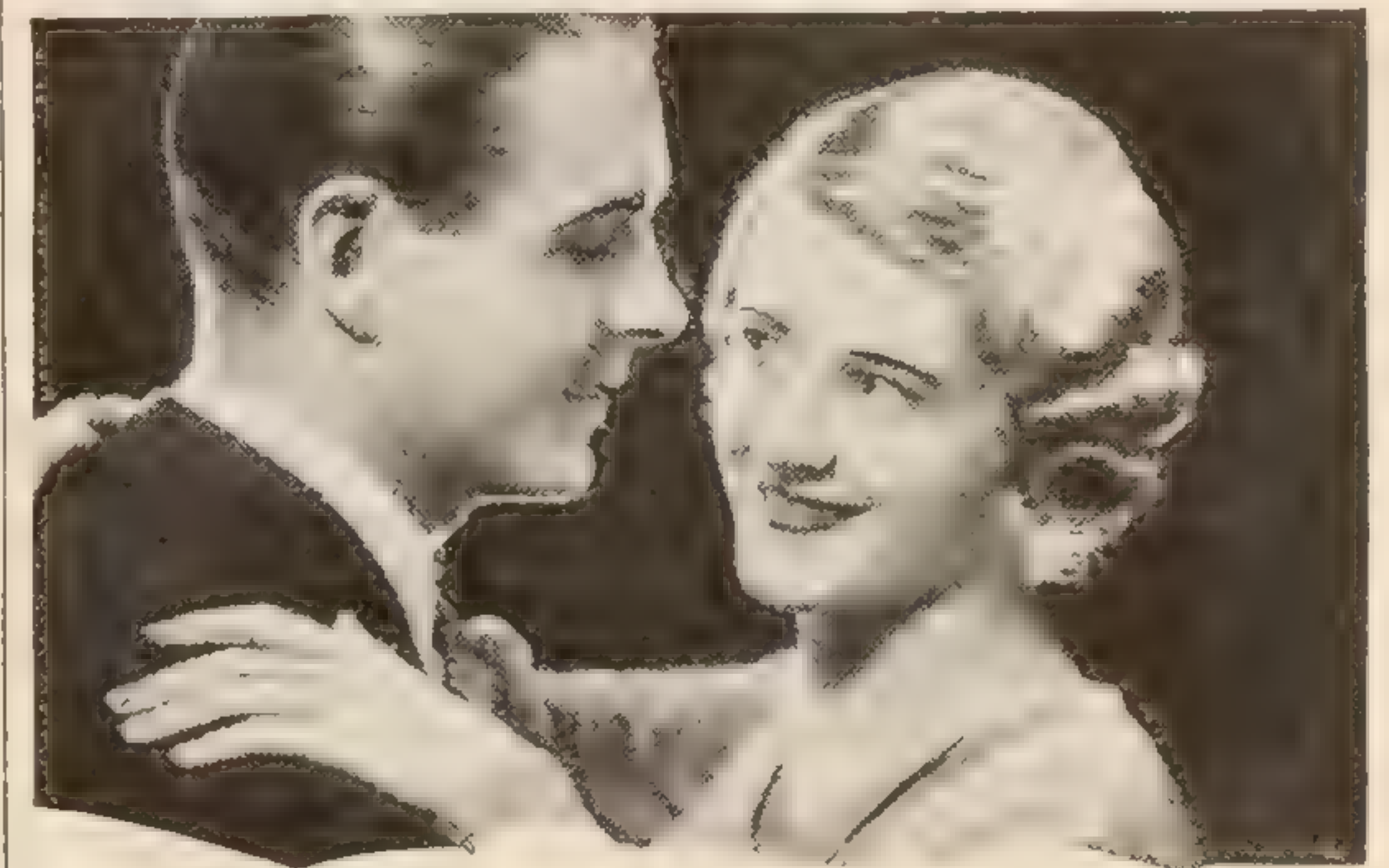
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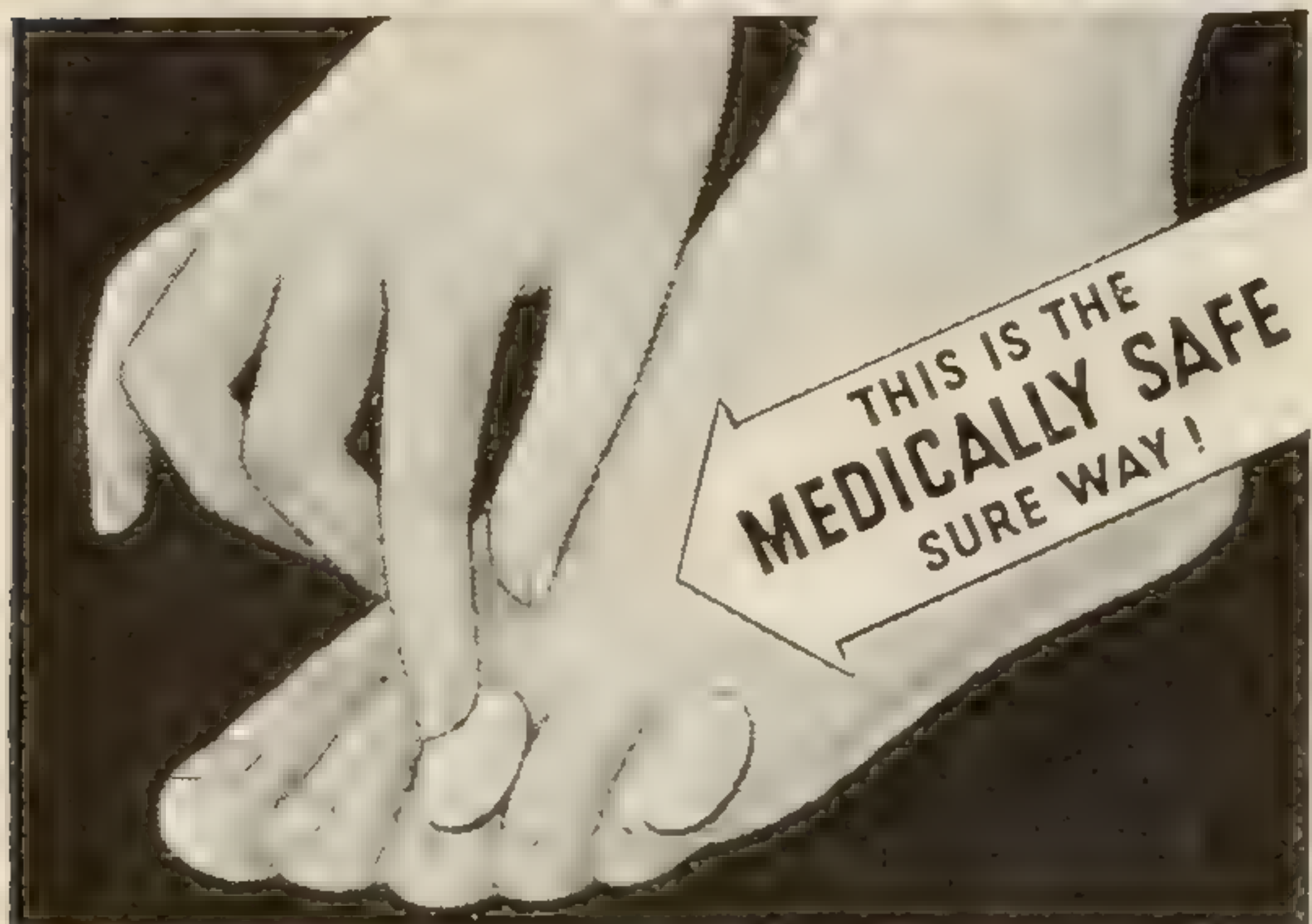
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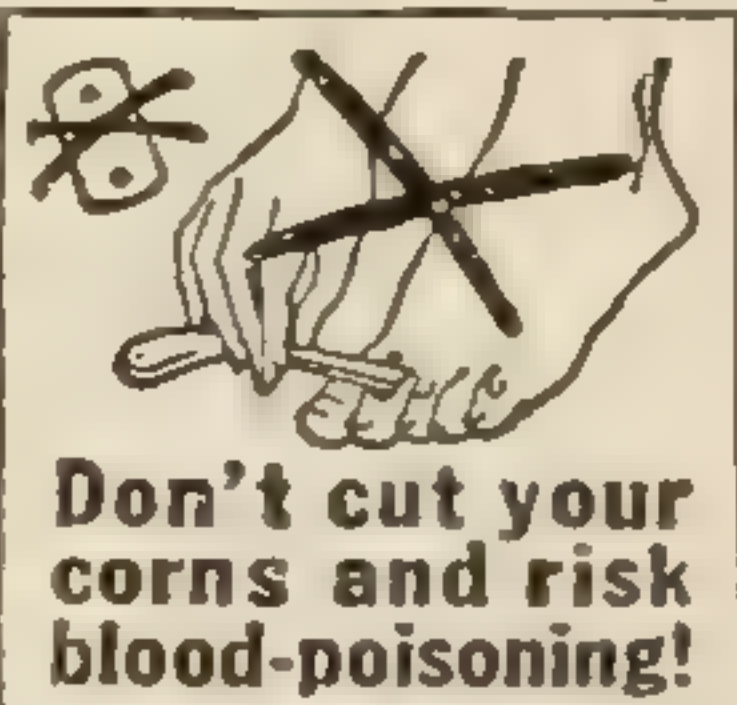
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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

FOR all that the World War was obsessing everyone, and we were sufficiently agog about D. W. Griffith's war picture, "Hearts of the World," to lead the April, 1918, issue with a story about the hero, Bobby Harron, April seemed above all to be a month for chronicling discoveries of new stars.

Connie Talmadge was basking in the sunburst of popular acclaim won by her first work—as *The Mountain Girl* in Griffith's "Intolerance"—while Mary Pickford, no less, had noticed a promising youngster in the company which supported her in "The Little Princess," and told Charlie Chaplin about the newcomer. Charlie decided to try her—and thus ZaSu Pitts moved several notches up the ladder to fame.

Another chap who drew an article by his promising work was one Richard Barthelmess. He was twenty-two then, and we remarked that he was now getting good juvenile rôles, after



Richard Barthelmess

five years of doing character old men—a curious start for Dick! From the pictures we re-produced, he seemed to have done old men well, too.

The business of inducing more and better emoting by having appropriate music played during the shooting, received considerable attention, with revelations of what tunes made the various great ones cry to best advantage. Mae Murray's tears flowed best, we said, when she heard Irving Berlin's "When I Lost You,"

while Mary Pickford could let herself in for a good weep by having the musicians do Cadman's "Land of the Sky Blue Water." And speaking of Mary, we chronicled her "Stella Maris" as her first real acting vehicle.

Theda Bara still was the reigning vamp, as indicated by a full-page picture, and we showed cut-outs of Buster Keaton and Fatty Arbuckle working up slapstick gags. The cover sported a portrait of Elsie Ferguson.

10 Years Ago

WHAT a fluid, fast-shifting scene this picture world is—with only here and there some enduring favorite to hold things together! Among these mentioned in our issue of April, 1923, who figured five years before that, five years after, and who still are with us, are Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, the Barrymores, Mae Marsh and Harold Lloyd. Ten years ago this month we chronicled Harold's marriage to Mildred Davis. Mary was vacillating between "Dorothy Vernon" and "Faust" for her next, and the others were "tween pictures." Oh, yes—we mustn't forget Charlie Chaplin! We reviewed "The Pilgrim" that month, and noted his engagement to Pola Negri. Likewise the fact that these two, the Fairbankses, and others were planning an independent company to escape so-called poor pictures provided by producers. Valentino was still on strike for that reason, and writing his life story for us.



Ramon Novarro

Richard Barthelmess, noted in 1918 as a promising juvenile, had just done "Fury," a sea-going tale, and we said his work marked him as "one of the few conscientious stars of our screen." Incidentally, likeness of figure enabled him, in "The Bright Shawl," to use the stage costumes worn by John Barrymore in "Peter Ibbetson."

Among newcomers the great shining light was Ramon Novarro, just out with his first smash hit, "Where the Pavement

Ends." Jobyna Ralston had been named Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady. Reports from Paris had it that Doug Jr.'s mother, Mrs. James Evans, was to finance his entry into stardom, while Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson were finishing "Bella Donna" and "Prodigal Daughters," the respective vehicles with which they expected to settle which one was to be queen prima donna. Barbara La Marr on the cover.

5 Years Ago



Greta Garbo

IN April, 1928, the line-up begins to seem quite present-day, for all that the great "talkies" earthquake, with its wholesale quenching of starlight, was only a few months away. Admirers of "Smilin' Through" and "Strange Interlude" will be amused to read that Norma Shearer said she would play one year after she and Irving Thalberg returned from their belated honeymoon, then curtains for her! Clara Bow finished her sprightly "life story" for us, and took occasion to explain the whys and wherefores of her successive engagements to Gilbert Roland, Victor Fleming and Gary Cooper. Gary was new then, and worked with her in "Children of Divorce." She helped him and liked him—but he was jealous, as Clara saw it.

But ah—enter a Star of Stars! Greta Garbo (yes, the "Greta" was right then) had been setting the land adither with her scintillant screen charm—so we persuaded her to tell

her life story, starting with this issue. She related her start—breaking into the Dramatic School of the Royal Theater of Stockholm; and probably Garbo admirers would murder us for the picture we printed, showing her landing, *sans* glamour, for her American debut.

Speaking of Garbo—five years ago we tried finding out which of our stars came nearest matching the Greek gods in physical perfection. Who won? Well,

Richard Arlen came closest to matching Apollo, and Joan Crawford was practically a duplicate of Venus. Also, combined measurements of the leaders were almost identical with those of the ancients—which may or may not prove anything.

Speaking of Joan, heroine of "Rain"—it was five years ago this month that we reviewed the silent version, with Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore. They called it "Sadie Thompson." The cover? Esther Ralston.

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 60-65) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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WOLF & DESSAUER,
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L. S. AYRES & COMPANY, INC.,
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"AIR HOSTESS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Grace Perkins. Screen play by Keene Thompson and Milton Raison. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *Kitty King*, Evalyn Knapp; *Ted Hunter*, James Murray; *Dick Miller*, Arthur Pierson; *Ma Kearns*, Jane Darwell; *Pa Kearns*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Sylvia Carleton*, Thelma Todd; *Mike*, Mike Donlin; *Spike*, Dutch Hendrian.

"AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Keene Thompson. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Jane Chase*, Mae Clarke; *Waldo*, Alan Dinehart; *David Graham*, Neil Hamilton; *Duncan*, Charles Sellon; *Malcolm*, Charles Coleman; *Morgan*, John Sheehan.

"BEHIND JURY DOORS"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Frank E. Fenton. Screen play by John Thomas Neville. Directed by Reeves Eason. The cast: *Elsa Lanfield*, Helen Chandler; *Steve Mannon*, William Collier, Jr.; *Mrs. Lanfield*, Blanche Friderici; *Casey*, Franklin Parker; *George Fisher*, John Davidson; *Arthur Corbett*, Walter Miller; *Gus Mauger*, Richard Cramer; *Ma Mauger*, Jessie Arnold; *Halliday*, Lewis Natheaux; *Maimie*, Patsy Cunningham; *William Wegand*, James Gordon; *James Collins*, Arthur Loft; *Emil Lanfield*, Gordon DeMain.

"BE MINE TONIGHT"—GAUMONT BRITISH-UNIVERSAL.—From the story by I. V. Cube and A. Joseph. Adapted by John Orton. Directed by Anatol Litwak. The cast: *Ferraro*, Jan Kiepura; *Mathilde*, Magda Schneider; *Korelsky*, Sonnie Hale; *Parlegg*, Edmund Gwenn; *His Wife*, Athene Seyler; *Ferraro's Manager*, Betty Chester; *Balthasar*, Aubrey Mather.

"BIG DRIVE, THE"—FIRST DIVISION.—Compiled by A. L. Rule from war films taken from the government archives of the nations involved in the World War.

"BLONDIE JOHNSON"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Screen play by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Blondie*, Joan Blondell; *Curley*, Chester Morris; *Gladys*, Claire Dodd; *Max Wagner*, Arthur Vinton; *Louis*, Allen Jenkins; *Eddie*, Olin Howland; *Scannell*, Earle Foxe; *Mae*, Mae Busch; *Manager*, Joe Cawthorn; *Red*, Sterling Holloway; *Freddie*, Sam Godfrey; *Lulu*, Toshia Mori; *Joe*, Donald Kirke; *Hype*, Tom Kennedy; *Swede*, Tom Wilson.

"CLEAR ALL WIRES"—M-G-M.—From the play by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Continuity by Delmer Daves. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Buckley Joyce Thomas*, Lee Tracy; *Kate*, Benita Hume; *Dolly*, Una Merkel; *Lefty*, James Gleason; *Pettingwaite*, Alan Edwards; *Prince Alexander*, Eugene Sigaloff; *Kostya*, Ari Kutai; *Commissar*, C. Henry Gordon; *Eugenie*, Lya Lys; *MacKenzie*, Lawrence Grant; *Sozanoff*, John Melvin Bleifer; *J. H. Stevens*, Guy Usher.

"CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Walter Maria Espe. Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Brian Marlow. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Dr. Emil Brandt*, Jean Hersholt; *Mrs. Freda Brandt*, Wynne Gibson; *Dan McKee*, Stuart Erwin; *Doris Brandt*, Frances Dee; *Lieut. Frank Martin*, David Landau; *Gilbert Reid*, Gordon Westcott; *Capt. Tim Riley*, Robert Elliott; *Eric Ericson*, Torben Meyer; *Hilda Ericson*, Bodil Rosing; *Philip Ames*, Samuel S. Hines; *James Brandt*, William Janney.

"DANGEROUSLY YOURS"—FOX.—From the novel by Paul Herve Fox. Screen play by Horace Jackson. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Andrew Burke*, Warner Baxter; *Claire Roberts*, Miriam Jordan; *Groves*, Herbert Mundin; *Josephine Horton*, Florence Eldridge; *Mrs. Sarah Latham*, Florence Roberts; *Lady Gregory*, Nella Walker; *Dr. Rider*, Arthur Hoyt; *Theodore Brill*, Tyrell Davis; *George Carr*, William Davidson; *Kassim*, Mischa Auer; *Tony*, Edmund Burns; *White*, Robert Greig.

"DARING DAUGHTERS"—TOWER PROD.—From the story by Sam Mintz. Adapted by Barry Barringer and F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Terry Cummings*, Marian Marsh; *Alan Preston*, Kenneth Thomson; *Betty Cummings*, Joan Marsh; *Joby Johnson*, Bert Roach; *Edgar Barrett*, Allen Vincent; *Gwen Moore*, Lita Chevret; *Lawton*, Richard Tucker; *Hubbard*, Arthur Hoyt; *Grandmother*, Florence Roberts; *Roy Andrews*, Bryant Washburn, Jr.; *Helen Delk*, Charlotte Merriam.

"DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK" (The Captain of Koepenick)—CARL ZUCKMAYER PROD.—From the play by Carl Zuckmayer. Directed by Richard Oswald. The cast: *Wilhelm Voigt*, Max Adalbert; *Kallenberg*, Willi Schur; *A. Wormser*, Military Tailor; *Hermann Vallentin*; *Wabschke*

Cutter at Wormser's Shop, Emil Wabschke; *Willy Wormser's Son*, Peter Wolf; *Dr. Obermueller*, Max Guelstorff; *Marie Hoprecht*, Voigt's Sister, Ilse Fuerstenberg; *Friedrich Hoprecht*, Her Husband, Friedrich Kayssler; *Mrs. Obermueller*, Kaethe Haack; *Sergeant Kilian*, Hermann Speelmans; *Colonel*, Paul Otto; *Passport Commissioner*, Alfred Beierle; *President of Police*, Heinrich Schroth.

"EX-LADY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin. Screen play by David Boehm. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Helen Bauer*, Bette Davis; *Don Peterson*, Gene Raymond; *Hugo Van Hugh*, Frank McHugh; *Nick Malwyn*, Monroe Owsley; *Iris Van Hugh*, Claire Dodd; *Peggy Smith*, Kay Strozzi; *Mr. Smith*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *The Father*, Alphonse Ethier; *The Mother*, Bodil Rosing.

"FROM HELL TO HEAVEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From a play by Lawrence Hazard. Screen play by Percy Heath and Sidney Buchman. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: *Colly Tanner*, Carole Lombard; *Charlie*, Jack Oakie; *Joan Burt*, Adrienne Ames; *Wesley Burt*, David Manners; *Cuff Billings*, Sidney Blackmer; *Sonny Lockwood*, Verna Hillie; *Tommy Tucker*, James Eagles; *Winnie Lloyd*, Shirley Grey; *Jack Ruby*, Bradley Page; *Pop Lockwood*, Walter Walker; *Toledo Jones*, Berton Churchill; *Steve Wells*, Donald Kerr; *Sue Wells*, Nydia Westman; *Mrs. Chadman*, Cecil Cunningham; *Lynch*, Thomas Jackson; *Pepper Murphy*, Allen Wood; *Elsie*, Rita La Roy; *Sam*, Clarence Muse; *McCarthy*, Dell Henderson.

"GREAT JASPER, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Fulton Oursler. Screen play by H. W. Hanemann and Robert Tasker. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Jasper Horn*, Richard Dix; *Jenny Horn*, Florence Eldridge; *Norma McGowd*, Wera Engels; *Mr. McGowd*, Walter Walker; *Madam Talma*, Edna May Oliver; *Andrew Horn (boy)*, David Durand; *Andrew Horn (Adult)*, James Bush; *Roger McGowd (boy)*, Bruce Line; *Roger McGowd (adult)*, Bruce Cabot; *Sylvia (Girl)*, Dorothy Gray; *Sylvia (adult)*, Betty Furness; *Kelly*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Herman Baumgartner*, Herman Bing; *Chippy*, John Larkin.

"IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE" (Her Majesty, Love)—WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by R. Bernauer and R. Oesterreicher. Directed by Joe May. The cast: *Lia*, Kaethe von Nagy; *Fred*, Francis Lederer; *Ohmar*, Fred's brother, Otto Wallburg; *Elli*, His Daughter, Gretl Theimer; *Toerock*, Lia's Father, Szoek Szakall; *Baron Schwapsdorf*, Ralph Arthur Roberts; *Hornberg*, Kurt Gerron; *Hannemann*, Walter Steinbeck; *Aunt Henriette*, Adele Sandrock; *Friedrich*, Tibor von Halmay.

"JUNGLE BRIDE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Leah Baird. Directed by Harry O. Hoyt and Albert Kelley. The cast: *Doris Evans*, Anita Page; *Gordon Wayne*, Charles Starrett; *John Franklyn*, Kenneth Thomson; *Eddie Stevens*, Eddie Borden; *Capt. Anderson*, Clarence Geldert; *Laura*, Gertrude Simpson; *Jimmy*, Jay Emmett.

"KING OF THE WILD HORSES"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Earl Haley. Screen play by Fred Myton. Directed by Earl Haley. The cast: *Red Man*, William Janney; *Wanima*, Dorothy Appleby; *Clint Bolling*, Wallace MacDonald; *Big Man*, Harry Semels; *Davidson*, Ford West; *Rex*, Rex; *Lady*, Lady; *Marque*, Marque.

"KING'S VACATION, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Ernest Pascal. Screen play by Ernest Pascal and Maude T. Howell. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Philip*, George Arliss; *Queen Wilhelmina*, Florence Arliss; *Helen*, Marjorie Gateson; *Lord Chamberlain*, Dudley Digges; *John Kent*, Dick Powell; *Millicent*, Patricia Ellis; *Joe Thorpe*, O. P. Heggie; *Count Gouvain*, Douglas Gerrard; *Anderson*, James Bell; *Comtesse*, Helena Phillips; *Page*, Charles Evans; *Amelia*, Maude Leslie; *Baron Munsie*, Alan Birmingham; *Fred Neerhof*, Harold Minjir; *Barstowe*, Vernon Steele; *Sgt. Footman*, Desmond Roberts.

"MAN HUNT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Sam Mintz and Leonard Praskins. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Junior*, Junior Durkin; *Mrs. Scott*, Mrs. Wallace Reid; *Josie*, Charlotte Virginia Henry; *Wilkie*, Arthur Vinton; *Woodward*, Edward Le Saint; *Abraham*, Carl Gross, Jr.; *Sheriff*, Richard Carle.

"MEN MUST FIGHT"—M-G-M.—From the play by Reginald Lawrence and S. K. Lauren. Screen play by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Laura*, Diana Wynyard; *Edward Seward*, Lewis Stone; *Bob Seward*, Phillips Holmes; *Maman Seward*, May Robson; *Peggy*, Ruth Selwyn; *Geoffrey*, Robert Young; *Albert*, Robert Greig; *Mrs. Chase*, Hedda Hopper; *Steve*, Donald Dillaway; *Evelyn*, Mary Carlisle; *Solo*, Luis Alberni.

"PRIVATE JONES"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Richard Schayer. Screen play by Prescott Chaplin and William N. Robson. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Bill Jones*, Lee Tracy; *Lieut. Gregg*, Donald Cook; *Mary*, Gloria Stuart; *Helen*, Shirley Grey; *Williams*, Russell Gleason; *Mrs. Jones*, Emma Dunn; *Spivey*, Walter Catlett; *Howard*, Al Hill; *Winthrop*, Berton Churchill; *Cook*, Frank McHugh; *Von Bergen*, Hans von Twardowski; *Li. Brinkerhoff*, Roland Varno; *Doctor*, Wallis Clark; *Lecturer*, Richard Carle; *Y.M.C.A. Worker*, Violet Barlowe; *Von Slach*, William von Brincken; *Members of Draft Board*, Ralph Lewis, Edward Piel, Lee Shumway; *Mrs. Winthrop*, Ethel Clayton; *Pete Smith*, Richard Cramer.

"ROME EXPRESS"—GAUMONT BRITISH-UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Clifford Grey. Screen play by S. Gilliat. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Asta Marvelle*, Esther Ralston; *Tony*, Hugh Williams; *Zurita*, Conrad Veidt; *Poole*, Donald Calthrop; *Mrs. Maxied*, Joan Barry; *Grant*, Harold Huth; *Tom Bishop*, Gordon Harker; *Mills*, Eliot Makeham; *Alistair McBane*, Cedric Hardwicke; *Mons. Jolif*, Frank Vosper; *Spinster*, Muriel Aked; *Asta's Manager*, Finlay Currie.

"SECRETS"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Rudolph Besier and May Edginton. Screen play by Frances Marion. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Mary Marlowe*, Mary Pickford; *John Carlton*, Leslie Howard; *Mr. Marlowe*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Mrs. Marlowe*, Blanche Friderici; *Susan Channing*, Doris Lloyd; *Lord Hurley*, Herbert Evans; *"Sunshine"*, Ned Sparks; *Jake Houser*, Allan Sears; *Senora Martinez*, Mona Maris; *William Carlton (child)*, Lyman Williams; *William Carlton (adult)*, Huntly Gordon; *Audrey Carlton (child)*, Virginia Grey; *Audrey Carlton (adult)*, Ethel Clayton; *Susan Carlton (child)*, Ellen Johnson; *Susan Carlton (adult)*, Bessie Barriscale; *Robert Carlton (child)*, Randolph Connolly; *Robert Carlton (adult)*, Theodore Von Eltz.

"SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Basil Dickey. Adapted by William McGrath. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Nona Gould*, Lois Wilson; *Jim Manning*, Grant Withers; *Margaret King*, Dorothy Revier; *Roger King*, Robert Warwick; *Miao Lin*, Toshia Mori; *Eddie Morgan*, Eddie Boland; *Wu Sin*, Tetsu Komai; *Charlie San*, Richard Loo; *Luke*, Luke Chan; *Wang*, Jimmie Wang.

"SISTER TO JUDAS"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Watkins E. Wright. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Anne Frayne*, Claire Windsor; *Ronnie Ross*, John Harron; *John Rogers*, Holmes Herbert; *Percy*, Lee Moran; *Elmer*, David Callis; *Mike O'Flannigan*, Wilfred Lucas; *Mrs. Frayne*, Stella Adams; *Helen Ross*, Virginia True Boardman.

"SOMEWHERE IN SONORA"—Warners.—From the story by Will Levington Comfort. Screen play by Joe Roach. Directed by Mack V. Wright. The cast: *John Bishop*, John Wayne; *Bob Leadly*,

H. B. Walthall; *Mary Burton*, Shirley Palmer; *Monte Black*, J. P. McGowan; *Patsy Ellis*, Ann Fay; *Riley*, Frank Rice; *Shorty*, Billy Franey; *Bart Leadly*, Paul Fix; *Burton*, Ralph Lewis; *Duke*, Duke.

"SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC" (Moon Over Morocco)—VANDAL-DELAC PROD.—From the story by Andre Reuze. Directed by Julien Duvivier. The cast: *Jacques Le Guerantec*, Rene Lefebvre; *Francoise*, Rosine Derean; *Her Uncle*, Harry Baur; *Strawber*, Robert Le Vigan; *Lawson*, Georges Peclet; *Woodland*, Marc Dantzer; *Midlock*, Jacques Erwin.

"STATE FAIR"—Fox.—From the novel by Phil Stong. Screen play by Sonya Levien and Paul Green. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Margy Frake*, Janet Gaynor; *Abel Frake*, Will Rogers; *Pat Gilbert*, Lew Ayres; *Emily Joyce*, Sally Eilers; *Wayne Frake*, Norman Foster; *Melissa Frake*, Louise Dresser; *The Storekeeper*, Frank Craven; *The Barker*, Victor Jory; *Harry Ware*, Frank Melton; *Blue Boy*, Blue Boy.

"TOPAZE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Marcel Pagnol. Screen play by Benn W. Levy. Directed by Harry D'Arrast. The cast: *Topaze*, John Barrymore; *Coco*, Myrna Loy; *Henri*, Albert Conti; *Dr. Bomb*, Luis Alberni; *Baron*, Reginald Mason; *Baroness*, Jobyna Howland; *Charlemagne*, Jackie Searl; *Dr. Stegg*, Frank Reicher.

"WEST OF SINGAPORE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Houston Branch. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Al Ray. The cast: *Lou*, Betty Compson; *Dan Manton*, Weldon Heyburn; *Shelby Worrell*, Margaret Lindsay; *Degama*, Noel Madison; *Ricky*, Clyde Cook; *Glen Worrell*, Tom Douglas; *Scrub*, Harvey Clark; *Watson*, Erni Adams.

"WHAT! NO BEER?"—M-G-M.—From the story by Robert E. Hopkins. Screen play by Carey Wilson. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Elmer J. Butts*, Buster Keaton; *Jimmy Potts*, Jimmy Durante; *Schultz*, Rosco Ates; *Hortense*, Phyllis Barry; *Bulch Lorado*, John Miljan; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Spike Moran*, Edward Brophy; *Mulligan*, Charles Dunbar; *Chief*, Charles Giblyn.

"WOMAN ACCUSED, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rupert Hughes, Vicki Baum. Zane Grey, Vina Delmar, Irvin S. Cobb, Gertrude Atherton, J. P. McEvoy, Ursula Parrott, Polan Banks, Sophie Kerr. Based on a story by Polan Banks. Screen play by Bayard Veiller. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Glenda O'Brien*, Nancy Carroll; *Jeffrey Baxter*, Cary Grant; *Stephen Bessemer*, John Halliday; *District Attorney Clarke*, Irving Pichel; *Leo Young*, Louis Calhern; *Martha*, Norma Mitchell; *Little Maxie*, Jack LaRue; *Inspector Swope*, Frank Sheridan; *Dr. Simpson*, John Lodge; *Captain of Boat*, William J. Kelly; *Judge Osgood*, Harry Holman; *Tony Graham*, Jay Belasco; *Evelyn Craig*, Gertrude Messinger; *Cora Mathews*, Lona Andre; *The Steward*, Donald Stuart; *The Band Leader*, Gregory Golumbeck; *Cheer Leader*, Robert Quirk; *Third Girl*, Amo Ingraham; *Second Boy*, Denis Beaufort; *Third Boy*, Gaylord Pendleton.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



With her very blonde hair, a new personality, a new break in pictures after that "wow" of a national vaudeville tour, there's no telling what big things we'll hear of little Alice White. Her latest is "Picture Snatcher" and Alice can do that all right, all rightie!

ANENT the current fad in Hollywood—the wearing of men's clothes by women—Richard Dix says:

"By the time my infant daughter is old enough to care there will be a double threat to childhood in dad's razor strop and mother's belt."

WALLY BEERY came on the M-G-M lot with a boiled lobster complexion.

"Where'd you get the sunburn, Wally?" we asked.

"Sunburn my eye! It's *snow* burn," Wally corrected.

Then we recalled that he had been snow-bound in his June Lake cabin, up in the High Sierras for two weeks.

We don't blame Wally for risking his neck flying up there every chance he gets.

ONE of the strangest friendships in Hollywood is that of Glenda Farrell, who portrays those shady dames so beautifully, and Mary Brian, who is always sweetness and light. "We make a great team," Glenda laughs. "You see, Mary asks all the questions and I know all the answers."

LEE TRACY, that old gray-bearded prophet, predicts that the next popular vogue to sweep the country like a ninety-mile gale, will be promoted by Mae West. Says in a few months, every sixteen year old girl will be walking, talking and dressing as nearly like *Diamond Lil* as she possibly can. In other words, go West, young woman.

Pul-leeze, Mr. Tracy!

THE latest gasp in lamp shades are made of cellophane, according to Jean Harlow, who is busy running up a bunch of them for her new house.

DOROTHY PETERSON says her idea of waste is the habit some girls have of accumulating huge bottles of expensive scents.

She buys perfume in tiny bottles and does not like the same scent for long at a time.

In fact, she changes perfume with each dress.

THINGS you knew 'til you forgot them:

Cary Grant confesses he used to be a stilt walker at Coney Island.

THE latest thing in Hollywood is a "Horror Club," composed of those actors who have appeared in horror pictures.

To date the membership includes Fredric March, Karloff, Lionel Atwill, Preston S. Foster, Edwin Maxwell, Bela Lugosi and others.

The make-up man who created many of the make-ups which these gentlemen wore to scare you out of your seats, Perc Westmore, also is up for membership.

They really should call it the "Nightmare Club."

THAT mouth of Joe E. Brown's will get somebody into trouble yet. This time it almost was Mervyn LeRoy.

LeRoy is directing Joe in "Elmer the Great," and one of the sequences is laid in the East in winter. Consequently it calls for a whole town covered in snow as a set.

Mervyn and a lot of the executives were looking at the first rushes from this set.

"It's very realistic, Mervyn," one of the execs said, "but you've forgotten one thing. You can't see the actors' breaths when they talk."

"I thought of that," LeRoy replied, "and had it all doped out. But when it came to the breath coming out of Joe's mouth I decided it was out—the audience would be bound to think it was a fog."

JOHAN MILJAN, that extra special villain of practically every M-G-M movie, is through. Not with movies, but with being a villain. Exactly ten years ago, John began his devilry in pictures, and is heartily tired of it. In all those years of almost constant work, he has had but two opportunities to step out of the villain class. One was the husband of Ruth Chatterton in one of her films and the other was in "Hell Divers." In each film, John's performance was outstanding.



They call it "The California Trail." One of those grand scenery, great horsemanship, thrill pictures. With a brave cowboy, Buck Jones, and a sweet woman, Helen Mack, who arouses his chivalrous instincts. Refreshing, to say the least, after some of the morbidity we've been seeing lately

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Beautiful teeth make for beguiling smiles—a lovely skin is desirable too—but, allure, the essence of life's thrills, is most assuredly a matter of eyes. Make your eyes alluring, and you will suddenly find yourself as alluring as your eyes. It's easy with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. This wonderful mascara will instantly transform your lashes into dark, luxuriant fringe, making your eyes appear as deep pools of loveliness—bewitching to all who come within their influence. You must, however, be sure to use only genuine Maybelline, otherwise the necessary note of allurements is more difficult to obtain. Moreover, Maybelline is non-smarting, tearproof, harmless, and it has a wonderful oil base that will keep your lashes soft and sweeping. Obtainable at toilet goods counters. Black or Brown, 75c.

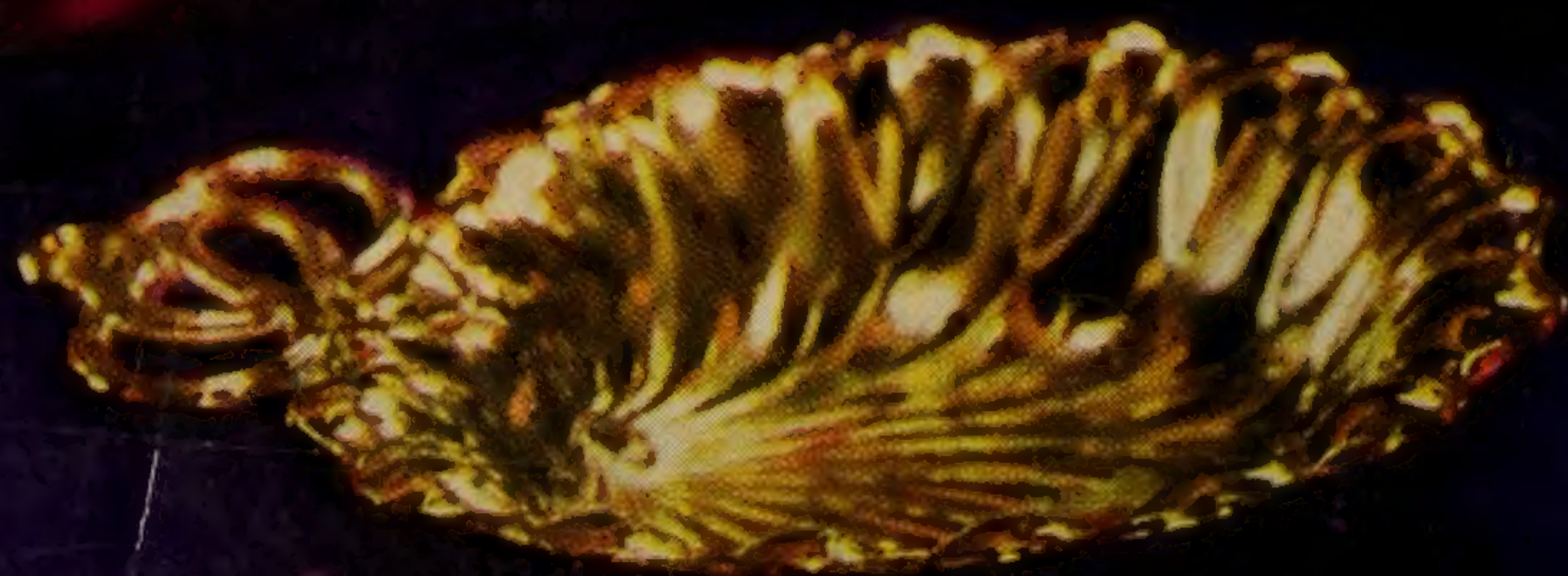
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The Beauty Soap of the Stars

To win the hearts of millions — a screen star's complexion must be exquisite. Exquisite, therefore, must be the care she gives it. The lovely stars of Hollywood have chosen fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap as the one soap that most successfully guards complexion beauty. 686 of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, are today using Lux Toilet Soap.



You, too, can have a smooth, soft, youthfully alluring skin, if you give it the right care. Today millions of women are following the example of the fascinating Hollywood stars — choosing fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap for their complexions.

Why not begin today to keep *your* skin

smooth and youthful with this beauty-giving soap? Try it! — use it regularly for a month. You're sure to be delighted with the improvement in your skin!

Learn the secret *why* the most beautiful women in Hollywood prefer it — why Lux Toilet Soap is *the Beauty Soap of the Stars!*